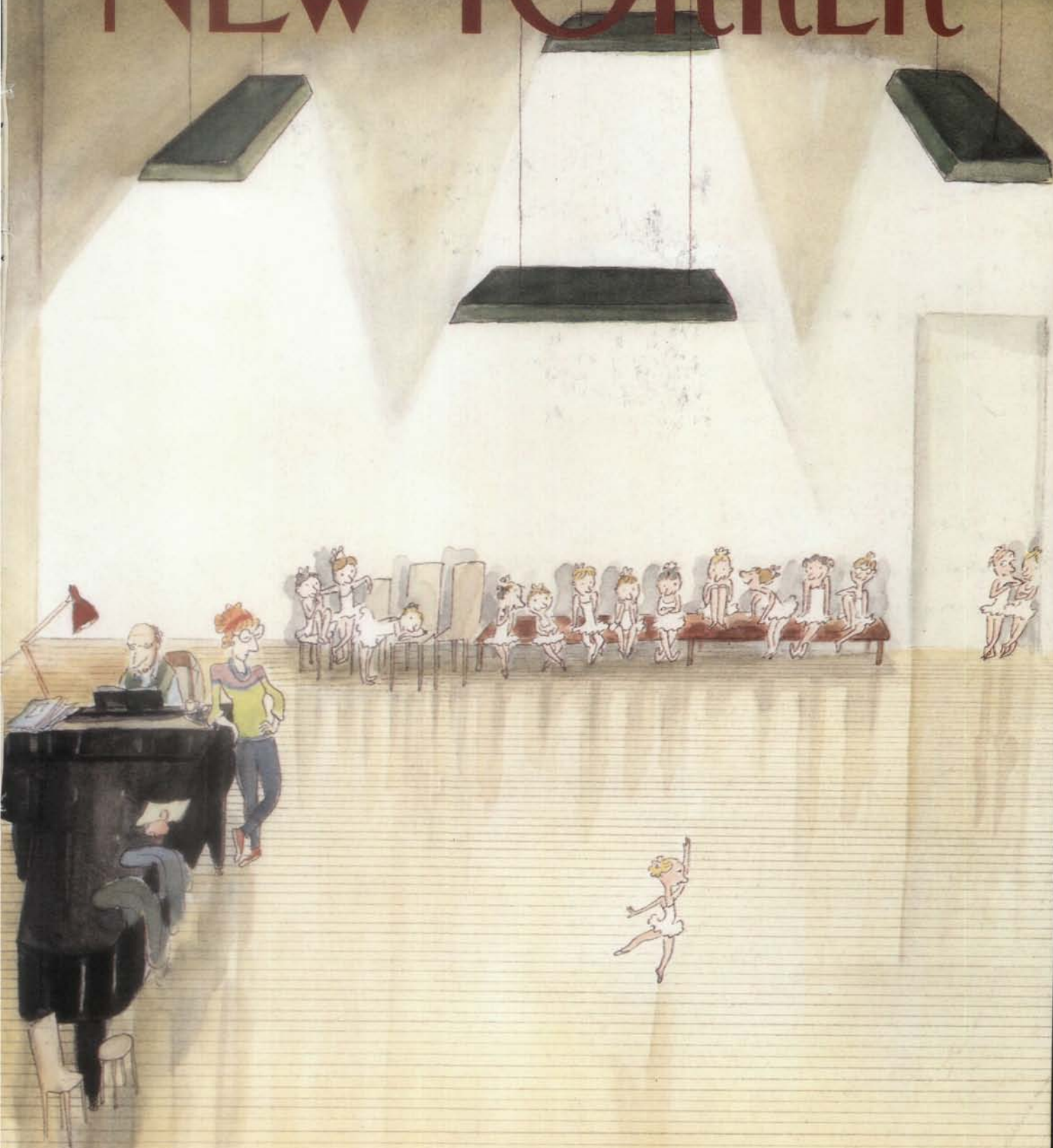


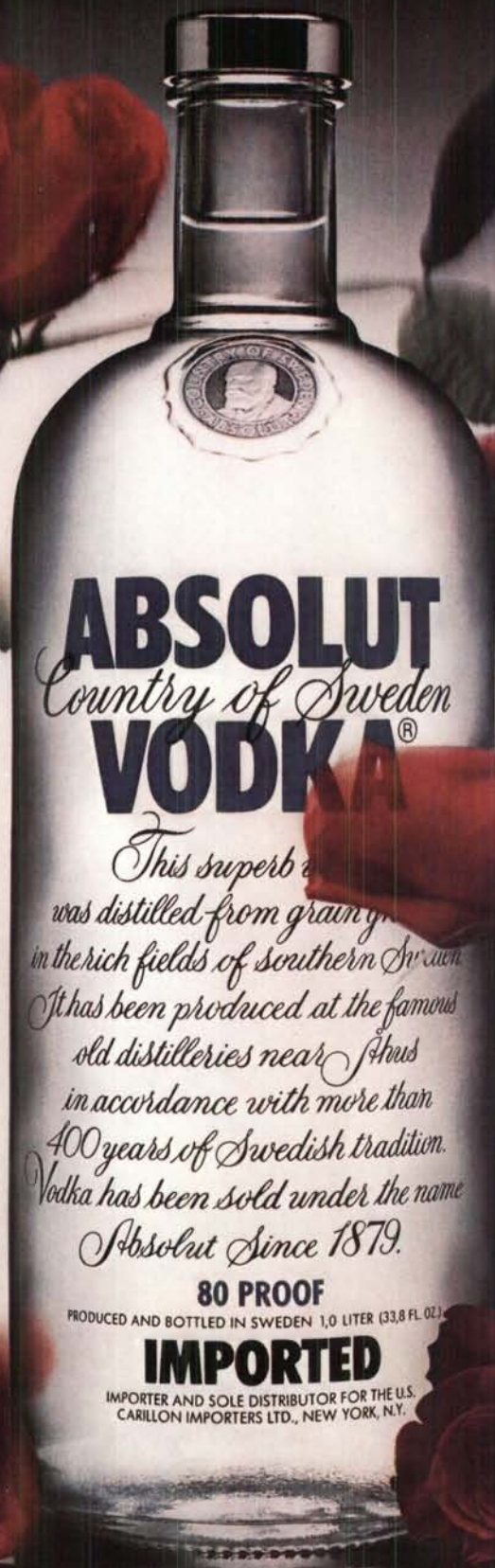
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THE THEATRE PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BROADWAY BOUND—In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Linda Lavin heads the excellent cast, which has been directed by Gene Saks. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A comedy whodunit by John Bishop, **THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940**, is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 6 and 9; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. After Sunday, March 22, no performances until Wednesday, April 1, when the show will reopen on Broadway, at the Longacre.)

COASTAL DISTURBANCES—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the able director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE COLORED MUSEUM—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE COMMON PURSUIT—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DEATH AND THE KING'S HORSEMAN—Wole Soyinka's drama about a Nigerian chief who, according to Yoruba law, must follow his king to death. Under the playwright's direction, the fascinating rituals and atmosphere of an African marketplace come across, but the story is not clearly told, and much of the irony goes by the board. With Earle Hyman in the title role. (3/16/87) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 29.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The sixth in this season's series of eight productions is a revival of the 1939 musical **TOO MANY GIRLS**, with a score by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Lorenz Hart, and a book by George Marion, Jr. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 5. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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FENCES—James Earl Jones stars in a play by August Wilson. Lloyd Richards directs. Previews through Wednesday, March 25. Opens officially on Thursday, March 26, at 6:15. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FRAGMENTS OF A GREEK TRILOGY—A revival of an Andrei Serban-Elizabeth Swados collaboration—distillations of "Medea," "Electra," and "The Trojan Women"—directed by Mr. Serban, with music by Miss Swados. The three works are performed in ancient Greek and Latin. "Medea": Wednesday at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday at 6. "Electra": Double-bill performances of "Electra" and "The Trojan Women": Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

GAY DIVORCE—An unsatisfactory revival of the 1932 Cole Porter show. (3/9/87) (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 29.)

A GIRL'S GUIDE TO CHAOS—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St.

869-4731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GROUCHO: A LIFE IN REVUE—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE HUNGER ARTIST—Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke and "created with" the actors who perform it, this evocation in words, music, and dance of the works of Franz Kafka makes a long, depressing evening. (3/9/87) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays and Fridays at 8, and Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, April 4.)

HUNTING COCKROACHES—Janusz Glowacki's comedy—original and continuously entertaining—about a Polish couple, distinguished émigrés, who live in a slum apartment on the lower East Side. Dianne Wiest gives an exquisitely funny performance as the wife, an unemployable actress, and Ron Silver is very good, too, as her husband, a nonwriting writer. Under Arthur Penn's direction the spirit never flags. (3/16/87) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St.

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COVER: J. J. Sempé

DRAWINGS: Dana Fradon, Warren Miller, Peter Steiner, Robert Weber, W. B. Park, Jack Ziegler, William Steig, Al Ross, Charles Addams, Joseph Farris, Gahan Wilson, Michael Maslin, Roz Chast, Edward Frascino, Burt Silverman, Mick Stevens, Arnie Levin, Robert Mankoff, Everett Opie, Eldon Dedini, Charles Barsotti, Edward Koren

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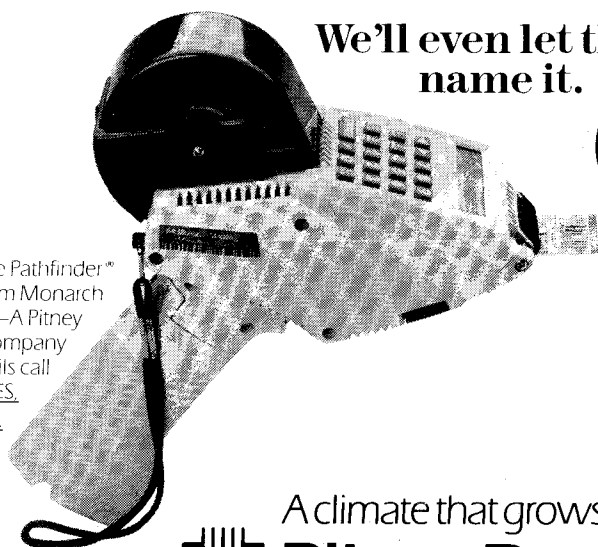
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he is hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE KNIFE—A very, very solemn cantata about an Englishman, married and with three children, who undergoes a sex-change operation. The show doesn't amount to much, in spite of the singing and acting of Mandy Patinkin, as the patient, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, as a woman who loves him. David Hare was both author and director; music by Nick Bicat and lyrics by Tim Rose Price. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

LADY DAY AT EMERSON'S BAR & GRILL—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ME AND MY GIRL—An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with a superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE MIRACLE WORKER—Karen Allen stars in a revival of William Gibson's play. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

LES MISÉRABLES—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. But the standouts of the production are John Napier (settings) and David Hersey (lighting), who are responsible for the scenic effects, but even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Wednesday, March 25, at 2:30.)

MY GENE—Colleen Dewhurst in a one-woman show about Carlotta Monterey, Eugene O'Neill's third wife. Written by Barbara Gelb, and directed by André Ernotte. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

THE NERD—A comedy by Larry Shue, with Mark Hamill and Robert Joy. Charles Nelson Reilly is the director. Previews through Saturday, March 21. Opens officially on Sunday, March 22, at 6:30. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ON THE VERGE—A comedy by Eric Overmyer, presented by The Acting Company. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

SEX TIPS FOR MODERN GIRLS—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SOUTH PACIFIC—This production, by the New York City Opera, is haunted by the original, and apparently irreplaceable, performance;



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nevertheless, the score and lyrics and book are strong enough to carry it. This time, the stars are Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan. (3/16/87) (New York State Theatre, 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STAGGERLEE—A musical featuring rhythm-and-blues songs by Allen Toussaint and a book by Vernel Bagneris, who is also the director. With Ruth Brown and an onstage band led by Mr. Toussaint. Opens Wednesday, March 18. (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

STARDUST—The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed by an engaging company of three men and three women. The composers (over the past sixty-five years or so) include Duke Ellington, Hoagy Carmichael, and Leroy Anderson. The singers include André De Shields and, most notably, Michele Banti. (3/2/87) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STARLIGHT EXPRESS—A new production of a current London musical, with a score by Andrew Lloyd Webber and lyrics by Richard Stilgoe. Trevor Nunn is the director. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SWEET SUE—A curiosity of a play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a middle-aged divorced woman and a college undergraduate who, not very plausibly, fall in love. Each character is played by two people, which makes matters still more implausible. The cast consists of Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton. (1/19/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE WIDOW CLAIRE—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux, played by Hallie Foote and Eric Stoltz. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN—Howard Barker's drama, based on the seventeenth-century play of the same name by Thomas Middleton. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BIG RIVER: William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn a pleasantly sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2,

and Sundays at 3.)... **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES**: A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CATS**: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DROOD**: Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICS**: 11,192 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **42ND STREET**: A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT**: Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS**: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **NUNSENSE**: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, March 27, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except March 28, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUITA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **SOCIAL SECURITY**: With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

MISCELLANY

OF THEE I SING AND LET 'EM EAT CAKE—Double-bill concert performances of a 1931 musical and its 1935 sequel, by George and Ira Gershwin. Michael Tilson Thomas conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's and the New York Choral Artists, with Maureen McGovern, Larry Kert, and Jack Gilford. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Opens Wednesday, March 18, at 7; thereafter, Thursdays through Saturdays and Tuesday, March 24, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Starting Thursday, March 26, John McGlinn will replace Mr. Thomas as conductor. Through Sunday, March 29.)

MUSIC AND DANCE FROM LHASA—A company of nine singers and dancers in a condensed ver-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sion of "Dowa Sammo," a traditional Tibetan folk opera. Also on the bill are temple dances and excerpts from other Tibetan operas. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, at 8, and Saturday, March 21, at 2 and 8.)

BEEHIVE—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 5.)

DANCE

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Wednesday matinee and evening, March 18: "Bugaku," "Mirage," and "Toccata e Due Canzoni." ... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, March 19-20, and Saturday and Sunday, matinees, March 21-22: "Concerto Barocco," "Le Corsaire," "Agon," and "Concerto in F." ... ¶ Saturday evening, March 21: "Concerto Barocco," "Le Corsaire," "Footprints Dressed in Red," and "Concerto in F." ... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 24, and Wednesday matinee and evening, March 25: "Allegro Brillante," "Saffron Knot," "Phoenix Rising" (premiere), and "Serenade." ... ¶ Thursday evening, March 26, and Saturday evening, March 28: "The Four Temperaments," "Wingborne," "Othello," and "Douglas." ... ¶ Friday evening, March 27, and Saturday matinee, March 28: "The Four Temperaments," "Manifestations," "Wingborne," and "Douglas." (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 239-6200. Evenings at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 5.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, March 18; Friday, March 20; Tuesday, March 24; Thursday, March 26; and Saturday, March 28, all at 8; and Sunday, March 22, at 2: "Revels," "Return to Go" (premiere), "The Station," and "Bach Suite." ... ¶ Thursday, March 19; Saturday, March 21; Wednesday, March 25; and Friday, March 27, all at 8; and Sunday, March 22, at 7:30: "Geometrics," "The Disenchantment of Pierrot," "Interims," "Butterfly," and "Kinetic Suite," with guest artists Tigger Benford, percussion, and Ben Hazard, synthesizer. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, March 29.)

RISA JAROSLOW & DANCERS—New and repertory works. (CSC Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Wednesday through Saturday, March 18-21, at 8, and Sunday, March 22, at 2.)

ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE—Performances of new and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929. Wednesday through Friday, March 18-20, at 8; Saturday, March 21, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 22, at 2.)

REBECCA KELLY DANCE COMPANY—Two premieres—"Ladies in Waiting" and "Window"—plus "American Landscape" and "Abrha." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 431-8489.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ABILENE CAFÉ, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A white-brick-faced bar and restaurant that's next door to a yellow-brick-faced funeral parlor. Blues is the specialty of the house. **JOHNNY LITTLEJOHN**, a guitarist out of Chicago by way of the Mississippi Delta, ministers to the faithful on Friday and Saturday, March 20-21. Music after nine.

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARGARET WHITING** sings in the Oak Room, with accompaniment from pianist Tex Arnold, Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find the meticulous, tiny-voiced **BLOSSOM DEARIE** singing funny Dave

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Frishberg songs, delicately pitched love songs by Jack Segal and herself, and Rodgers and Hart's acid "Ev'rything I've Got."

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in the breeze. **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** sings with the Concord Jazz All-Stars (Concord being a swing-oriented recording company in California, with two of its leading lights being tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** and cornettist **WARREN YACHÉ**) through Sunday, March 22. Starting Tuesday, March 24, Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN**'s quintet trades sets with the funky samba trio Azymuth. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes. Wednesdays and Friday, March 20, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHES OF BLUE**; Saturday, March 21, jazz guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD**'s band; Sunday and Monday, March 22-23, **Crowded House**; Tuesday, March 24, at eight, **Billy Connolly**; Thursday, March 26, country-music folk **Nanci Griffith** and the O'Kanes; and Friday, March 27, **ROGER MCGUINN**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a bar-stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. A periscope might be useful during **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ**'s visit, which runs through Saturday, March 21. **KENNY BARRON** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** collaborate on Sunday, March 22, and **JOHN HICKS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** go to work on Monday, March 23. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. The members of the freewheeling **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET**—altoists **JULIUS HEMPHILL** and **OLIVER LAKE**, tenorist **DAVID MURRAY**, and baritone **HAMLET BLUIETT**—sometimes appear onstage in tails, looking like moonlighters from a fancy swing orchestra. (On their most recent record, they play seven silky Ellington and Strayhorn tunes, some of them so sweetly that they almost sound as if they had seceded from the avant-garde altogether.) The group will be here through Sunday, March 22, and on Tuesday, March 24, trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE**, who likes to perform in a lab technician's coat, will bring in his quintet. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a Gypsy violinist; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the music is by pianist-singer **Buddy Greco**'s quintet. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. ... ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is presiding at the piano. Music from

nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays. **FAT TUESDAY'S**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. Two trios led by two nimble guitarists, **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and **JACK WILKINS**, perform through Sunday, March 22, and on Tuesday, March 24, **Marlena Shaw** enters singing. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, heads up a threesome. Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**SYLVIA SYMS** sings in this little supper club Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: through Saturday, March 21, **Andy Laverne**; Tuesday through Thursday, March 24-26, **MICHAEL WEISS**; and Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, **LARRY VUCKOVICH**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, **Art Tatum** and **Earl Hines** on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Wednesdays through Saturdays belong to singer **Kitt Moran**, pianist **Mike Moran**, and bassist **Andy Eulau**; pianist, singer, and Ellington scholar **BROOKS KERR** has the Sunday-night shift; **Stan Edwards** sings on Mondays; and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**'s trio is on duty on Tuesdays. Music from ten.

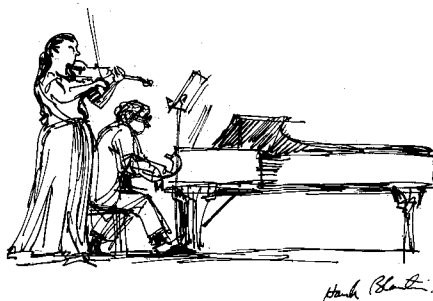
KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant full of talkative bar birds and diners as well as people busy listening to very good pianists and bassists. You can hear **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **STEVE LA SPINA** through Saturday, March 21, and **KENNY BARRON** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** starting Tuesday, March 24. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans, French tourists, and others in search of *les bons temps*. Wednesday, March 18, the **Price-Sultan** band; Thursday, March 19, the jazz-funk band **DEUCE**; Friday, March 20, **Roomful of Blues**; Saturday, March 21, honky-tonker **Johnny Paycheck**; Sunday, March 22, the **LYRES**; Monday, March 23, bluesmen **SON SEALS** and **PINETOP PERKINS**; and Tuesday, March 24, the Texas Mavericks with **DOUG SAHM**. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **CARMEN MCRAE** on the bandstand. She sings Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, **Woody Allen** is likely to show up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (**Reggie Jackson** smiling shyly, **Dave Winfield** tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **Gloria Lynne** sings here on Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, and on the following weekend, March 27-28, sax man **DENNY MOROUSE** leads a trio. Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock (hard-core rock, soft-core rock, no-core rock) and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, **LOS LOBOS**, the East L.A. band (four Chicanos, plus ex-Blasters saxophonist **Steve Berlan**) that plays dance music of the Southern Rim—roadhouse rock and roll, Tex-Mex waltzes and polkas, lilting New Orleans-style R & B; Saturday, March 21, **Hoodoo Gurus**; Thursday and Friday, March 26-27,



Hüsker Dü and Christmas; and Saturday, March 28, Fishbone. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. Wednesday, March 18, Jamaican singer **Eck-A-Mouse**; Thursday, March 19, Sugarloaf; Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, **MIKATA**; Tuesday, March 24, the Black Rock Coalition Orchestra, a collective of New York-based black musicians who play hard-rock-as-big-band music; and Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26, **MAX ROACH** and his all-percussion octet, **M'BOOM**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. A quartet composed of pianist **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI**, guitarist **JIM HALL**, bassist **RON CARTER**, and drummer **AL FOSTER** holds forth through Sunday, March 22, and on Tuesday, March 24, drummer **ART BLAKEY** moves in with his spiffy young crew of **JAZZ MESSENGERS**, among whom is trombonist Delfeayo Marsalis, the third member of his family to have enrolled in Mr. Blakey's finishing school. On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**, with its white-haired leader conducting serenely from the piano, delivers shimmering sound-pictures of pieces by Parker, Mingus, Hancock, and others. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the performers in the back room mainly do. Wednesday, March 18, Terrance Simien & the Mallet Playboys; Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, Kristi Rose & the Dying Breed and the Surreal McCoys; Sunday, March 22, the Poor Boys and the Broadcasters; Wednesday, March 25, the Ordinaires and Loup Gurou; Thursday, March 26, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO** and Barence Whitfield; and Friday, March 27, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are reserved for salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. On March 23, the Original Fania All-Stars Six (Fania being a major Latin-music record label and the Six being **JOHNNY PACHECO**, **RAY BARRETTO**, **PAPO LUCCA**, **BOBBY VALENTIN**, **ROBERTO ROENA**, and **NICKY MARRERO**), **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ** y La Nueva Compania, and alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** will all be on hand. Activity after nine. . . . One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, you can listen to the piano-bass team of **MIKE LONGO** and Ben Brown through Sunday, March 22, and to **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** starting Tuesday, March 24. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**'s trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **GEORGE COLEMAN**, a Memphis-born blues-leaning tenor saxophonist and the composer of (among other numbers on local themes) a slow blues called "Mayor Koch," leads his quartet through Sunday, March 22, and on Tuesday, March 24, pianist **STEVE KUHN** enters with the ace rhythm team of **RON CARTER** and **AL FOSTER**. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA**. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Vibraphonist **WARREN CHAISSON** heads up a quartet through Sunday, March 22, and on Wednesday, March 25, pianist Eddie Bonnemère arrives with his trio. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **LARRY VUCKOVICH** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** work together through Saturday, March 21, and starting Monday, March 23, **MIKE LE DONNE** will be at the piano and **MICHAEL MOORE** will be on bass. On Sundays, Mr. Moore and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** play their own beautiful and swinging brand of chamber jazz. Music week-nights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

- PIERSON ORCHESTRA**—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Wednesdays at 9 and 10:30.
- EDDIE MONEY**—With Limited Warranty. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Thursday, March 19, at 8.)
- HILTON RUIZ QUARTET**—Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, March 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.
- WALTER BISHOP, JR., TRIO**—With Kathy Farmer. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday, March 20, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)
- YOMO TORO**—Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.
- CHIEFTAINS**—With Michael Flatley. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, March 22, at 3.)
- HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES**—With Dick Hyman and Dick Wellstood. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 22, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)
- DAVE HOLLAND**—With a twelve-piece ensemble, in a program of his own works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, March 23, at 8.)
- KEITH JARRETT**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, March 27, at 8.
- JULIUS HEMPHILL**—Weill Recital Hall. Friday, March 27, at 8.
- BILL COSBY**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, March 27, at 8; Saturday, March 28, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday, March 29, at 3 and 8.
- RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS, TOMMY JAMES & THE SHONDELLES, MITCH RYDER & THE DETROIT WHEELS, THE ASSOCIATION, AND BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS**—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, March 28, at 8.
- MEL TORMÉ AND GEORGE SHEARING**—Lehman College Concert Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

- JAMES BISHOP**—Fifteen oils on paper by a minimalist. Through April 25. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)
- VICTOR ELMALEH**—Tiny abstract watercolors, plus paper collages and two tapestries. Through April 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)
- MICHAEL GOLDBERG AND NORMAN BLUHM**—Several paintings apiece from the fifties and sixties by two second-generation New York School artists. Through April 18. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)
- CHAIM GROSS**—New carved-wood sculptures. Through Friday, March 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)
- EDWARD HOPPER (1882-1967)**—More than seventy drawings, including early sketches of his mother and father, and a few paintings, among them "Sunlight in a Cafeteria" (1958). Through April 18. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)
- NEIL JENNEY**—New paintings that combine serial images, words, and frames. Through April 18. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)
- LOIS LANE**—A ten-year survey of her paintings reveals a continuity between the 1977 and 1987 black-on-black canvases. Through April 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)
- MICHAEL LEKAKIS**—A retrospective of carved-wood sculptures. Through April 4. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

SANDRA MACKINTOSH—Musical instruments inspired this group of eighteen highly polished wood sculptures. Through April 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

ROXI MARSEN AND JANE SWAVELY—Abstract paintings by each. Through Saturday, March 28. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

KEVIN MOSS—Paintings. Through Saturday, March 21. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

PAT STEIR—New tondo paintings in a show that complements her exhibit at The New Museum. Through April 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ALAN TURNER—Symbolic paintings depicting eyes, noses, and other body parts out of their natural order. Through April 4. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

DONALD ROLLER WILSON—Paintings. Through Thursday, March 26. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

JOE ZUCKER—A series of large new paintings with nautical subjects, which were realized through a heroic technique that involved applying paint to the individual squares of a sash-cord grid. Through Saturday, March 28. (Hirsch & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ADELE ALSOP—Plein-air paintings executed in Massachusetts and Utah. Through Saturday, March 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT ARNESON / JAMES MCGARRELL—Two new series of sculptures in ceramic and in bronze—one on Jackson Pollock, the other on Ronald Reagan. Drawings, also. / Figurative paintings, and monoprints. Through April 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

ALICE DALTON BROWN / DAVID HENDRICKS—Realist paintings of porches on turn-of-the-century houses. / Colored-pencil drawings of landscapes with big-sky features. Through Wednesday, March 25. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

HERMAN CHERRY—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 4. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

DANIEL DALLMANN—Portrait paintings and drawings of women, and realist landscapes. Through April 1. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

DAVID DEWEY—Realist watercolors of houses seen in the glare of sunlight and from the perspective of one looking up at the third story. Through Saturday, March 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

LESLEY DILL—Wood and synthetic-cement sculptures of elongated figures, some blackened with paint or tar. Through April 4. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

JUDITH DOLNICK / HOWARD NEWMAN—Recent abstract paintings and folding screens. Through Saturday, March 28. / Four bronze sculptures verging on the figurative. Through Saturday, March 21. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JEANNE DUVAL AND LEIGH PALMER—Two still-life painters, the former a traditionalist who

depicts household objects in her home in Rome, the latter a realist whose palette and subjects are indicative of New England and New Mexico. Through April 4. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS / JULES OLITSKI—New color-field paintings, including a seventeen-panel work. Through Saturday, March 28. / Painted-and-folded Plexiglas sculptures. Through April 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

PABLO GARGALLO (1881-1934)—Portrait sculptures, radical in their day, by a Spaniard whose work has rarely been shown here. Bronze and copper were his main materials. Through April 4. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—Figurative and abstract works from the past three decades, including circular paintings in mixed mediums and works on paper. Through April 1. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

AL HELD—Three superlarge abstract geometric paintings from 1959—one measures more than thirty feet long. Through Saturday, March 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

CLINTON HILL—Nonobjective painted-wood wall reliefs, handmade-paper works, and cut-plastic assemblages. Through April 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

WOLF KAHN / EMILY MASON—Landscapes in adventurous colors. / Abstract oils. Through April 1. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROCKWELL KENT (1882-1971)—Prints and drawings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL KESSLER—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOE LASKER—New oils. Through April 4. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HANS MOLLER—Semi-abstract paintings of Monhegan, Maine, from a palette of brilliant colors. Through April 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE (1898-1986)—Prints covering roughly a thirty-year period. Through April 18. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DARRAGH PARK—Representational paintings of cityscapes, landscapes, and figures. Through Saturday, March 28. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—New works on paper. Through April 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

GERHARD RICHTER—Abstract paintings. Through April 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. . . .) Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

MILLARD SHEETS—Stylized paintings from the thirties to the present. Through April 4. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

DAVID SMITH (1906-65)—Two shows (neither of sculptures). Twelve paintings from the thirties. Through Saturday, March 28. (Washington, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . Thirty-six prints made between 1928 and 1954. Through Saturday, March 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JANET STATTON—Eight monotypes and two oils on paper. Through Saturday, March 28. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

NEIL WELLIVER—New realist paintings of forests, streams, and boulders. Through Saturday, March 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

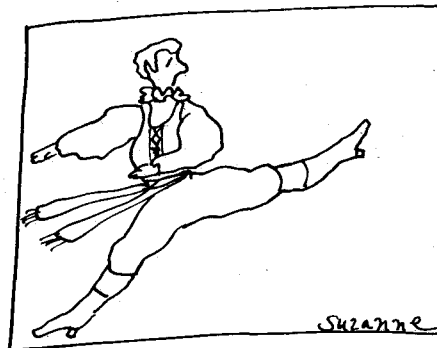
TIMOTHY WOODMAN—Painted-aluminum wall reliefs of genre scenes—"Bucket Brigade," for instance. Through April 4. (Zabriske, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

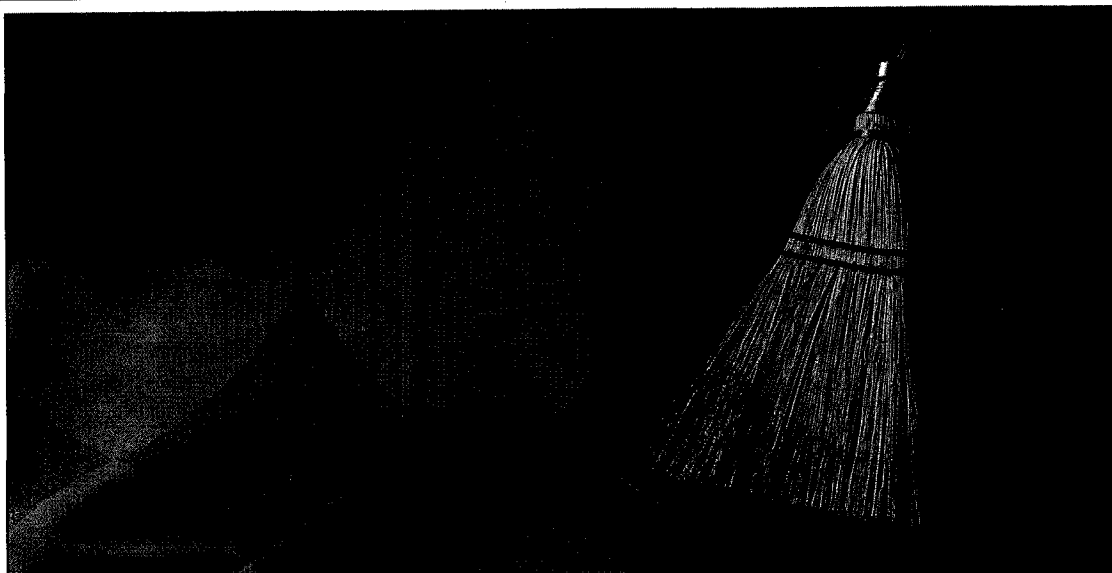
EARLY-TWENTIETH-CENTURY EUROPEANS—A loan show of paintings and sculptures, among them two Bonnard nudes, an early and a late Mondrian, figures by Giacometti, and a Duchamp urinal. Through April 25. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

PHOEBE ADAMS / KEVIN LARMON—Bronzes. / Oils. Through April 1. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

ILAN AVERBUCH / JOHN BAEDER—Four massive





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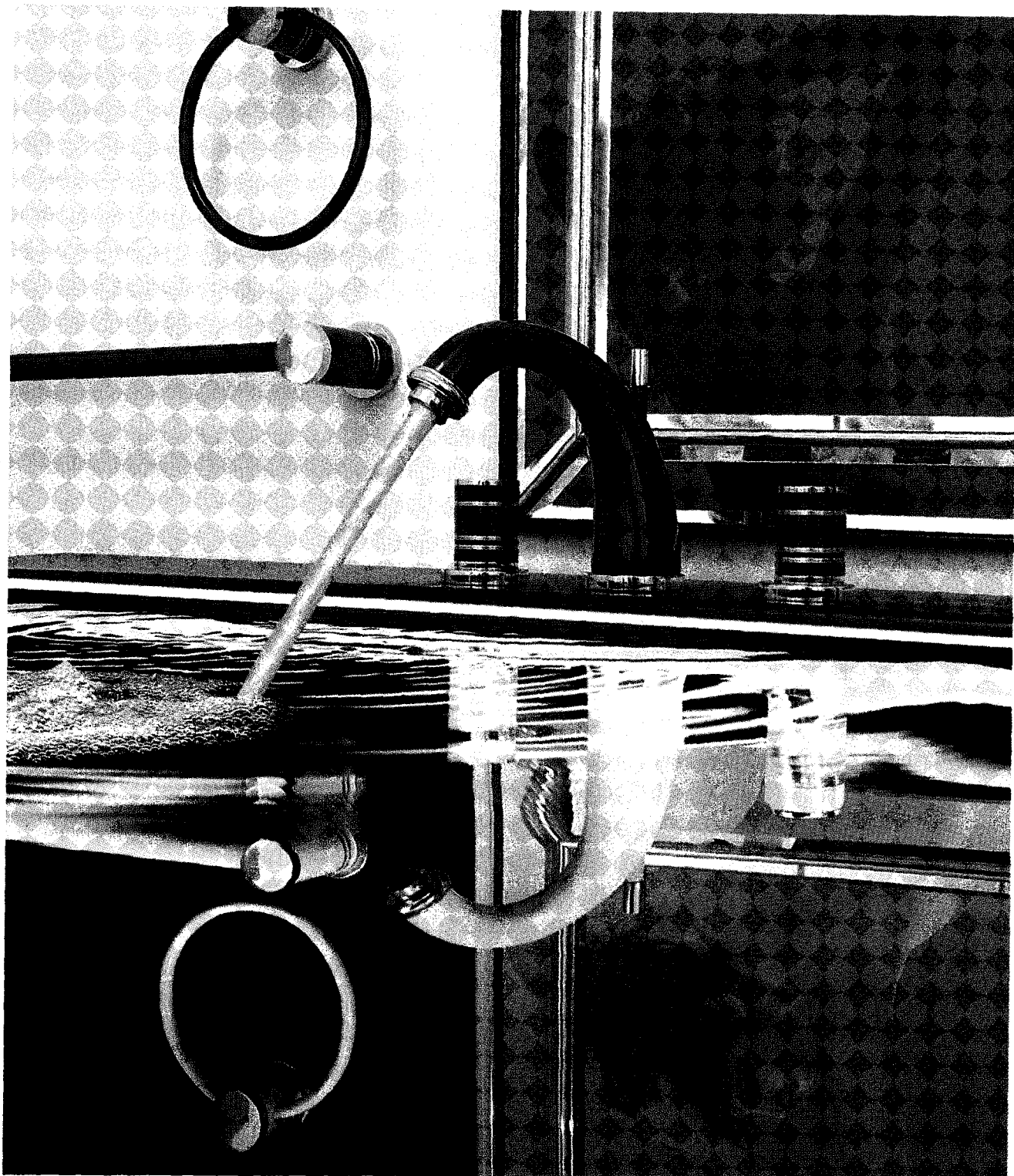
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures in wood, stone, and steel. / Nostalgic paintings of roadside diners. Through Saturday, March 28. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

NANCY AZARA—Carved-and-painted-wood sculptures. Through Saturday, March 21. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

ELVIRA BACH—Neo-expressionist paintings of female figures. Through Saturday, March 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

JENNIFER BARTLETT—Recent pastels. Through Saturday, March 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

JAMES BIEDERMAN / CHARLES GAINES—Abstract paintings with irregular shapes. / New conceptual work. Through Saturday, March 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St. Mr. Gaines' work is also on view at the Castelli Gallery, same address.)

CAROL BROWN—Small colored-pencil drawings of Southwest landscapes. Through Saturday, March 28. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

PIERRE CLERK—Painted-aluminum sculptures of interlocking geometric shapes, and trompe-l'oeil wall reliefs with the same shapes. Through Saturday, March 28. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

ELBA DAMAST—Abstract paintings and other works. Through Saturday, March 28. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

ANTHONY DEBLASI / MURRAY ALCOSSER—Wall works consisting entirely of individual sections of polymer shaped like brushstrokes. / Photographs. Through Saturday, March 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

DONNA DENNIS AND KENWARD ELSLIE—Twenty-six drawings delineating an alphabet of imaginary drinking bars, from the Amazon to the Zanzibar. Through Saturday, March 21. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

NORRIS EMBRY (1921-81)—Late-career paintings and drawings on paper by an Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 28. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

JEAN FEINBERG—New abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 28. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

R. M. FISCHER—New machinelike sculptures. Through April 4. (Baskerville-Watson, 578 Broadway.)

RICHARD HAMBLETON / ALAN SONFIST—Paintings of idyllic landscapes interrupted by geometric forms. / An installation of cast-bronze branches and real leaves which is part of an effort by the artist to broadcast his concerns about endangered trees. Through April 8. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

BETTI-SUE HERTZ—Paintings of numerous attenuated figures, creating an effect tantamount to abstraction. Through April 4. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

ROBIN HILL—Leaning freestanding sculptures in wire mesh, concrete, and wood, all of which is covered with pigmented beeswax. Through April 4. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

LOUISE KRAMER—New sculptures and drawings that document the hanging of four women in Auschwitz. Through Saturday, March 28. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

THOMAS LAWSON—Abstract paintings, mostly. Through Saturday, March 21. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Geometric abstractions, eight on irregularly shaped canvases (called "imperfect" by the artist), one on a rectangular, (or "perfect") canvas. A show of drawings is at the Museum of Modern Art. Through April 4. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

DONALD LIPSKI—Sculptural installations, among them a large water-filled glass work. Through Saturday, March 28. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

THOMAS MACAULAY—A sculptural installation staking out two- and three-dimensional space with painted paper, tape, and pins. Through April 11. (Twining, 568 Broadway. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

BRICE MARDEN—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

KATE MILLETT—Drawings and sculptures that refer to two periods when the artist was a patient in psychiatric hospitals. Through March 29. (NoHo, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

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NIC NICOSIA—The artist's version of "Life As We Know It," illustrated with Cibachrome prints and with a soundtrack by Dave Hickley. Through Thursday, March 26. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

TOM OTTERNESS—A new bronze piece consisting of three large tables, with benches, that provide a platform for more than a hundred other sculptures. Through April 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

PETER REGINATO—Abstract painted-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, March 28. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

EDITH SCHLOSS / PETER KUNZ OFFERSEI—A small retrospective of watercolors and oils. / Works on paper. Through April 4. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

T. L. SOLIEN—Stylized symbolic paintings and sculptures, among them a freestanding painted-steel cutout depicting a pumpkin in a landscape. Through April 4. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

IMANTS TILLERS—Paintings. Through April 15. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

GRACE BAKST WAPNER—Fanciful all-white vase-like ceramic sculptures. Through April 11. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

DEBRA WEIER / MATTHEW RADFORD—Abstract relief paintings. / Paintings of crowded streets and tall buildings in muted colors. Through March 31. (Wren, 153 Mercer St.)

MARGARET WHARTON—Severely stylized wall constructions using chair parts, copper, and fabric. Through April 8. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

TERRY WINTERS—A group of seventy-six works on paper with the over-all title "Schema." Through April 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

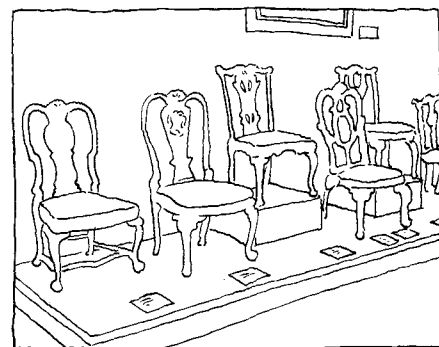
TOD WIZON—Surreal landscapes. Through March 31. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DRAWING CENTER**, 35 Wooster St.: Works on paper by eight artists. Through Saturday, March 21. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) ... **EINSTEIN**, 591 Broadway: Paintings of panoramic landscapes by Tom Jenkins, Elen Feinberg, Medrie MacPhee, and others. Through Wednesday, March 25. ... **GLADSTONE**, 99 Greene St.: Paintings and sculptures by five Arte Povera artists: Alighiero Boetti, Luciano Fabro, Pier Paolo Calzolari, Jannis Kounellis, and Mario Merz. Through Saturday, March 28. ... **THORP**, 103 Prince St.: Marble sculptures by Philip Pavia from the past three decades, and abstract paintings by Robert Ackerman and Paul Mogensen. Through April 4.

OTHER GALLERIES

VITO ACCONCI—Three sculptural works. Through Sunday, March 22. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

MIKE HOWARD—Didactic statements on contemporary life conveyed in a series of paintings on attached canvases. Through Sunday,



ERNST

March 22. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

STEPHANIE BRODY LEDERMAN—Pictographic drawings and collages. Through March 29. (Rastovski, 534 E. 6th St., between Avenues A and B. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

MARILYN LERNER—New relief paintings showing her allegiance to Russian Constructivism. Through April 4. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

DEBORAH REMINGTON—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 5. (Shainman, 500 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

KEITH SONNIER—Four works from the sixties, among them neon and incandescent-light sculptures, plus studies. Through March 29. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

MICHAEL ZANSKY—Semi-abstract landscapes in oil and encaustic on wood. Through April 11. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

RUTH BERNHARD / ELLEN CAREY—Gelatin-silver prints of female nudes; the prints were made recently from the original negatives, dated 1934-76. / Photographs with paint and collage additions. Through April 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MARILYN BRIDGES—Aerial photographs of ancient land markings—the Nazca lines, Yucatán ruins, and so forth. Through May 2. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT CAPA (1913-54)—Photographs of Berlin in the summer of 1945. Through April 4. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JAN GROOVER—A retrospective show of eighty photographs is at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

W. SNYDER MACNEIL—Faces (of the artist's husband and daughter) and hands (of her friends) are the subjects of a series of platinum-palladium prints. Through April 16. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

GORDON PARKS—A retrospective of more than two hundred prints by this photojournalist. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) ... Fifty prints made for the Farm Security Administration. (Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) Both shows through Saturday, March 28.

BARBARA PFEFFER—Photographs of Jewish communities in New York, Israel, and Russia and of Mayor Koch, Teddy Kollek, and Isaac Bashevis Singer. Through April 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

LENORE SEROKA—Photographs of artists in their studios. Through March 31. (4th Street Photo, 67 E. 4th St. Sundays through Thursdays, 2 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 3 to 10.)

JOEL-PETER WITKIN / JOSEF BREITENBACH (1896-1984)—Photographs and a single sculpture. / Portraits of Ernst, Brecht, and Joyce, among other prints. Through April 25. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through Sunday, March 22. ... The library of an 1859 Gothic Revival house designed by Frederick Clarke Withers has been installed among the period rooms in the American Wing. ... "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of works by Paul Klee.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through May 5. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Belgian artist Pierre Alechinsky which chronicles his use of sketches in the borders of his works. Mr. Alechinsky has taken this border motif one step further by painting a rising sun around the museum's elevator entrances. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings by David Salle spanning the past eight years. Through March 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Mary Frank's 1985 terra-cotta sculpture "Persephone," and drawings and monotypes showing different representations of the goddess, among other works. Starts Thursday, March 19. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. The frog was found at the turn of the century in a ceremonial chamber of the seven-hundred-room Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary American artists who are candidates for the Academy-Institute's 1987 art awards. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The accomplishments of the architect Antoni Gaudí (1852-1926), seen in the context of the work of his peers in Barcelona, are the focus of an exhibit that includes architectural drawings, furniture, tiles, metalwork, and glass objects. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Age of Bruegel: Netherlandish Drawings of the Sixteenth Century," a selection built around the work of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Eight of the drawings are by him, the others by artists who influenced him (Bosch, for instance) and whom he influenced (Roelandt Savery). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—Pat Steir has transformed the walls of the museum into a huge personal sketchbook—the sketchbook of an artist who is practicing the art of portraiture. The installation has drawings of eye after eye, ear after ear, mouth after mouth. Through April 12. A complementary show of paintings is at M. Knoedler & Co., 19 E. 70th St. (Open daily except Mondays and

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Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W. at 77th St.—A selection of silver collected by Sam Wagstaff, who at his death, earlier this year, was best known for his photography collections. Most of these pieces are late-nineteenth-century American hollowware and flatware, both silver and silver plate. Starts Friday, March 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077—Ain Gordon and ensemble (theatre), Wednesday through Saturday, March 18-21, at 8; afternoon performance Sunday, March 22, at 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Chris Sullivan, Michelle Kinney, and Michael Summers (performance), Thursday, March 19, at 8:30.

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Steve Paxton (dance), Thursday through Sunday, March 19-22, at 8:30; Dana Reitz (dance), Thursday through Sunday, March 26-29, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Kaja Gam and Awkward Dance (dance), Friday through Sunday, March 20-22, at 9. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

NOTE—Performance works by Danitra Vance, Ethyl Eichelberger, Pat Oleszko, and Danny Mydlack. (The New Museum, 583 Broadway. Friday, March 20, at 8:45. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performances.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Car-

negie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, March 18, at 8: "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Ileana Cotrubas, José Carreras, and Gregg Baker; conducted by James Levine. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

CONCERT ROYAL AND THE NEW YORK BAROQUE DANCE COMPANY—James Richman conducting two one-act opera-ballets: Rameau's "Pygmalion" and Handel's "Terpsicore." Directed by John Haber. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, March 18-21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

VINEYARD OPERA SHOP—James Kurtz conducting Giuseppe Sarti's 1782 opera, "Fra Due Litiganti il Terzo Gode." Directed by Joseph LoSchivo. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 5.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "Madame Butterfly." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays, March 21 and 28, at 7:30, and Sundays, March 22 and 29, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Mstislav Rostropovich and Felix Kruglikov conducting Britten's "War Requiem," Thursday through Saturday, March 19-21, and Tuesday, March 24, at 8 (all with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Anthony Rolfe-Johnson, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; the Westminster Choir; and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus). . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

ORCHESTRE NATIONAL DE FRANCE—Lorin Maazel conducting two programs. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 20, at 8. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

ORCHESTRE SYMPHONIQUE DE MONTRÉAL—At Carnegie Hall, Charles Dutoit conducting—Saturday, March 21, at 8: With Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a series of "Meet the Moderns" programs, this one devoted to music by West



**In just a few drops,
this man's skin is going
to feel better.**



His skin will get the amount of lubrication it needs to feel fit, fine, comfortable. Irritations—from shaving, from dryness—will be noticeably soothed.

All because his skin was treated to a few drops of what it takes to keep any skin in good working condition: Clinique M Lotion.

M Lotion helps skin keep its moisture. Renews essential oils. Discourages tired-looking lines under eyes. Delivers a fresher, healthier look. Find it—along with a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

M Lotion is non-greasy. Unscented. Makes no fuss. Simply goes to work on skin. Helps it feel better.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Coast composers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, March 19, at 8. . . .) Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 20, at 8.) For information about tickets, call 1-718 636-4120.

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY OF THE 92ND STREET Y—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of baroque music, with Mark Peskanov, violin; Neil Balm, trumpet; and the Concert Chorale of New York. (Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducting, with William Parker, baritone, and Charles Neidich, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 23, at 8.)

PRISM—Robert Black conducting, with Renée Siebert, flute, and Duareen Podenski, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 24, at 8.)

JUILLIARD CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Andreas Delfs conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 27, at 8. Tickets are free; for information, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays, from 9:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Eric Hamelin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 27, at 8, and Saturday, March 28, at 2.)

MOZARTIAN PLAYERS—Steven Lubin conducting and playing the fortepiano. With Myron Lutzke, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in a performance of Haydn's "The Seasons," with Constanza Cucaro, soprano; David Gordon, tenor; and Kevin McMillan, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 7:30.)

MUSICA VIVA—Walter Klauss directing the chorus and orchestra, with Joan Beal, soprano. (Church of All Souls, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. Sunday, March 22, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS—Gary Miller directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

AMADEUS QUARTET—With Bruno Canino, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—With David Shifrin, clarinet, and John Browning, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 8.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—Playing piano music by Schumann. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 19, at 8.)

RICHARD GOODE—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, March 19, at 8.)

HARMONIC CHOIR—David Hykes directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, at 7:30.)

LONDON EARLY MUSIC GROUP—A program of seventeenth-century love songs. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, March 20, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—With Barry Tuckwell, horn, and Carter Brey, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 20, at 8, and Sunday, March 22, at 5.)

ROBERT WHITE—Tenor, in a program of songs by Beethoven. With Samuel Sanders, piano; James Buswell, violin; and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 3.)

THE BRASS RING—A quintet. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, March 21, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

LYDIA ARTYMIW—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.) . . . In a joint concert with Arnold Steinhardt, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, March 28, at 2:30.)

MENDELSSOHN STRING QUARTET—With Robert Mann, viola. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

SPOLETO FESTIVAL CHAMBER MUSIC AT BAM—Paula Robison, flute; Frank Morelli, bassoon; and a

ten-member ensemble. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

MUSIC OF MA SHUI-LONG—Works by a contemporary Taiwanese composer, performed by Sharon Wood, flute; Walter Hulse, organ; the Canticum Novum Choral; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

NASHVILLE CONTEMPORARY BRASS QUINTET—Chamber music. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Saturday, March 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.)

BENNETT LERNER—In a four-hour program of piano music which includes the premiere of Vittorio Rieti's "Twenty-Finger Waltz," performed with the composer. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 22, at 2.)

AMES PIANO QUARTET—A group from Iowa making its first appearance here. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 3.)

CAMBRIDGE CHAMBER PLAYERS—With Leonard Hindell, bassoon, and Evelynne Crochet, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, March 22, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—Presenting a concert by Les Filles de Sainte-Colombe, with Kevin Mason, lute. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, March 22, at 4. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SEVENTY-FIFTH-BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO VLADIMIR USSACHEVSKY—Works by the composer, performed by members of Speculum Musicae and the American Brass Quintet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sunday, March 22, at 4.)

WYNTON MARSALIS—Cornet, with the Eastman Wind Ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 8.)

TON KOOPMAN—Harpsichord. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Sunday, March 22, at 8.)

KAZUKO HAYAMI—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 8.)

FLAVIO VARANI—Piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, March 23, at 8.)

MICHAEL COLLIER—Piano. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Monday, March 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

DOUBLE EDGE—A duo-piano team consisting of Nurit Tilles and Edmund Niemann. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, March 23, at 8.)

JOSÉ CARRERAS—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 24, at 7.)

MARIE-LUISE NEUNECKER—Horn. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, March 24, at 8.)

THOMAS LORANGO—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 24, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—Nobuko Imai and Kim Kashkashian, viola; Ida Kavafian and Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Harold Wright, clarinet. (92nd Street Y.

Tuesday and Wednesday, March 24-25, at 8.)

S.E.M. ENSEMBLE—With Pauline Oliveros, accordion, performing two of her recent works. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tuesday, March 24, at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

JANET BAKER—Mezzo-soprano, with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, James Conlon conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 25, at 8.)

ABACA DUO—Andrew Schulman, eight-string guitar, and Judith Pearce, flute. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 25, at 8.)

MAURIZIO POLLINI—Playing piano music by Chopin and Debussy. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)

HEINZ HOLLIGER AND ANDRAS SCHIFF—Oboe and piano, with assisting artists, in two programs of chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, March 26, and Sunday, March 29, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—Presenting a program of new music for harpsichord, performed by Joyce Lindorff. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—With Carter Brey, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, March 27, at 8.)

FOU TS'ONG—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 2:30.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

NOBUKO IMAI—Viola. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC—With Talisman, a male vocal sextet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

YALE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The last in a series of concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Indiana Pacers, Thursday, March 19, at 7:30; Atlanta Hawks, Saturday, March 21, at 7:30; and Seattle SuperSonics, Monday, March 23, at 7:30. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA: Nets vs. Dallas Mavericks, Tuesday, March 24, at 7:30; and Chicago Bulls, Thursday, March 26, at 7:30.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Wednesday, March 18; Chicago Black Hawks, Sunday, March 22; Devils, Wednesday, March 25; and St. Louis Blues, Friday, March 27. (Games begin at 7:35.) . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 21, at 7:05; Washington Capitals, Tuesday, March 24, at 8:05; and Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, March 26, at 8:05. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA: Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Monday, March 23, at 7:35; and Minnesota North Stars, Friday, March 27, at 7:35.

KARATE—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays and Wednesday, March 18, at 1.

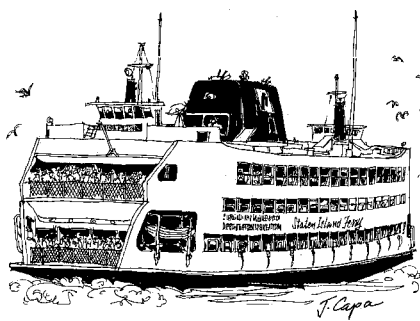
RUNNING—The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at 11 on Saturday, March 28, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, and finish near the Tavern on the Green.

TROTting—At Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

ET ALIA

PROSE READINGS—Joseph Wiseman, Josh Mostel, Marian Seldes, and Sloane Shelton reading from the short stories of Franz Kafka, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Marguerite Yourcenar, and Doris Lessing. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, March 25, at 6:30.)

DISCUSSIONS—Stephen Sondheim and John Guare speaking about lyric-writing. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)



THE NEW NISSAN STANZA

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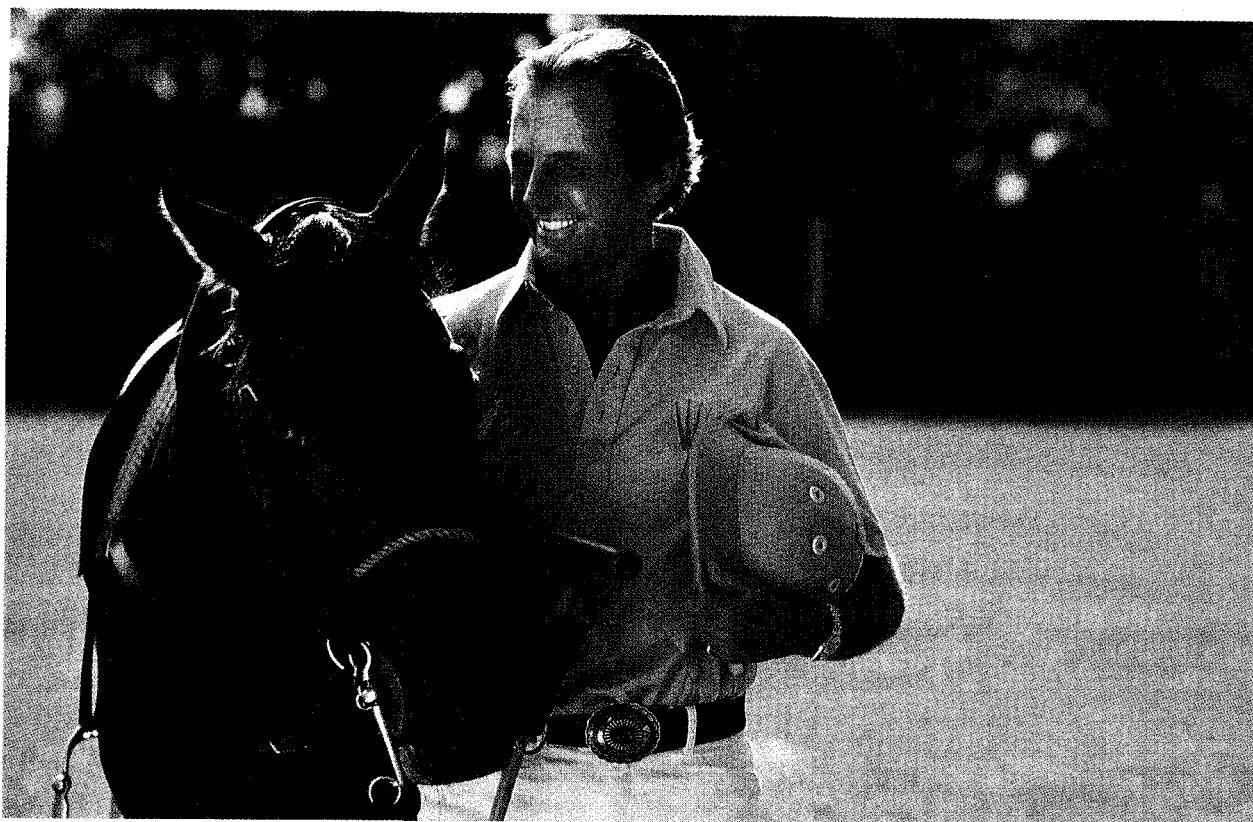
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through March 19: At 6, "Gods of the Plague" (1969; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Harry Baer and Hanna Schygulla; at 8, "Everything for Sale" (1968; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and, at 10, "Socrates" (1970; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).

March 20: At 6:15, "Stroszek" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German and English), with Bruno S. and Eva Mattes; at 8, "Graduate First" (1979; Maurice Pialat; in French); and, at 10, "The Left-Handed Woman" (1980; Peter Handke; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.

March 21-22: At 4, "The Life of O-Haru" (†); at 6:15, "Stroszek"; at 8, "Graduate First"; and, at 10, "The Left-Handed Woman."

March 24-26: At 6, "The Gods and the Dead" (1972; Ruy Guerra; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); at 8, "Graduate First"; and, at 10, "The Fire Within" (†).

From March 27: At 6, Three Werner Herzog short films, in German—"The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner" (1975), "Last Words" (1981), and "La Soufrière" (1977); at 8, "Tasio" (1984; Montxo Armendariz; in Spanish); and, at 10, "In a Year of 13 Moons" (1978; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Volker Spengler.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.

Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon."

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through March 19: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

From March 20: "Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.

Theatre 2: "Radio Days" (†).

Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through March 19: "Heat" (R. M. Richards), with Burt Reynolds.

From March 20: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Blue Velvet" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through March 19: "Black Widow" (1987 †).

From March 20: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through March 19: "Heat" (R. M. Richards), with Burt Reynolds. From March 20: To be announced.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through March 19: "Crimes of the Heart" (†). From March 20: "Black Widow" (†).

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through March 26: "84 Charing Cross Road" (David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins. From March 27: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Outrageous Fortune" (†). From March 27: "The Hanoi Hilton" (Lionel Chetwynd), with Michael Moriarty.

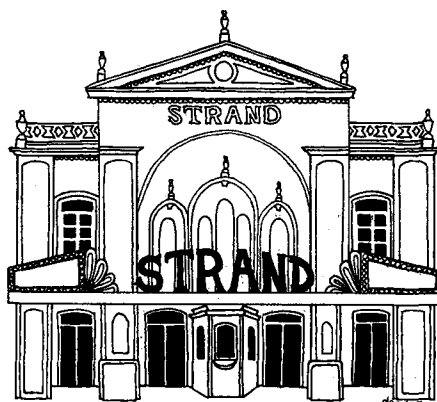
D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Round Midnight" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Man Facing Southeast" (Eliseo Subiela; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Beyond Therapy" (Robert Altman), with Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Tom Conti, and Glenda Jackson.

Theatre 2: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (†).

Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Good Father" (Mike Newell), with Anthony Hopkins.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Theatre 2: Through March 19: "Witchboard" (Kevin S. Tenney). From March 20: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.

Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through March 26: "Black Widow" (1987 †). From March 27: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "Reichsautobahn" (1985; directed by Hartmut Bitomsky; in German), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through March 19: "Summer"

(Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière; and "Pauline at the Beach" (1982; Eric Rohmer; in French). March 20-26: "Ran" (1985; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "A.K." (1985; Chris Marker; in English and Japanese), a documentary about the making of "Ran." March 27-28: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "Bigger Than Life" (1956; Nicholas Ray), with James Mason and Barbara Rush.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Animation Celebration," a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries.

Theatre 2: "Lily Tomlin" (Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through March 19: "Heat" (R. M. Richards), with Burt Reynolds.

From March 20: "Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Round Midnight" (†).

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn" (Sam Raimi).

Theatre 2: Through March 19: "Little Shop of Horrors" (1986 †). From March 20: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 19: "My Sweet Little Village" (Jiff Menzel; a Czech film), From March 20: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.

Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).

Theatre 4: Through March 26: "Blue Velvet" (†). From March 27: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Theatre 2: "Black Widow" (1987 †).

Theatre 3: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through March 26: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

From March 27: A two-week program of fourteen new films from Spain.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Heat" (R. M. Richards), with Burt Reynolds.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Gospel According to Vic" (Charles Gormley), with Tom Conti.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Kangaroo" (Tim Burstall), with Colin Friels and Judy Davis.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

Theatre 2: "Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

Theatre 3: "Thérèse" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Waiting for the Moon" (Jill Godmilow), with Linda Hunt and Linda Bassett.

Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (Jonathan Demme), with Spalding Gray.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: Through March 19: "Black Widow"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(1987 †). From March 20: "Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

Theatre 2: "Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.

Theatre 3: "Radio Days" (†).

Theatre 4: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Theatre 5: "Platoon" (†).

Theatre 6: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through March 19: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle. From March 20: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.

Theatre 2: "Animation Celebration," a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 19: "Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn" (Sam Raimi). From March 20: "Round Midnight" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 26: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell). From March 27: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve.

Theatre 3: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Theatre 4: Through March 19: "Witchboard" (Kevin S. Tenney). From March 20: "Mona Lisa" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (†).

Theatre 2: "Black Widow" (1987 †).

Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (directed by Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Theatre 4: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 5: Through March 19: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons. From March 20: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.

Theatre 6: "Witchboard" (Kevin S. Tenney).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).

Theatre 3: Through March 19: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors." From March 20: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.

Theatre 4: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Platoon" (†).

MOVELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn" (Sam Raimi).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)

"Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with

Paul Hogan. (No performances Monday through Wednesday, March 23-25.)

R.K.O. NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through March 19: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall. From March 20: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 2: "Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.

U.A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

Theatre 2: Through March 19: "Death Before Dishonor" (Terry Leonard), with Fred Dryer. From March 20: "Iron Warrior."

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 19: "Manhunter" (1986; directed by Michael Mann), with William L. Petersen; and "To Live and Die in L.A." (1985; William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe.

March 20-21: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; and "Aliens" (1986; James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

March 22: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "Love on the Run" (1979 †).

March 23-24: "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.

March 25-26: "Nashville" (†).

March 27-28: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 18: "Objective, Burma!" (1945; Raoul Walsh), with Errol Flynn, William Prince, and George Tobias; and "Uncertain Glory" (1944; Raoul Walsh), with Errol Flynn and Paul Lukas.

March 19: "Gun Fury" (1954; Raoul Walsh), with Rock Hudson and Donna Reed; and "Colorado Territory" (1949; Raoul Walsh), with Joel McCrea and Virginia Mayo.

March 20-21: "Manpower" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson, and George Raft; and "The Man I Love" (1947; Raoul Walsh), with Ida Lupino, Robert Alda, Bruce Bennett, and Andrea King.

March 22-23: "They Died with Their Boots On" (1942; Raoul Walsh), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Arthur Kennedy, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "Dark Command" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with Walter Pidgeon, Claire Trevor, and John Wayne.

March 24-25: "Sailor's Luck" (1933; Raoul Walsh), with James Dunn, Sally Eilers,

Sammy Cohen, and Victor Jory; "Under Pressure" (1935; Raoul Walsh), with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Florence Rice, and George Walsh; and "They Drive by Night" (†).

March 26: "Battle Cry" (1955; Raoul Walsh), with Van Heflin, Aldo Ray, and Mona Freeman.

March 27-28: "The Roaring Twenties" (†) and "High Sierra" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 18: "Cutter's Way" ("Cutter and Bone," 1981; Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges, John Heard, and Lisa Eichhorn; and "The Angel Levine" (1970; Jan Kadar), with Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte, and Ida Kaminska.

March 19: "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Mary Beth Hurt, Sam Waterston, and E. G. Marshall; and "The Front" (1976; Martin Ritt), with Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi.

March 20: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

March 21: "Something Wild" (1986; Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith; and "Citizens Band" ("Handle with Care," 1977; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Candy Clark, and Marcia Rodd.

March 22: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "On the Waterfront" (†).

March 23: "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan; and "Brighton Rock" ("Young Scarface," 1951; John Boulting), with Richard Attenborough.

March 24: "House by the River" (1950; Fritz Lang), with Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt, Lee Bowman, and Dorothy Patrick; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

March 25: "Glenn or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood, Jr.), with Bela Lugosi; and "The Bride and the Beast" (1958; Adrian Weiss), with Lance Fuller.

March 26: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955; Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff.

March 27-28: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

March 18: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell), with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "Dante's Inferno" (1967; Ken Russell; a BBC television film), with Oliver Reed.

March 19: "The Paleface" (1948; Norman Z. McLeod), with Bob Hope and Jane Russell; and "Son of Paleface" (1952; Frank Tashlin), with Bob Hope, Jane Russell, and Roy Rogers.

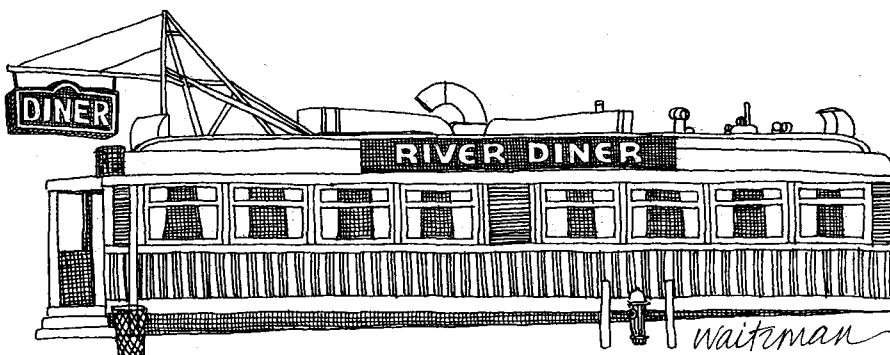
March 20-21: "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, Fulton MacKay, and Burt Lancaster; and "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid.

March 22: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

March 23: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "Fata Morgana" (1971; Werner Herzog; in German).

March 24: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "Les Enfants Terribles" (†).

March 25: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "My Favorite Wife" (†).



March 26: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake.

March 27-28: "The Wages of Fear" (†) and "Diabolique" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 18: "The Seventh Cross" (1944; Fred Zinnemann), with Spencer Tracy, Signe Hasso, Hume Cronyn, and Jessica Tandy; and "Fury" (1936; Fritz Lang), with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sydney, Edward Ellis, and Walter Brennan.

March 19: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.

March 20-21: "The Paradine Case" (1947; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

March 22-23: "La Bête Humaine" (†) and "La Grande Illusion" (†).

March 24: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci), in French and English, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.

March 25: "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938; William Nigh), with Boris Karloff and Grant Withers.

March 26: "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne; and "Pat and Mike" (†).

March 27-28: "After the Thin Man" (†); and

"The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

THEATRE 2: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER (AT MOMA)—A festival of new films by new directors. March 18 at 6: "The Realm of Fortune" (Mexico; Arturo Ripstein). . . . ¶ March 18 at 8:30: "A Promise" (Japan; Yoshishige Yoshida). . . . ¶ March 19 at 6: "Wild Mountains" (1985; People's Republic of China; Yan Xueshu). . . . ¶ March 19 at 8:30: "The Dark Side of the Moon" (Denmark; Erik Clausen). . . . ¶ March 20 at 6: "In the Jaws of Life" (1984; Yugoslavia; Rajko Grlic). . . . ¶ March 20 at 8:30 and March 21 at 1: "Sleepwalk" (United States; Sara Driver); and "Drum/Sing" (1985; New Zealand; Gregor Nicholas). . . . ¶ March 21 at 3:30: "In the Jaws of Life." . . . ¶ March 21 at 6: "Loyalties" (Canada; Anne Wheeler). . . . ¶ March 21 at 8:30: "Wild Mountains." . . . ¶ March 22 at 1: "The Dark Side of the Moon." . . . ¶ March 22 at 3:30: "Loyalties." . . . ¶ March 22 at 6: "A Hero's Journey: The World of Joseph Campbell" (United States; William Free and Janelle Balnicke); and "Dark Hair" (Japan; Midori Kurisaki). . . . ¶ March 22 at 9 and March 23 at 6: "A Woman from the Provinces" (1985; Poland; Andrzej Baranski). . . . ¶ March 23 at 8:30: "A Hero's Journey: The World of Joseph Campbell" and "Dark Hair." . . . ¶ March 24 at 6: "My Life as a Dog" (1985; Sweden; Lasse Hallström). . . . ¶ March 24 at 8:30 and March 25 at 6: "My Friend Ivan Lapshin" (1984; U.S.S.R.; Alexei German). . . . ¶ March 25 at 8:30: "My Life as a Dog." . . . ¶ March 26 at 6: "Backlash" (Australia; Bill Bennett). . . . ¶ March 26 at 8:30: "Tampopo" (Japan;

Juzo Itami). . . . ¶ March 27 at 6: "Law of Desire" (Spain; Pedro Almodóvar). . . . ¶ March 27 at 8:30 and March 28 at 1: "Withnail & I" (United Kingdom; Bruce Robinson). . . . ¶ March 28 at 3:30: "Backlash." . . . ¶ March 28 at 6: "Tampopo." . . . ¶ March 28 at 8:30: "Law of Desire." (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9500.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through March 20: "Social Engagement: Women's Video in the '80's," a program of thirteen experimental narrative and documentary videotapes. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—"Japan at War," films made in Japan between 1938 and 1947. March 18 at 7:30: "The Story of Tank Commander Nishizumi" (1941; Kozaburo Yoshimura; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Ken Uehara. . . . ¶ March 20 at 7:30: "Blossoming Port" (1943; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Ken Uehara; and "Army" (1944; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . ¶ March 25 at 7:30: "Morning for the Osone Family" (1946; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Haruko Sugimura. . . . ¶ March 27 at 10:30 A.M.: "Night in China" (1940; Osamu Fushimizu; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kazuo Hasegawa. . . . ¶ March 27 at 4: "They Were Expendable" (1945; John Ford), with John Wayne and Robert Montgomery. . . . ¶ March 27 at 7:30: "Soldiers at the Front" (1939; Fumio Kamei; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 28 at 10:15 A.M.: "Chocolate and Soldiers" (1938; Takeshi Sato; in Japanese, with no English subtitles), with Kamatari Fujiwara. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2:30: "The Story of Tank Commander Nishizumi." . . . ¶ March 28 at 7:30: "No Regret for Our Youth" (1946; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Setsuko Hara.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AFTER THE THIN MAN (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In it, Elissa Landi is in distress because she has lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 27-28.)

LA BÊTE HUMAINE (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, has marvellous atmosphere and a fine cast (Jean Gabin, Simone Simon, Carlette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive, and at times Gabin is a lump. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 22-23.)

BLACK WIDOW—Theresa Russell plays a slinky, cat-eyed dame who is somehow driven to marry a series of the richest millionaires in the country and murder them; Debra Winger plays an investigator at the Justice Department who notices the pattern in the sudden deaths and gets on the widow's trail. This may sound irresistibly succulent and trashy, but the director, Bob Rafelson, can't seem to give trash its due; he intellectualizes it. You expect the women to share identities or the picture to go lesbian, or something. But you're wrong. This is postmodernist film noir. Dennis Hopper and Nicol Williamson live up their brief scenes as two of the widow's husbands; also with James Hong as a drugged-out private investigator, Terry O'Quinn as Winger's boss, and Sami Frey, Diane Ladd, Lois Smith, Leo Rossi, and David Mamet as a poker player. Cinematography by Conrad Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/23/87.) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Embassy 72nd St.; through March 19. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through March 26. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting March 20.)

BLUE VELVET—Written and directed by David

Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 26.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek playing sisters and sparking off each other are something to see. The play, by Beth Henley—a comedy about wacked-out normality, set in Hazlehurst, Mississippi—has its goofy charm; it's thin material, though, and her screen adaptation is just the usual "opening out." But the three actresses put so much faith in their roles that they carry the movie, triumphantly. They take the play's borderline pathos about heartbreakingly screwed-up lives—it's a mixture of loneliness and lyricism—and give it real vitality. These are inspired performances. With Sam Shepard, Tess Harper, David Carpenter, and Hurd Hatfield. Directed (without much flair) by Bruce Beresford. (12/15/86) (Plaza; through March 19.)

THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE—The French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight

principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex, and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. In French. (12/15/86) (Cinema 3.)

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.'" Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. (Some people may feel too queasy to find the film really pleasurable.) With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster. In French. (Thalia SoHo; March 27-28.)

LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES (1949; "The Strange Ones")—The director Jean-Pierre Melville expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy. The movie glides along, gathering intensity, as the characters move—compulsively, as in a dream—toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth, and Edouard Dermithe, Renée Co-

With Aldo Ray, William Ching, Jim Backus, Chuck Connors, and Charles Bronson. George Cukor directed—beautifully. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 26.)

PLATOON—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozier—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

RADIO DAYS—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" Implicitly, he's saying that we movie stars (and TV stars) must learn humility. With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dumont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

THE ROARING TWENTIES (1939)—The title and the names of the stars—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart—make it sound like a lot more fun than it is. They play underprivileged kids who grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. The movie has a very mechanical and moralistic view of character; nobody ever says or does anything that surprises you. With Gladys George, Priscilla Lane, Paul Kelly, Jeffrey Lynn, and Frank McHugh. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Regency; March 27-28.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Praver Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

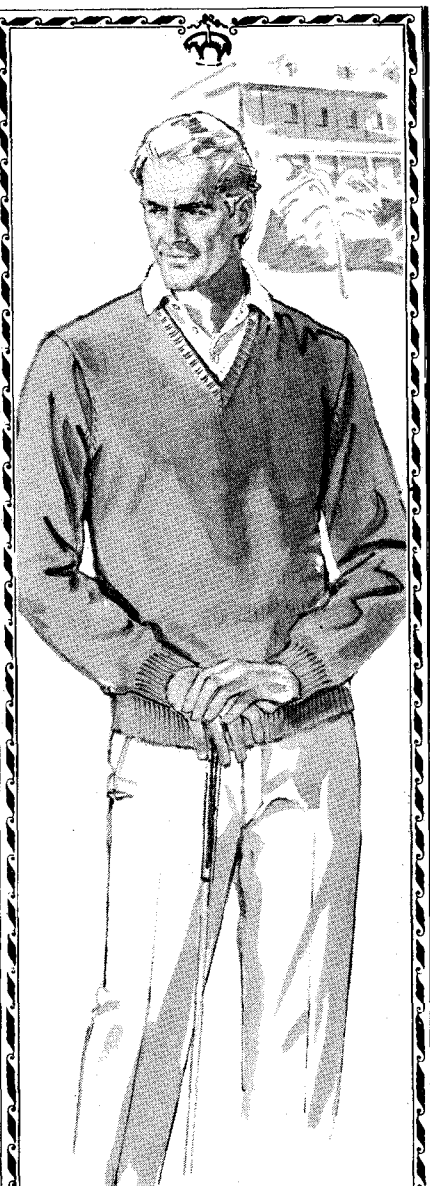
ROUND MIDNIGHT—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's

mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians. (D. W. Griffith, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . .)

¶ **Olympia Quad**, starting March 20.)
THERESE—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. But Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is so measured that after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French. (1/26/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT (1940)—The director, Raoul Walsh, probably had little to do with the film's schizoid nature. The first half, involving George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, and Alan Hale, is an action-filled, realistic good story about free-lance truck drivers who run fruit and vegetables in to the big-city markets. In the second half, Raft, neat, shaved, and respectfully at work in an office, is pursued by Ida Lupino, his employer's wife, but manages to hold out, because he is engaged to Ann Sheridan. This part is standard movie melodrama and not particularly well done. With Roscoe Karns, George Tobias, Gale Page, and Joyce Compton; from a novel by A. I. Bezzerides. (Regency; March 24-25.)

THE WAGES OF FEAR (1953)—An existential thriller—the most original and shocking French melodrama of the fifties. The opening sequence shows us a verminous South American village and the Europeans trapped in it; they will risk everything for the money to get out. An oil well three hundred miles away has caught fire, and the oil company offers four of them two thousand dollars each to drive two trucks loaded with nitroglycerine (to explode out the fire) over primitive roads. The four are a Corsican (Yves Montand), a Frenchman (Charles Vanel), an Italian (Folco Lulli), and a German (Peter Van Eyck), and the film is about their responses to the gruelling test of driving the trucks. When you can be blown up at any moment, only a fool believes that character determines fate. In this situation, courage and caution are almost irrelevant, and ordinary human responses are futile and archaic—yet nothing else is left. If this isn't a parable of man's position in the modern world, it's at least an illustration of it. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed his own adaptation of George Arnaud's novel. Clouzot's most controversial film, it is also his most powerful; the violence is not used simply for excitement—it's used as in Eisenstein's and Buñuel's films: to force a vision of human experience. With Vera Clouzot and William Tubbs. In French. (Thalia SoHo; March 27-28.)



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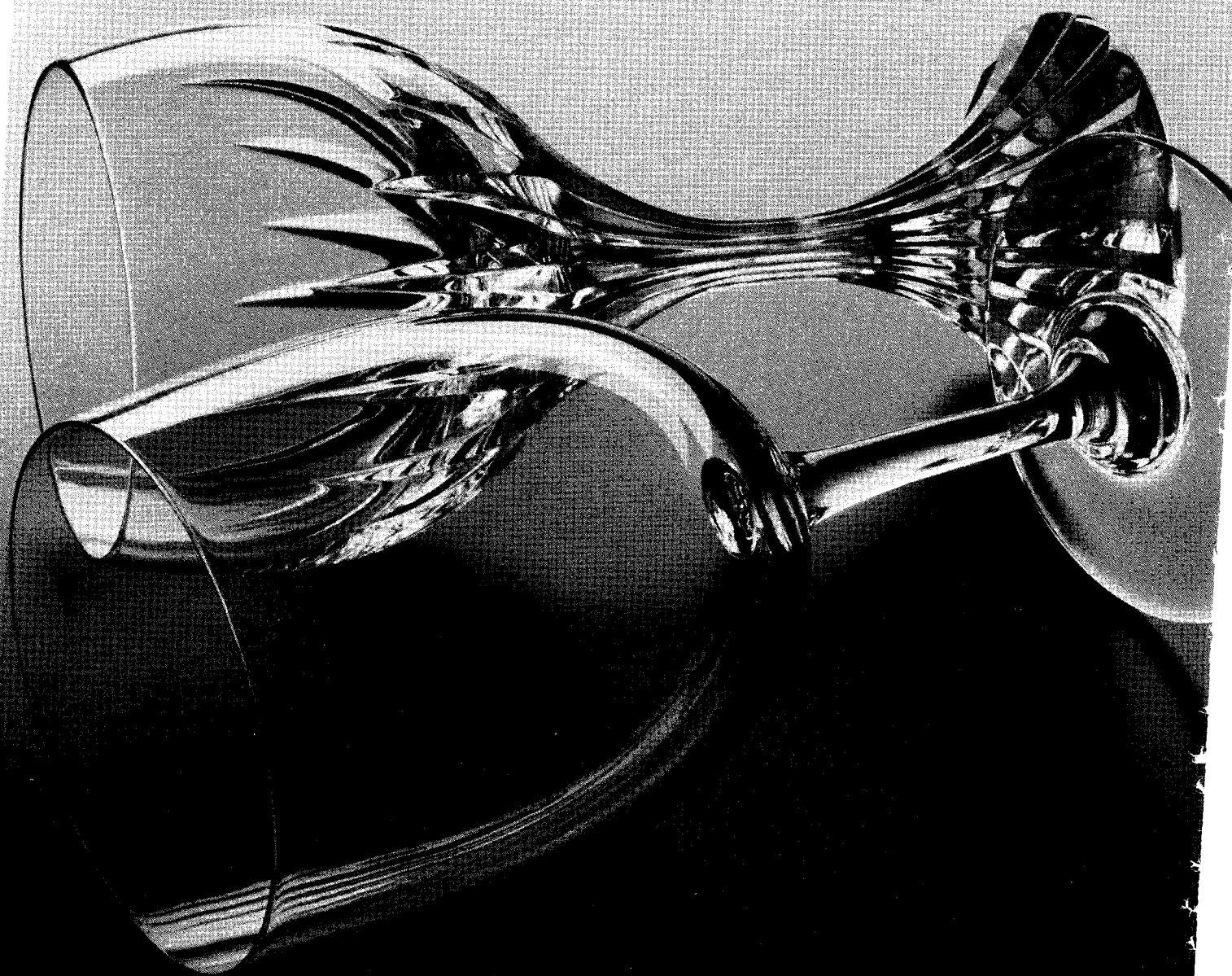
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WRITER we know writes:
An American visitor to a Communist country, if the visit partakes at all of publicity and official status, acquires symbolic values for which his native cultural conditioning has ill prepared him. As an American, be he fat or thin, conservatively contented or radically unhappy, he is looked upon by the regime as a potentially tricky mini-invasion of unfriendly forces and, by those dissatisfied with the regime, as a symbol of freedom and opposition. It was as such a symbol, and not on the basis of my agricultural expertise, that I was invited to plant a "peace tree" on a scruffy slope in Prague last spring, in the company of a few escorts from our Embassy and of many more or less young and excited Czechs. They were members and devotees of the Jazz Section of the Union of Musicians, led by Mr. Karel Šrp, who guided me through the ancient and apolitical procedure of settling a scrawny young sapling (a maple, I think) into a muddy hole in the ground. The sapling erect and on its own, we went inside a very crowded room in a drab but extensive housing project and drank a toast to something or other (perhaps simply one another) and dispersed, the Jazz Section members and followers to their various duties and fates and I to my next appointment and act of cultural display.

The ceremony, in my swift and distracted experience of it, reminded me of college days—the day when some hastily organized prank was being played. The Jazz Section offices were small rooms holding jazzy posters, flushed faces, a jabber of feverish and ill-focussed excitement, and the smell of white wine in paper cups. Without knowing the language, I could sense the joke in the air, that perennial young people's joke of seeing "how much" they could "get away with," of "how far" things could "go." As a Western writer, I was one of the prank's props, but not a terribly important one—the prank would go on, in its multitudinous improvised forms, whether I was there or not. Its perpetrators, however, were, some of them, much more than college age, and its possible cost to them was not just a scolding from the dean but years in prison and a lifetime of joblessness. But such a reckoning seemed quite remote on the cloudy day of our innocent, amiable, somewhat mysterious and muddled little occasion.

At the end of the summer (during which the sapling presumably took root on its unpromising-looking slope in a small thicket of trees previously planted by such other arborists as Kurt Vonnegut and Wendy Luers), Mr. Šrp and four other directors of the Jazz Section were arrested, along with the group's treasurer and landlord, and charged with conducting illegal

economic activities. Among previous offenses, for which they had already been fined, was erecting a monument without a permit—a small stone, set among the "peace trees," commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the United Nations. Repressive arrests of conspicuous cultural experimenters and symbol-cultivators are common enough in the Communist world, but these were surprising, because the Jazz Section had for fifteen years been ingeniously functioning in a gray area of the government's cultural controls. The Section evolved, after its founding in 1971, from a union of dues-paying musicians into a kind of fan club not only for jazz but for rock and other arts of the capitalist West. It organized festivals and exhibitions and—utilizing the printing privileges granted all official unions and clubs—published pamphlets and books; it became a gray-area purveyor of alternative culture. Its shaky, semi-authorized status was tenaciously maintained, and the government's piecemeal attempts at discipline, which never addressed the issue of free speech, had a flavor of desperation.

In 1985, Section member Petr Cibulka was sentenced to a seven-month prison term for "insulting the nation" when he complained that a restaurant had failed to serve a low-cost meal, as required by law; in 1986, Section member Jaroslav Švestka was sentenced to one year in prison for "harming the interests of the republic



Richard Edes Harrison

abroad." And a few days ago, as I read in the papers, five of my comrades from that arboreal afternoon were pronounced guilty of "unauthorized commercial activity." The judge, professing his admiration of their "commendable" work in art, music, and literature, and protesting that "we don't want in any way to limit cultural movements in our country," handed down sentences not only less than the maximum eight years' imprisonment but significantly lighter than those the prosecutor had asked for. Karel Šrp was sentenced to sixteen months, minus the six months he had already served; the group secretary, Vladimír Kouřil, was given ten months minus the six he had served; and the three others received suspended sentences. While the judge delivered his verdict, a crowd of over a hundred people, most of them young, clapped hands in the corridors and afterward sang "Give Peace a Chance." The Jazz Section has been punished, but with an awkward ambivalence, as the neo-Stalinist Czech regime, installed in the wake of a runaway liberalization twenty years ago, tries to swing into line with the Soviet Union's professed turn toward openness. The Jazz Section has suffered, but not in silence; international protest has been joined by brave open protest within Communist Czechoslovakia. I'm told that the unauthorized monument, so subversively remembering the founding of the United Nations, has been removed; I don't know if the surrounding set of trees still stands. Trees can be cut down, but eventually others take their place. Eastern Europe is a forest where the growing will not stop.

Night Club

THE action takes place on a weekend in early spring, 1987, from 11 P.M. to 4 A.M., at the Tunnel, at Twelfth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, formerly the Terminal Warehouse Company and now a new night club. At one end of a three-hundred-foot room we find a woman with fruit piled on her head and a drink in her hand. Behind her is what's left of the Terminal Warehouse railroad tracks, now the setting for a xenon light show that suggests a train pulling in from Pluto through cones of blue, pink, and pin-striped lights. At the other end, a mezzanine, a birthday party is under way for BarBara Luna, a soap-opera star from "One Life to Live." One or

two thousand people dance and drink to the nineteen-forties Latin beat of Mario Toledo and Choros from Brazil. Outside, masses of people along red ropes. Doormen unlatch the ropes, at regular intervals, for a party of two or more to be let into the club.

In the computer room:

ELLI DAYAN (*the owner; tan, happy, made millions in Bonjour jeans*): I saw the place for the first time two years ago. There was no light, no oxygen—nothing. I remember I had a flashlight in my teeth and I was walking very slowly down the tunnel, feeling with my hands. We tried to keep it as authentic as possible. So much has gone on in the three months since we opened that all those old stories—about the basement being under seven feet of water and about the thirty tons of garbage on the tracks—are history, like what you learned when you were in kindergarten. I hired a very good designer, P. Michael Marino, and he did an absolutely phenomenal job of putting history and the present together. Freight cars used to be floated across the Hudson on barges and loaded and unloaded on these tracks. You could take your freight from my club all the way to Los Angeles. The grand grand opening hasn't taken place yet, but *W* has us on their "out" list already. Can you believe it?

BRUCE LYNN (*a publicist; friendly, mildly harassed*): The most important thing for any club is the mailing list. We have thirty-five mailing lists. They're all on these computers. (*A sweep of the arm*) This room is the lifeblood of the club; we have three or four operators in here at a time. (*Enter a woman dressed in a red tailored suit.*)

This is our comptroller, Gabrielle. She's counting the money.

ELLI: You hear the blip coming from that screen? Every time you hear that blip, somebody bought a drink. No matter where I am—in my home, my car, my boat—I know when somebody buys a drink or comes through the door.

RUDOLF (*the director; tall, blond, has a master's degree in economics from the Free University of Berlin. Demurs when asked last name—just Rudolf*): I do all the parties. I was the owner of Danceteria. Then I was a creative consultant on Palladium. Now I'm director of this place. Tonight is the carnival party for "International Music Video," the soap party for BarBara Luna, and the party for the Italian Trade Commission for marble. Well, we've had more brilliant nights.

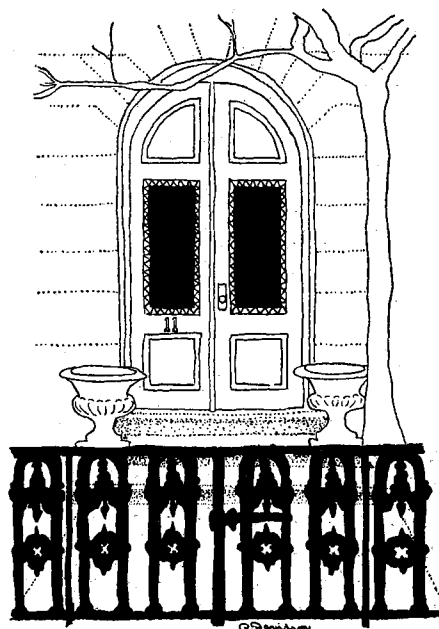
On the mezzanine:

DINA (*a waitress; ripply hair, hoop earrings. Shy; first job in a night club*): The crowd here is hard to define. Like, they're pretty rich. How the Palladium, down on Fourteenth Street, used to be. A lot of people who used to go there come here.

LAURA (*a waitress and aspiring jewelry designer; originally from Italy; pale, wears black*): Tuesday, all the people from Wall Street are coming. Fashion people come here a lot. Two million times, they come up to me and ask me where I bought my earrings. I designed them myself. Then they say they can use my jewelry for photographs. But nothing so far. Maybe I should go back to Europe. They have more taste.

JOHN (*a free-lance record producer; ponytail, leather jacket. Friend of Mark Kamins, the d.j., who at 12:30 A.M. is inserting sections of the record "Jesse Jackson: Our Time Has Come" into another record, "Blue Rondo à la Turk." Parts of a speech about Reagan and the deficit come out sounding like Alvin and the Chipmunks*): He's scratching. That's when you jiggle the record back and forth to get the modulated squeal. "Blue Rondo" has become one of a million generic dance pieces—a lot of people lump them into a category. The d.j.'s going to test one of my recordings. I'll watch to see if anyone leaves the floor. The problem here is that a live band is supposed to come on soon, so he might not get to mine. I hate live music.

MICHAEL (*actor from a soap opera; gray, distinguished*): I was the bad guy: Jack Simmons. I went to jail. Who

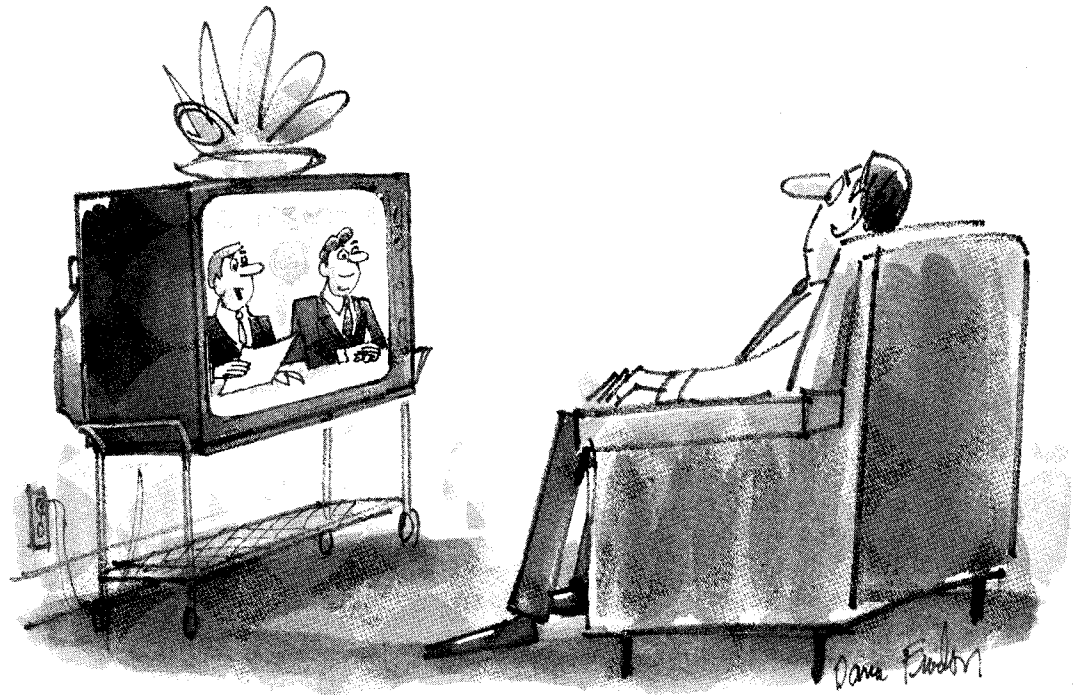


knows for how long? I blinded someone. It wasn't my fault. We get paid to do these things.

JEFF (another actor; tall, blond, handsome): I was on "Loving." I schemed, I plotted, I tormented. I guess that's why I got shot, and now I'm off the show. It was a great experience.

At the door:

JORGE SOCARRAS (a doorman. Youthful; bright eyes, intuitive): In the basement we have people who are regular night-clubbers. We don't call it the V.I.P. Room. That's passé. Very seventies. We encourage people to dress up. No jeans and sneakers. We have chandeliers, and the club just looks better when people are dressed up. Our crowd is ethnically mixed; even the girls with the pearls come. (Enter a slight-of-build man, quickly.) That was Nick Egan—he does lots of album covers for bands. I've worked at Area, Danceteria, and Palladium. I've been in the business for two years. My parents were always into parties and dancing, and it just seemed natural. Rudolf's been in this forever. It was his idea to get chandeliers. He has a taste for things that are borderline campy, tacky, amusing. Tonight, our major problem is that there's a guy with a spray-paint can on the loose. He's hit every white wall, but we can't find him. (Enter a woman in a mini-skirt and a man in black, with the rumor that Area may be closing.) Area's closing? You're kidding! We'll have to have a memorial service. (Sighs.) Each club has its own life span. Any club that makes it has about two years that are fabulous. That was the amazing thing about Studio 54—it had a good three or four years. Lots of kids here are dedicated night-club goers. They have so much energy. They have a look. They like to dance. This club caters to brats. I don't mean they're bratty; I mean celebrity brats. Jenny Lumet works ropes. Jimmy Breslin's daughter is in there tonight. Someone claiming to be Aaron Forbes was here a while ago, and at first I didn't let him in. I just wasn't making the connection. I'm not even sure there is an Aaron Forbes. The other night, some people behind the ropes



"Owing to cutbacks in our news department, here is Rod Ingram to guess at what happened today in a number of places around the globe."

were telling me they were from France, so I went over to them and started speaking French, but they didn't understand. It's amazing what people will do to get into night clubs. You'd think we offered spiritual relief.

Canta e Pasta

VINCENT FRISARI, a thirty-eight-year-old tenor whose services are not at the moment engaged by any of the professional opera companies in the metropolitan area, one recent evening lent his voice to a dirgelike aria titled "È la solita storia"—its English title is "Federico's Lament"—from Francesco Cilea's "L'Arlesiana." When he finished, he appeared to be greatly relieved. So did his younger brother, Joe, who said, "You know why I love Vinny? He sings real cheerful songs." Vincent's older brother, Andy, smiled but didn't say anything. For eighteen years, the Frisaris have managed a restaurant on West Thirty-eighth Street, in the garment district. For thirteen of those years, the restaurant was part of a franchise operation called Cozzoli; when the Frisaris began to own it outright, five years ago, they changed the name to Veronica Ristorante Italiano, in honor of their mother. On that occasion, they organized a vocal concert and recruited several steady customers and

friends to perform. The concert has since become an annual celebration, and it holds special importance for Vincent, who, when he's not busy experimenting with new methods for making cappuccino or spinach cannelloni, enjoys writing poetry, playing the piano, composing popular songs, and taking voice lessons. Joe Frisari, although not musically gifted, is an assertive raconteur, an accomplished mimic, and a semi-retired actor. (He's had some TV and movie roles, and he's appeared in a couple of commercials.) Andy Frisari has no pretensions outside the kitchen. "I stick to tomato sauce," he says.

Veronica's is open for breakfast—the specialties are an egg casserole and homemade muffins and croissants—and it does a big lunch business, particularly among people who enjoy big lunches. Although the service is cafeteria style, nothing tastes mass-produced, and the prices have an anachronistic charm: veal piccata, nine dollars; eggplant parmigiana, six dollars; shrimp marinara, eight dollars; linguine and mussels, six dollars; lasagna, five-fifty. Froufrou has been omitted throughout; the walls are covered with lacquered Masonite, the tables are covered with Formica, and the ceiling is covered with sound-proofing material. The most visible piece of decoration is a framed poster

demonstrating emergency first aid for choking victims. The most important fixture is the Frisaris' father, Girolamo, who is eighty-seven years old and comes in for a few hours every day to help out.

Closing time is five o'clock. The concert the other evening was scheduled to begin at that hour, but some of the guests were late arriving. A Yamaha grand piano stood at one end of the restaurant, near the kitchen entrance; chairs in rows of three and four extended from one wall; and a video camera was mounted on a tripod next to the ice machine. Andy Frisari was having a conversation with Medea Eder, a tall, pretty woman with a long dark braid. They were reminiscing over the time she asked Andy to make a certain chicken dish without its regular cream sauce and he substituted a scampi sauce and named the dish Chicken Medea. It's still on the menu.

"It makes me a legend in my own lunchtime," she said.

Shortly before five-thirty, Joe Frisari decided it was time to warm up the crowd. "Welcome," he said. "Welcome to our annual concert. And sorry to keep you waiting, but, tough,

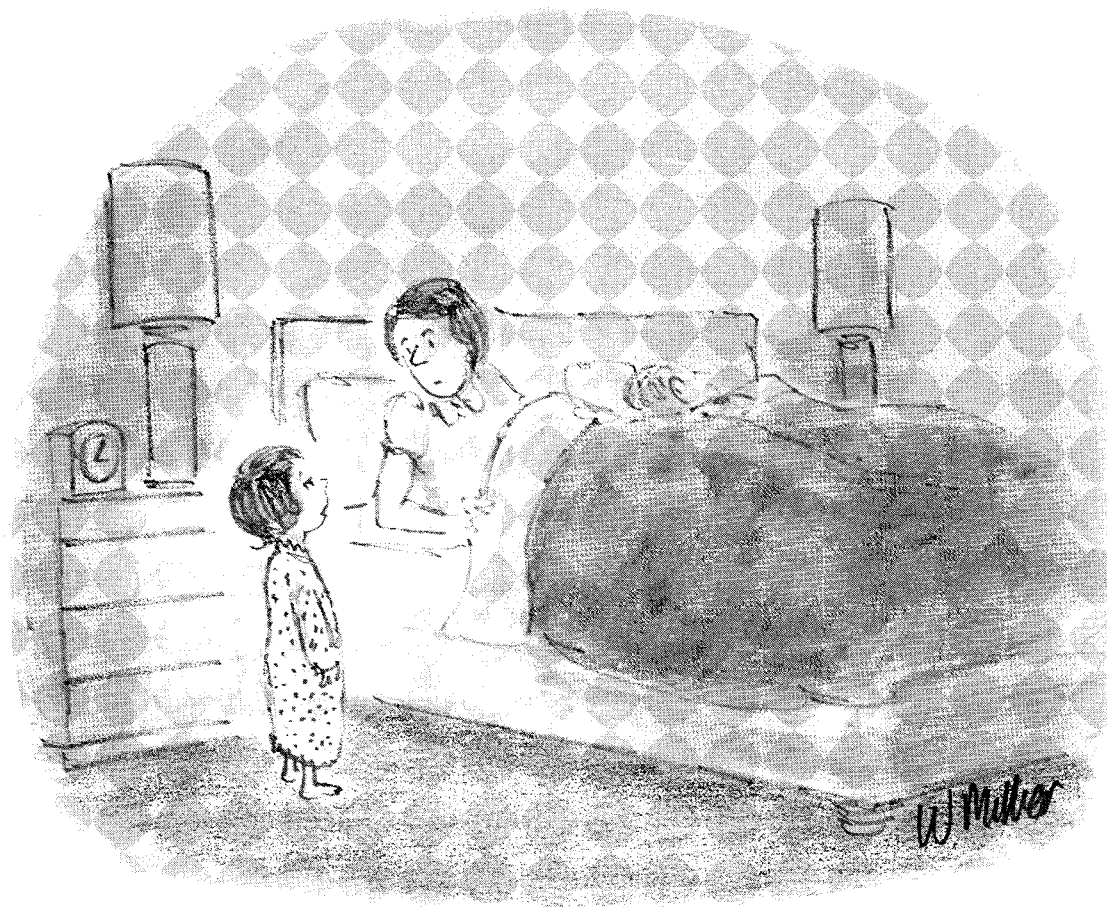
you gotta wait." Then he introduced John Cimino, a veteran customer and professional baritone who is more or less Veronica's resident impresario. John Cimino added a few welcoming remarks of his own—including the announcement that "one of our regular performers, Paul Spenser Adkins, is unable to be here because he has to sing 'La Traviata' in Miami, which is a feeble excuse if I ever heard one"—and proceeded to sing a serenade from "Don Giovanni." Then a lyric soprano named Dianne Legro joined him for a duet from "Don Giovanni." (Just before they began, Vincent Frisari removed the choking-victim poster from over the piano.) After the duet, Dianne Legro did a couple of solos from Broadway musicals, and then, with an actor named Danny Cass, sang and danced through a number from the musical comedy "Li'l Abner." Joe Frisari presented the next performer, Stewart Backfield, a piece-goods salesman who eats at Veronica's five days a week, saying, "I want to introduce a good friend of mine and a good friend of Veronica's—you're an institution here, Stewart. Please welcome Stewart Backfield." Stewart Backfield said he was going to

play "the entrance to the third act of 'Carmen,' which is a flute solo, sort of"—and then proceeded to do so, sort of. Jon Klibonoff, a pianist who had been accompanying the other performers, now accompanied his wife, Mary, a violinist, who was making her Veronica Ristorante Italiano debut. While she tuned her violin—this took a couple of minutes—Jon Klibonoff said, "Wait till you see our juggling act." After this duet, the Meditation from "Thaïs," Jon Klibonoff played a few solos, including a Rachmaninoff prelude that rattled the soundproofing.

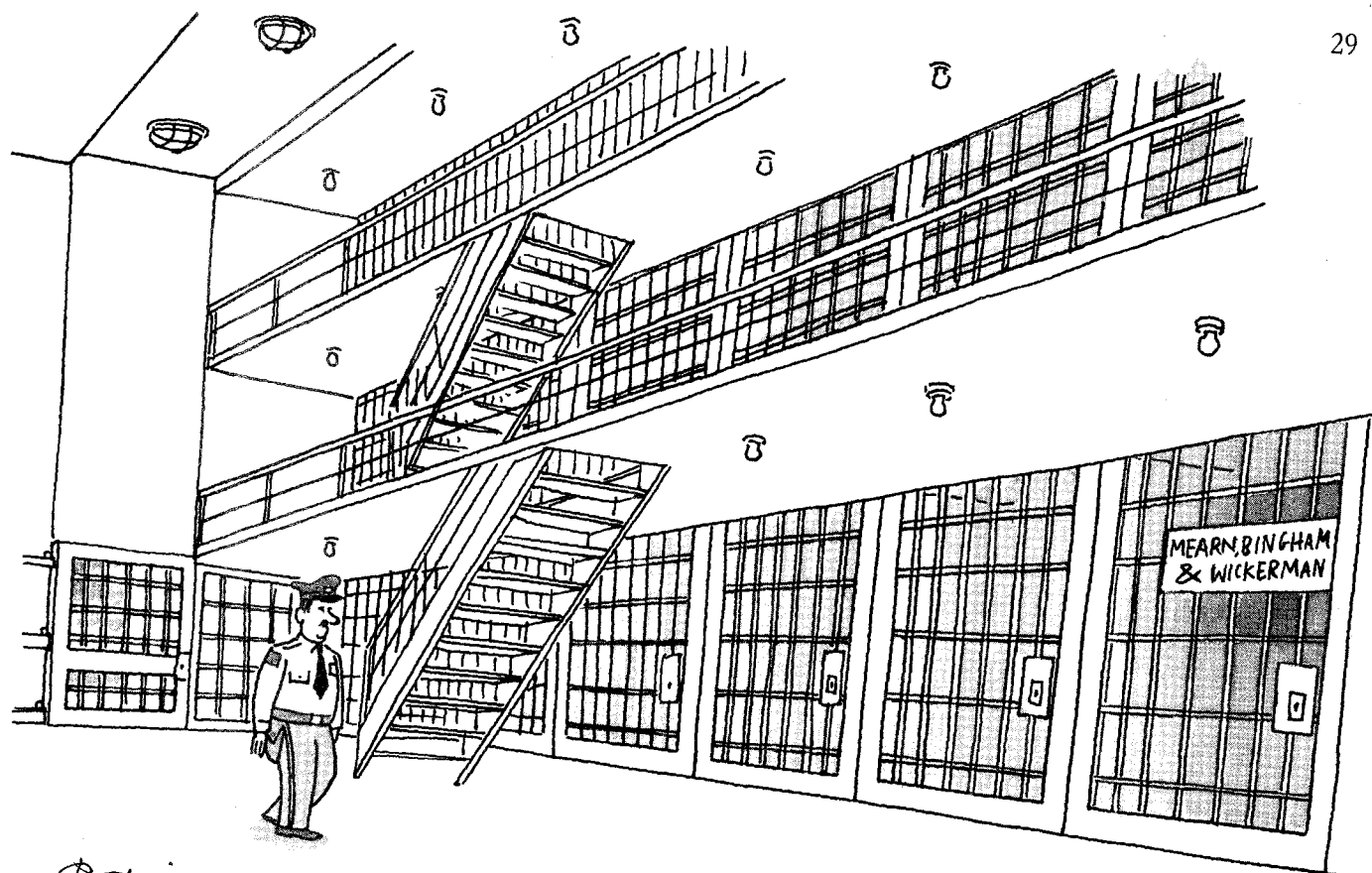
When the moment for Vincent Frisari's aria arrived, Joe said, "I'd like to introduce someone very, very close to me, and if I talk too much he'll get nervous, so here's my brother Vinny." Vincent, who has light-brown hair, a high forehead, pale-green eyes, and a pink complexion, was wearing a three-piece blue wool suit, a blue pin-striped shirt, a red-and-black striped necktie, and a grave expression. Robust applause greeted him at the conclusion of his aria. Under normal circumstances, he would have followed "È la solita storia" with a second piece, but he hadn't totally recovered from a recent

bout with the flu, so John Cimino came on to sing another solo. The final song of the evening was a group effort—an audience sing-along of a John Cimino composition called "*Salute Veronica*," which borrowed the melody of "*Funiculì, Funiculà*" and had a chorus that began "*Canta e pasta! Family and friends! Eat till you're happy; eating never ends.*"

To substantiate the accuracy of the lyrics, the Frisaris now served a meal that greatly exceeded the capacities of the thirty or so audience members who stuck around for it. It included crayfish in a balsamic-vinegar sauce; tortellini al brodo; eggplant rollatini (filled with ricotta, spinach, and ham); cannelloni Veronica (shrimps, scallops, Alaskan crabmeat,



"I'm bored."



P. Steiner

tomato sauce, cream sauce); chicken fiorentina; two aorta-grabbing desserts (a three-fruit torte and a hazelnut cheesecake); coffee and Sambuca. Before dessert was served, Andy stepped out of the kitchen and received applause and shouts of "Bravo!" and "Encore!"

One of the added benefits of the annual concert is that friends of the Frisari brothers get to meet other friends of the Frisari brothers. At dinner, Paul Cicchetti happened to take a seat opposite Wendy Wolf. Paul Cicchetti works as a pressman at the *Times* and usually stops in at Veronica's after picking up his mail at the post office across the street. He has discovered that on days when he doesn't much feel like talking to other people a nice cup of cappuccino elevates his mood. Wendy Wolf gave the impression that there are very few days when she doesn't feel like talking. She was full of information about herself: she's a friend of Stewart Backfield's; she's taking courses at the New School in economics and banking and finance, and she's thinking of taking the free one-day New School course in how to read the *Wall Street Journal*; she grew up in East Meadow, Long Island; she went to summer camp for eleven years

in Torrington, Connecticut; she was once married but no longer is; she goes places you normally wouldn't go, because you never know whom you're going to meet; she loves to talk to people, because you learn; she's done some bookkeeping and is now doing some rental-brokering of yachts; she used to do the same thing with exotic cars—Lamborghinis, Mercedeses, Ferraris, and Porsches, for a thousand dollars a day, a dollar a mile—and once rented a car to David Letterman.

Paul Cicchetti said, "You know how I come to this restaurant? It's not easy. I've got to go past all the movie theatres, the peep shows, the clothing stores, the souvenir shops."

"What are you passing all those places for?" Wendy Wolf asked. "What's your ultimate goal?"

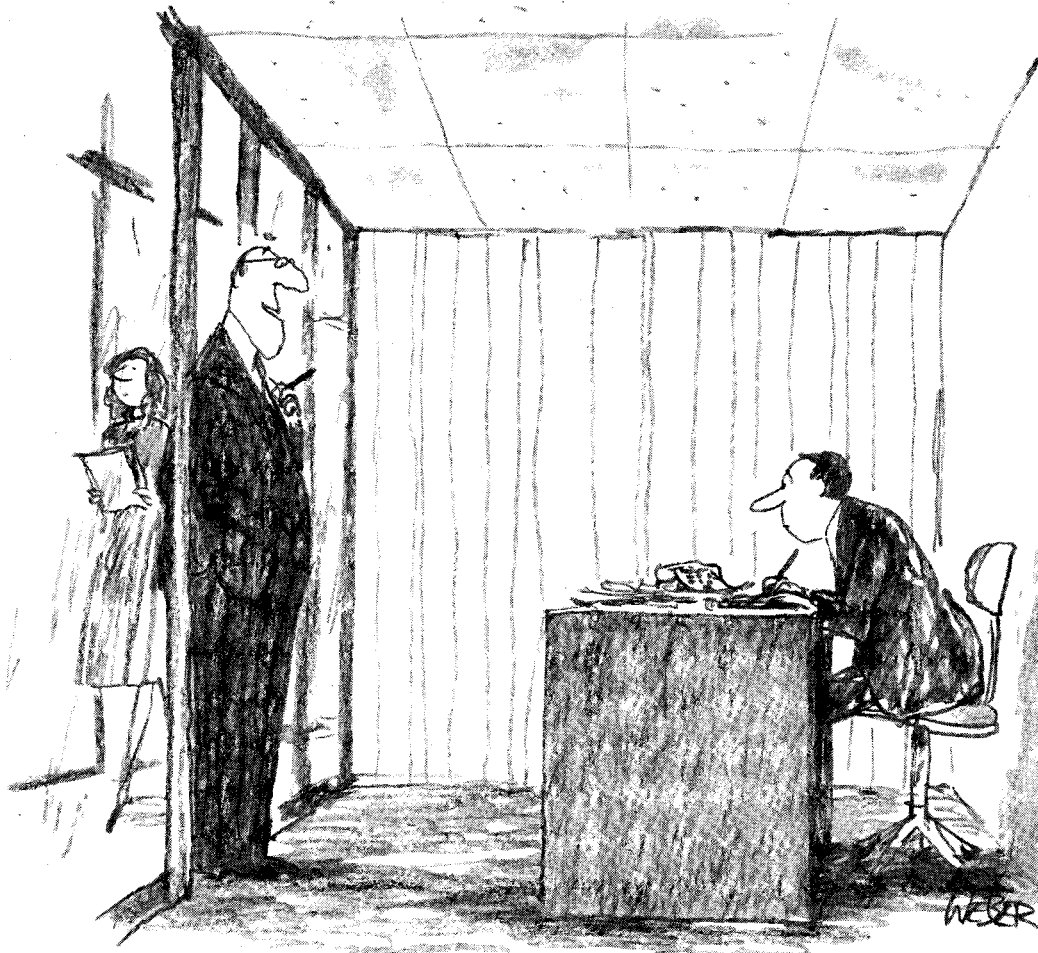
"Lunch," he said.

Doc

LETTER from a Mets fan: When I finally realized that Davey Johnson wasn't going to invite me down to St. Petersburg for a tryout at the Mets' spring-training camp this year, my heart grew heavy. I tossed out all the headlines I had pencilled this winter as I waited by the phone

("MIDDLE-AGED PHENOM GETS OPENING DAY MOUND NOD" was my favorite) and went over to the Amtrak concourse at Penn Station to look at my favorite photograph in the whole world—the hundred-and-two-foot-ten-inch-by-ten-foot-three-inch, softly concave Duratrans mural of Dwight Gooden, the lanky, heroic starboard-sider who will no doubt be given the opening-day nod in my stead.

There he was, Dr. K, mowing down another victim with his smoking fastball—his heater. He has just released the ball and is stretched toward home in his follow-through, his right foot kicking up a thin puff of dust, his eyes staring right through the batter, a Philadelphia Phillie. The Doctor's operating hand is slapped across his body, middle and index fingers pointing behind him, toward center field—where the ball will definitely *not* be hit, by the way, since it is already past the plate, only inches from Gary Carter's waiting mitt. The ball makes a long, white, fuzzy comet's tail as it sways underneath the whipping hardwood path of the hapless Philadelphia bat, and meanwhile vague spectator shapes and vaguer dugout shapes observe and the on-deck Phillie leans into the pitch. At least, it *looks* like Gary Carter and the



"Try to work harder, Moorhead. You'll feel better for it."

Phillies, but Dwight is in such sharp focus and the rest of the picture so blurry that it's hard to be sure.

I called the Nike company, in Beaverton, Oregon, because Dwight is endorsing Nike shoes in the photograph, and Cindy Hale, an advertising manager, told me, "I don't really know who else is in the photo. We focus on Dwight, and we genericize everyone else. The batter is not intended to look like anyone in particular, since he could then be construed as representing our product, and each ballplayer has an individual contract with an individual shoe company. We retouch a lot of the crowd faces; we take the number and name and team logo off the other uniforms; we airbrush the comet's tail; we even airbrush the ball into the picture; and we highlight the Nike logo on Dwight's shoe. It's a combination of photography and artwork."

I called the photographer, Bill Sumner, whose number, in Dallas, Ms. Hale had given me, and he said, "April 19, 1986. I'm shooting a baby bottle for a friend's birth announce-

ment right now, so I can't talk long, but, yeah, that's a great shot, isn't it? Only thing is, it isn't just one shot. It's five. One of Dwight, one of the batter, and three others. We originally shot before the game—staged the thing—and planned to blur the background, but there was great energy that day at Shea, and I stuck around for the whole game, shooting from near the photographers' area behind first base. I took twenty rolls, seven hundred and twenty shots, using a high-speed motor drive that runs off a roll of thirty-six in something like two seconds. I probably shot half a roll every time I followed a pitch. I turn the film in, and some art department somewhere takes it from there. I just give them the pieces, and they put it all together."

"What the production people got was twenty-seven separate Duratrans sections—they're like slides you have at home, only much larger and heavier and with a special backing—and they assembled them." That's what Vincent Notaro, a senior vice-president at the Winston Network, the Manhattan

company that arranged for the space where the picture is hung, told me. "It's the longest photo display in the country," he went on. "Not the biggest—the one at the Marriott Marquis is the biggest—but the longest. You butt the sections against one another and tape them with transparent tape. It's backlit, with two hundred and sixteen ten-foot-long fluorescent lamps that stand eighteen inches behind the photograph, so there's no shadow, no hot spots. Each section has grommets on top and bottom, and the end ones also have grommets along one side. You hook the grommets into spring clips along the frame. You have to, because film expands and contracts with the temperature, and you can't have sags and wrinkles. It's just like a big trampoline there, with those spring clips suspending it—a vertical trampoline."

Most people don't give the vertical trampoline a second glance as they come down the escalator, but I'm

not its only fan. Last week, I saw one waist-high youngster drop his jaw and point. "It's Dwight Gooden!"

"Pay attention to the escalator," his mother said.

April 19, 1986, was the thirtieth anniversary of the first major-league baseball game ever played at Roosevelt Stadium, in Jersey City (Brooklyn over Philadelphia, 5-4, in ten innings). It was also the day the Mets won their fourth game of the season, 3-2 over Philadelphia. Dwight Gooden struck out ten, walked two, allowed six hits, and was charged with one earned run in nine innings as he won his second game of the season. The game, attended by thirty-eight thousand three hundred and thirty-three, lasted two hours and forty-seven minutes—long enough, I figure, for a continuously flying Dwight Gooden fastball, at ninety-five m.p.h., to travel two hundred and sixty-four and one-tenth miles. My own heater in the same time would have travelled one hundred and fifty-two and nine-tenths miles. You could probably get a perfect picture of it with your family Polaroid.

A CAUTIONARY TALE

"STOP that, Stuart," Patty said as Stuart struggled with the suitcases, which were way too heavy for him, she thought. (Almost everything was way too heavy for Stuart.) "Just put those down. Besides," Patty said, "where will you go? You don't have anyplace to go." But Stuart took her hand and held it for a moment against his closed eyes, and despite the many occasions when Patty had wanted him to go, and the several occasions when she had tried to make him go, despite the fact that he was at his most enragingly pathetic, for once she could think of nothing, nothing at all that he could be trying to shame her into or shame her out of, and so it occurred to her that this time he really would leave—that he was simply saying goodbye. All along, Patty had been unaware that time is as adhesive as love, and that the more time you spend with someone the greater the likelihood of finding yourself with a permanent sort of thing to deal with that people casually refer to as "friendship," as if that were the end of the matter, when the truth is that even if your friend

does something annoying, or if you and your friend decide that you hate each other, or if your friend moves away and you lose each other's address, you still have a *friendship*, and although it can change shape, look different in different lights, become an embarrassment or an encumbrance or a sorrow, it can't simply cease to have existed, no matter how far into the past it sinks, so attempts to disavow or destroy it will not merely constitute betrayals of friendship but, more practically, are bound to be fruitless, causing damage only to the humans involved rather than to that monstrously gummy jungle (friendship) in which those humans have entrapped themselves. So if sometime in the future you're not going to want to have been a particular person's friend, or if you're not going to want to have had the particular friendship you and that person can make with one another, then don't be friends with that person at all, don't talk to that person, don't go anywhere near that person, because as soon as you start to see something from that person's point of view (which, inevitably, will be as

soon as you stand next to that person) common ground is sure to slide under your feet.

Poor Patty! It hadn't even been inclination or natural circumstances that led her to Stuart—it was Marcia. And perhaps if it hadn't been for Marcia, Patty and Stuart never would have carried their association further than their first encounter, which took place almost exactly a year before the sweltering night when Stuart packed his things and left.

Patty had been in Manhattan for several weeks, living in the ground-floor apartment that Marcia had sublet to her, but Patty had been too shy to go down the hall, as Marcia had instructed her, and knock on Stuart's door, so she didn't meet Stuart until one evening when, on her way out for an ice-cream cone, she found two men chatting above an immense body stretched out across the hall floor. Bodies! she thought. Chatting! Marcia had not prepared her for this.

"Relax," said one of the men, calling Patty's attention to the thunder that reverberated around them. "She's snoring. It's a vital sign. I'm Stuart, by the way, and this is Mr. Martinez, our superintendent, and that's Mrs.

Jorgenson down there. I bet you're Marcia's friend."

"Nice to meet you," Patty said. "Should we call an ambulance?"

"Marty and I used to," Stuart said. "But it just makes her mad."

"She get so mad," Mr. Martinez said. "The mens come, they put Mrs. Jorgenson on hammock, she bounce up like Muhammad Ali."

"Maybe we should try to get her to her apartment," Patty said.

"You can try," Stuart said. "But she lives on Three, and she's even bigger when not all of her is on the floor."

"Is nice girl!" Mr. Martinez announced happily, pointing at Patty.

In fact, Patty had been ready to abandon



"Like Hemingway, I believe in grace under pressure—unless, of course, things get too hot."

Mrs. Jorgenson and go about her business, but Mr. Martinez's praise revitalized her concern. "There must be something we could do," she said.

"Not really," Stuart said. "She just does this for a while, and then she goes back upstairs. But she could probably use a blanket." So Patty went back into Marcia's apartment and got her Hudson Bay blanket, which the two men gently tucked around Mrs. Jorgenson.

"Nice young girl come to make home," Mr. Martinez declaimed accusingly to the hallway, "but what she see? Is Mrs. Jorgenson and floor." He turned grieving eyes to Patty and made a tiny gallant bow. "You need something, Miss, you come to Marty."

"Well," Stuart said. He moved slightly, buffering Patty against the dismal spectacle of Mrs. Jorgenson. "I was just looking for a girl to make cookies with anyhow."

"SO Marcia was right," Stuart said as he set the cookie ingredients out on his counter. "She told me you were nice. 'Caring,' actually, is the word she used, which I have to say is a word that makes me fundamentally throw up. You know, I watched you dragging in all those cartons, and I figured you had to be you. I've been waiting for you to come say hello. I thought maybe you were avoiding me."

Patty was puzzled by Stuart's probing pause. "Of course not," she said.

"Well, here we are, anyway. Yeah, Marcia talked and talked about you. Patty this, Patty that."

"Really?" Patty said. Certainly Marcia could talk and talk, she thought, but it wasn't usually by way of praise for her female friends. "Marcia and I used to be in the same dormitory. She was a few years ahead of me."

"I know," Stuart said. "You'd be surprised the things I know about



"Cyndi Lauper on four, sir, with a bullet."

Marcia. We're very tight. In fact, there was serious consideration put into my going out to Austin with her while she set up her practice."

"Oh?" Patty said. She wasn't sure why she'd expected Stuart to be glamorous, although, now that she thought about it, Marcia's descriptions of him had been studded with words like "artistic" and "unpredictable." Well, he might be artistic and unpredictable, but he didn't seem glamorous enough even for Marcia, whose tolerance had been widely remarked upon at school. But perhaps Marcia and Stuart's relationship had professional roots. "Are you involved in therapy, too?" Patty asked.

"Therapy," Stuart said. "All right. Let's get it over with. Let's just concede that therapy's the most revolting expression of the hydra-headed pragmatism of our times." Patty picked uneasily at the chocolate chips while Stuart pressed forward with the tedious sifting. "Of course, Marcia always thinks what she wants," he said, "but, between you and me, that's actually why I let her go out West alone.

Total misappropriation and subversion of the insights of a few geniuses."

"But therapy can be very helpful to people," Patty protested.

"Yeah, to would-be thieves and assassins crippled by restrictive super-egos," Stuart said.

"Well, I don't really know much about it," Patty felt she'd become lost on some twisting private path. "I studied graphic design."

"Uh-huh," Stuart said unreciprocally.

"Actually, that's why I've come to New York," Patty said. But Stuart maintained a bristly silence as he spooned dough onto tins, so Patty glanced around for clues. "Are you..." She noticed stacks of paper and a typewriter. "Are you a writer?"

"In the sense that I sometimes write things," Stuart said. "Here. Or are you too mature to lick the bowl?"

"Well, what— Thanks," Patty said, accepting the bowl. "What sorts of things do you write?"

"A little of this, a little of that. Look, I really don't want to get into this thing of 'I do this' or 'I write

that.' If you develop a stake in some rickety prefab construction of yourself, you have to keep shoring it up."

"But that's an unproductive way to think, isn't it?" Patty said. "I mean, people have different things to contribute. Everybody's part of a system."

"I agree," Stuart said. "And I'm the worthless part. I'll tell you something. I think that every really good system has a significant worthless sector. The rotting leftovers on which the healing penicillin mold grows. That's me. Except that now greed is shrinking the world—you know what I mean? Desire for personal gain is collapsing the entire range of human activity into, essentially, resale value. So at this moment in history there's no room for people like me, who don't contribute anything that's recognizably salable."

Patty hesitated. Was she being criticized? "But graphic design is something I enjoy," she said. "And I might be able to succeed at it."

"Ha!" Stuart said. "Maybe what you consider failure I consider the milieu of freedom."

"Look—" He was smug, Patty

thought. "I understand that you think there's something wrong with my career choice, but I don't understand why."

"That's cute." Stuart leaned back and squinted at her. "That's sweet. You're earnest, you know that? You look like a Girl Scout, with your little face, and your little sneakers and stuff. But the problem is, you're going for the wrong merit badge. Yeah, Marcia warned me I was gonna have to take you in hand. And the first thing is, it's that word is what I'm saying; that word 'career'—it's a meaning substitute used to camouflage a trench. I mean, that's exactly what I'm saying: the more you identify yourself with a set of economic expediciencies, the greater your interest in rationalizing indefensible practices. And that's why people whose jobs yield a large income or a lot of prestige are usually incapable of thinking through the simplest thing. In fact, in my opinion, abstract ability decreases in direct proportion to prestige and income."

"Stuart"—Patty was held in check by the tranquillizing aroma seeping from the oven—"that is absurd. That

is absolutely ridiculous. Take me, for example. I don't have any job at all, but I don't think more clearly than anybody else."

"True," Stuart said. "But that's because you want a job. You've been corrupted by desire."

"Desire has absolutely nothing to do with me and jobs at this point." Exasperation empowered Patty to bound with unaccustomed agility across clumps of thorny concepts. "At this point, the relationship between 'me' and 'job' is 'need.' I need a job!"

"See?" Stuart nodded triumphantly, as if apprehending some brilliantly crafted but specious argument. "You've already found a way to construe this degraded appetite of yours as need."

"Then how do you suggest I pay the rent, please? I've been scraping and scrimping since December so I'd be able to get here and have some time to find a job—"

"Since December?" Stuart said.

"That's right." Patty was far too annoyed to remark Stuart's sudden attentiveness. "No movies, no dinners out, no—"

"You and Marcia planned this out in December?"

"What's the matter?" Patty said. "Is something the matter?"

"Listen," Stuart said. "I apologize. I don't know why I'm such a pinhead. It just sort of comes over me from time to time." He looked around restlessly and tapped his foot. "Just standard-issue archaic bohemianisms."

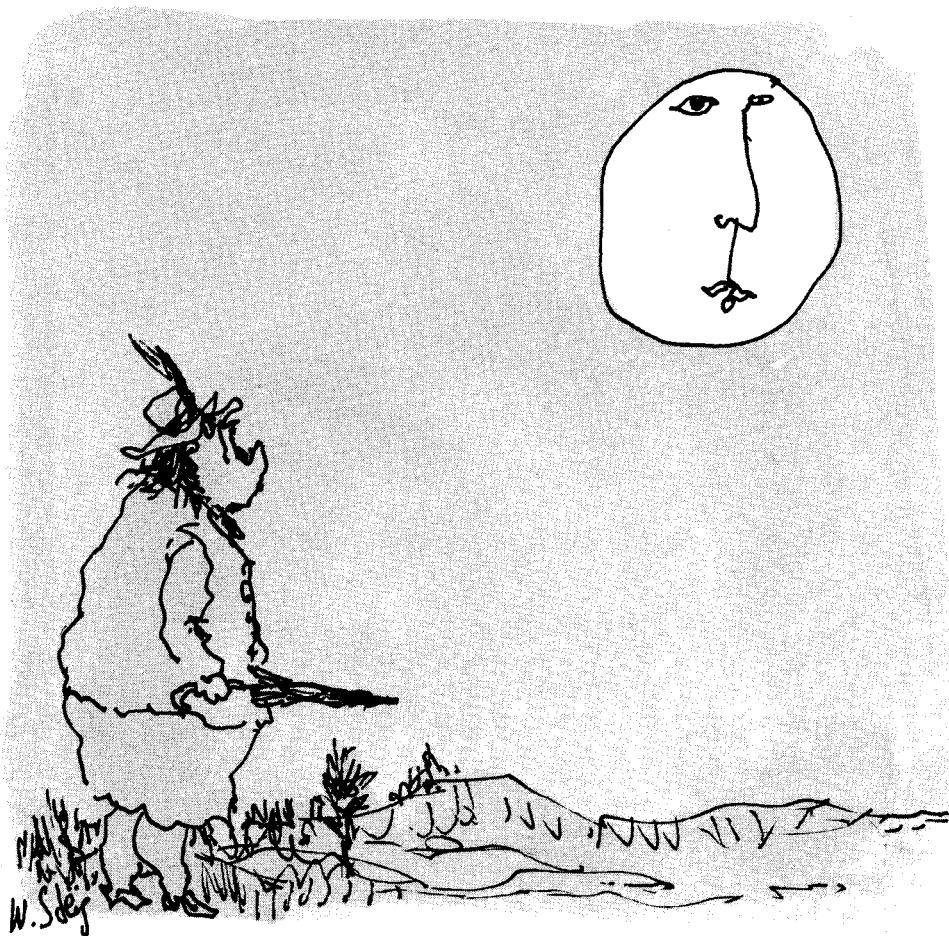
"Wait—" Patty was stricken. "You have a right to your opinion."

"By the way," Stuart said. "Just what, exactly, is Marcia charging you for her miserable sty?"

"Well, I know it's a lot more than she pays for it herself," Patty admitted, "but it's still way under the open-market rate, because it's rent-stabilized. So even if she makes a big profit from me, it's still much cheaper than anything else I'd be able to get. It's the only way I could afford to come to New York and the only way Marcia could afford to leave." ("One hand washes the other," Marcia had remarked cheerfully when she explained this to Patty.)

"Yeah," Stuart said. "Marcia. I should have guessed. It was Marcia who actually drafted the Hammurabi Code of Friendship, did you know that?"

Considering that he'd almost gone



Grievances

to Austin with Marcia, he was being kind of nasty about her, Patty thought. But she had to remember how quickly it had become understood in the dorm that when Marcia appeared at the door of one's room gripping a six-pack or offering the loan of her car, she had probably just slept with one's boyfriend.

"And you know what she's going to do next," Stuart continued ominously. "The instant this building goes co-op, she'll reclaim her apartment, buy it at the insider's price, and sell the tiny squalid treasure for a king's ransom."

Why was he talking about Marcia's apartment like that, Patty wondered. It was no more tiny, no more squalid than his own! (And it was true that while Marcia's apartment was now bare except for Patty's few things and Stuart's was cozy with layers of an accreted past, and Marcia's faced the airshaft and Stuart's faced the garbage cans that lined the street, the two were virtually identical.) Besides, it was Stuart's problem if he was living like that at his age, Patty thought—he must be at least thirty-five. If Marcia could do better for herself, why should he hold it against her? "Well, it seems fair enough to me," Patty said.

"Oh, Jesus," Stuart said. "I suppose. No wonder I drive everyone nuts. No wonder everyone can't wait to get rid of me."

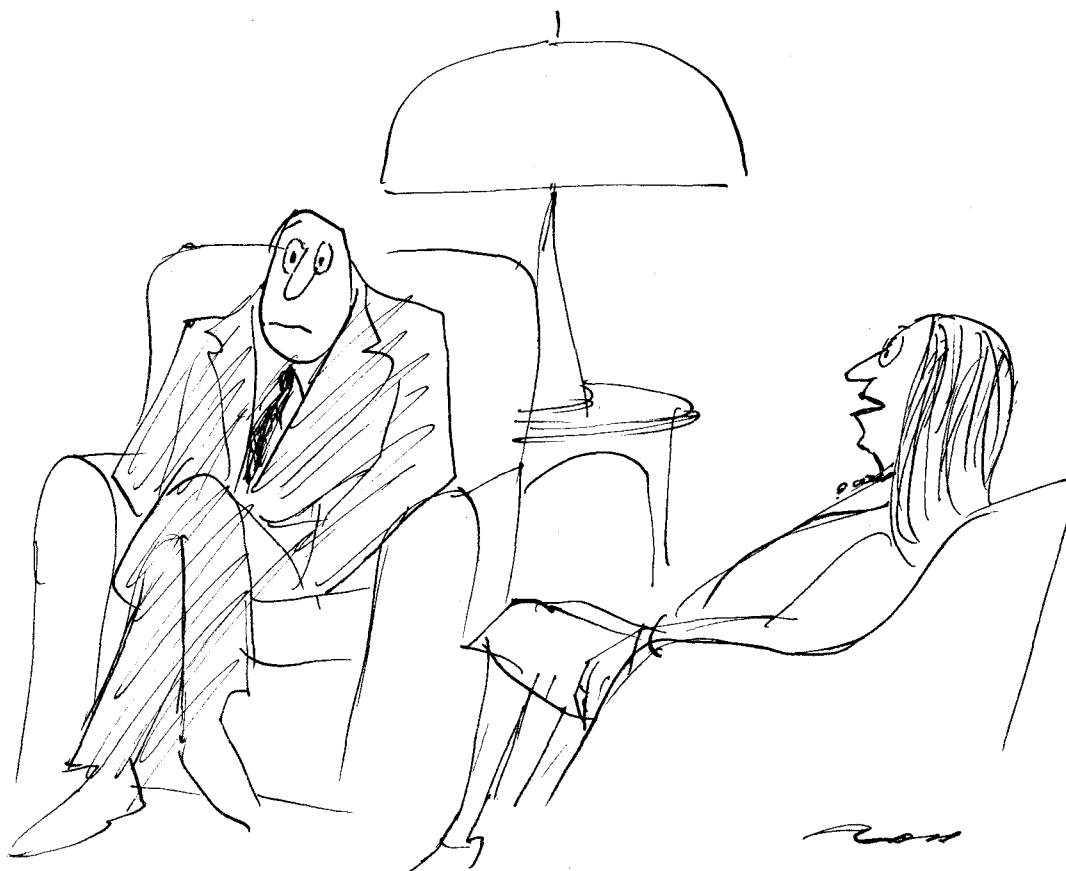
"Stuart—" Patty said. "Hey, you should try one of these cookies! And some of what you were saying is very interesting."

"Let's just drop it," Stuart said. "I'm a pinhead."

"Oh, look"—Patty cast about—"you've got Sprouse's 'Tented Desert!'" What luck to have recognized the title among all those books; as she remembered, her English Lit teacher had said it was fabulous. "Could I borrow it?"

"Sure," Stuart said listlessly. "Whatever you want."

"People say it's fabulous," Patty said.



*"You resisted growing a beard in the sixties.
I would say that's to your credit."*

"People who admire it," Stuart said. Patty looked at him warily. "You don't think Sprouse is a good poet?"

"He's an O.K. poet," Stuart picked a crumb from the table and glanced around for someplace to deposit it. "A small poet."

But gradually Stuart's gloom cleared, and Patty found that she was grateful for his company: she'd been lonely. When she went back down the hall, there was no sign on the floor of Mrs. Jorgenson or her blanket, but as she passed the spot where they'd lain a psychic net seemed to be cast over Patty, and later, trying to sleep, she flopped about, struggling, unable to disengage her mind from the phantom form of supine Mrs. Jorgenson. How tender Mrs. Jorgenson's puffy ankle had looked, where it was exposed by her rolled-down stocking. From the shadowy crevice there, demons now leapt to haunt Patty.

Patty had assumed, until this night, that she'd been drawn to New York by a lodestone buried at the core of her unexplored life. And images had seemed to shimmer out from the direc-

tion of its pull—images, for instance, of gleaming white drafting tables accoutred with complex systems of shallow drawers; a wineglass, held in a powerful, manicured (ringless) hand, which cast a bouncing patch of brightness on table linen; the balcony of a brownstone where a marvellous man lounged while he waited in the surging twilight for the woman inside to finish dressing.

But now, as Patty lay in bed, what she saw was herself—herself as Mrs. Jorgenson, distended and bleary from poverty's starchy diet; herself weeping into her gin at a darkened bar while some grimy bore expatiated incoherently into her ear; herself standing over the stove while she ate, straight from the pan, her scrambled eggs. Oh, *were* they scrambled eggs? Dear Lord, she prayed, *let* that stuff be scrambled eggs. And all around Patty's little bed circled the terror that perhaps those former shimmering lures had not been signs of some central imperative but were instead the snares of a mocking siren; that perhaps she was soon to be dashed, like Mrs. Jorgenson, against

CIRCADIAN RHYTHMS

In Port Angeles' one library
one early March morning, we put our heads down,
weary, on a desk and slept an hour

before driving on along the coastline,
which looked never-peopled and, at the same time,
domestic, with its pools of palm-sized

round blue stones, its bleached,
upended trees, their huge root masses hosting webs
of mussel-studded seaweed

that, lifting a little in the wind, sparked
signals leeward.
I'd never been as happy,

maybe because, as Darwin says, my own salt blood
sang greeting, for the first time,
to its primordial birthplace,

that shore washed by the tides.
And we'd just come to each other from a great distance,
across a thousand miles of steaming,

half-frozen ancestral soil
whose ragged furrows along the hills' arcs
looked like the scoring in ancient pots

that retain, they say, in each crevice,
the sound of the wheel grinding
and the potter keeping time and the village alive around him—

we'd come to each other still lost,
irreparably damaged.
But in the months of our first loving we believed

we'd been made whole,
at least a small wing's width
of light in some bird's dreaming itself

back across the continent,
at least a part of that infinitesimal turning
that sends a hundred species skyward,

sends them home,
though they fly, sometimes, into air so cold
it kills them,

into fields so stripped they'll starve among the weeds.
But isn't it instinct's greatest vision
to extend what's possible,

to risk not coming back,
the way light, bending in water, disappearing,
wakes all the colors of earth?

I'll miss you,
and miss your hands on me,
while all the dead nests this autumn

unravel in the trees.
Here the sky is a rare blue, a deep, endearing chaos.
It could be spring beyond our understanding.

—DEBORAH DIGGES

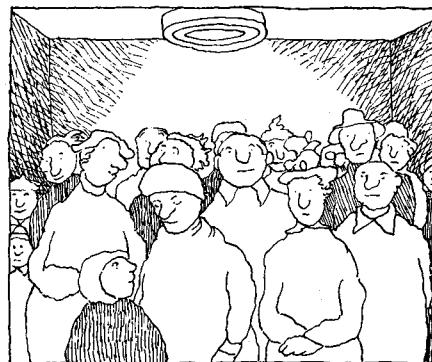
the rocks (so to speak) of the hall
floor.

THE weeks that followed were truly disheartening. By August, Patty had exhausted the heady sensation of exerting mastery over a new apartment, the temperature fluctuated between ninety-eight and a hundred and two degrees, and she had sat through numbers of futile interviews and sent out numbers of futile résumés. The city, in fact, appeared to be quite overstocked with women, each more ornamental and accomplished than any nineteenth-century young lady, huge quantities of whom, Patty noticed with growing terror, were waitresses.

It would be a temporary necessity, she reasoned; she would have to support her job hunt by waiting on tables. And soon her days were occupied with getting rejected for two entire lines of work, one of which she had recently despised. So in the evenings she was glad when either Stuart or Mr. Martinez would open his door to her, ex-

panding the city that seemed to have no room for her by day.

Often Stuart was eager to share his views and his casseroles of vegetarian oddments with Patty. On other occasions, Mr. Martinez would hear her footsteps in the hall and invite her in. He would alternately extoll and revile the United States while he and Patty sat together at his kitchen table eating slabs of a gelatinous confection with a plantlike undertaste and drinking a clear, stinging beverage that implied



Anne Burgess

unregulated domestic production. Patty suspected it was this beverage, rather than his heavy accent, uneven grasp of English, or discursive approach to conversation, that made Mr. Martinez so difficult to understand, but after she'd had several glasses herself she could easily follow his tortuous Delphic outbursts. And she would watch, rapt, when he became agitated, either with despair or with gaiety, and swelled slightly, turning a deep translucent red, like a plastic bag filling with wine.

One evening Mr. Martinez, unsteady in his doorway, beckoned to Patty. "Miss, Miss," he whispered. His apartment was dark except for the flickering of a few candles, and it was saturated with the fragrance of his arcane beverage. "Come, Missy," Mr. Martinez said, drawing Patty over to a photograph that was propped up on a shelf between two candles.

She glanced at Mr. Martinez, but he only stared at the picture, breathing heavily and holding her hand in both

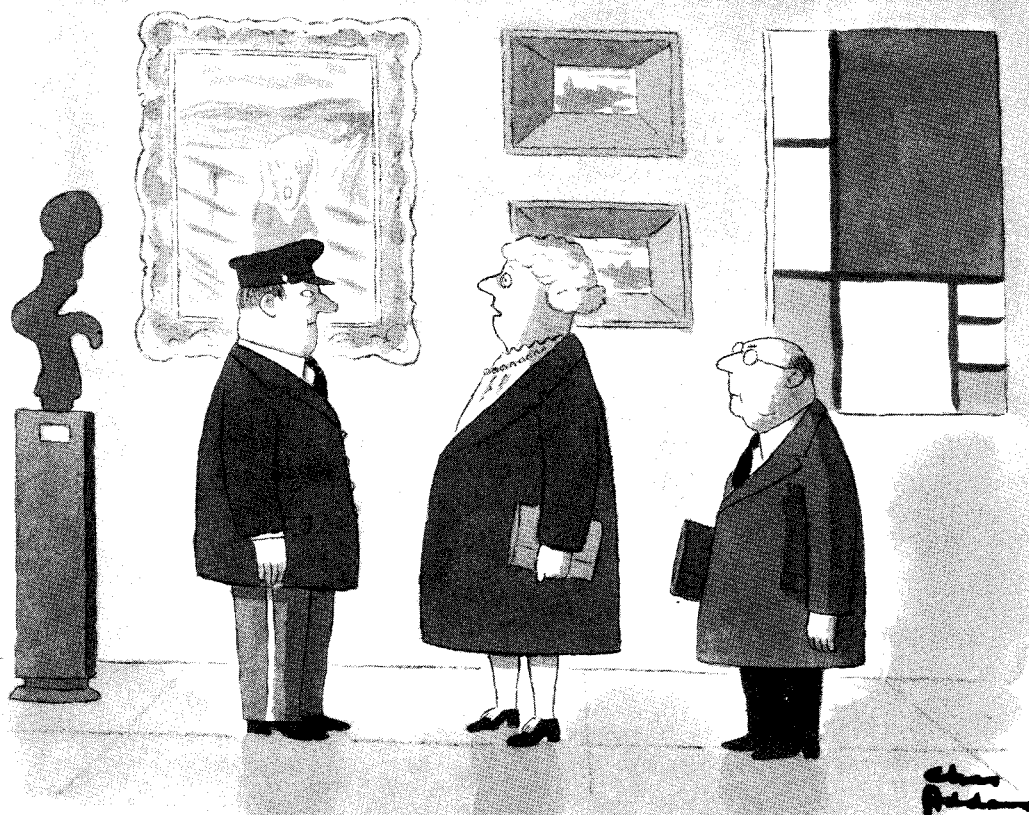
of his. She peered back through the darkness and scaled herself down to enter the picture. Oh—there was a field, a great golden sweep of field distantly edged by tiny pointed mountains, and there were people sitting at a table in the foreground: an elderly couple, a young woman, and four or five children. They all had broad, appealing faces, like Mr. Martinez's, and black hair that gleamed in the sunlight. Sunlight poured down. The people smiled into the sunlight—dazzled, yielding smiles. Sunlight poured down on them and out from the picture into the dark room where Patty's hand, in Mr. Martinez's, was beginning to register discomfort.

"Mr. Martinez," she said, but he was transfixed, and tears ran down his face in rivulets. "What is it, Mr. Martinez? What is that picture?"

"But this is—" His eyebrows flew up, his arms dropped to his sides in helpless incredulity. "You do not know this? This is . . . *Colombia*." He sat down at the kitchen table, and, laying his head upon his folded arms, he sobbed. "This is my wife . . ."

The next day Patty filled out yet another job application and waited in a line of girls that snaked up several flights of stairs. Clearly her chances were poor. But she didn't really care—she was back in the dark room where she'd stood the night before next to Mr. Martinez. She had remained with him for a time, patting him on the head, but the rhythm of his sobs did not alter, and eventually she tiptoed out, closing the door behind her.

After reaching the front of the line she entered a room, where a man sitting at a wide desk took her application and put it aside without glancing at it. "What do you want," he said, looking all the way up, then all



"Do you have anything here that a certified public accountant might enjoy?"

the way back down, her, "days or nights?"

"Nights," she said.

"I don't have nights," he said.

"Days," she said.

He looked up, then down, her again. "I don't have days," he said, and turned away.

Maybe she'd had enough. The thing to do was to sit down, get a bite to eat, and think rationally about her next step. It had come as a jolt that life was something to be waged, rather than relied on. And yet, Patty reminded herself, everyone on earth must have the wherewithal for it. Even Mrs. Jorgenson had the presence of mind to exist; Mrs. Jorgenson, in fact, had so developed the knack of being herself that she could fall down on the floor and lie there snoring. Whereas if she, Patty, were to fall down on the floor, Patty thought resentfully, she would only have to pick herself up again, feeling foolish.

Just who were all these people in this city? And how did they survive? The stakes were so high, the margin of comfort so slim, and yet Patty was surrounded by people who had managed to find a place for themselves here. Look at Mr. Martinez. How incredible that he was in New York, Patty thought as she entered a restaurant that had just opened up near her apartment. Something was working in the depths of her brain, churning up disturbances that broke as they surfaced, like muddy bubbles rising from a swamp. Yes, how incredible that all of them were here: herself, Mrs. Jorgenson, Stuart, the girls waiting in the line today, Mr. Martinez, the bulky, bearded, pear-shaped man with tiny feet who stood near the juke-box now, in the otherwise unpopulated restaurant, staring at her. Here they all were, an entire—well . . . *confraternity*, sort of, of strangers, all brought together here by . . . by

what? What was it they had in common? Was it something fundamental—something too profound to be grasped? Or was it something... *extrinsic*, manifest in, for example, er—she studied the bulky man, who was ambling toward her—frayed belt loops?

"Want something to eat?" the man asked. "Or did you just drop by to admire me?"

"Oops," Patty said, shifting her gaze to the menu he offered. "I'd like—" Right. Who cared why they

were there because... because they were there. "O.K. A beer and a medium-rare Jarlsburger."

"I haven't got my liquor license yet," the man said. "And the meat hasn't been delivered today."

"Uh-huh," she said. "Well, how about orange juice and scrambled eggs with bacon?"

"Meat," the man said, poking his large haunch. "Have an omelette. You'll like the Chive 'n' Chèvre." He wandered off through a swinging door, from behind which awful metallic crashings began to issue, and returned to Patty's table at a rather faster rate. "He says I've wrecked his pans," the man announced cryptically just as a shockingly tall and starved-looking man burst through the swinging door.

"And what else, Arnold," the tall man raged, "is where's my check, huh? Where's my check? You promised! Can I have it? Are you going to give it to me? No! O.K. That's it." He paused on his way out to kick the jukebox.

Arnold watched the door close before sitting down at Patty's table. "Always in a hurry," he said. "I would have had it for him tomorrow." He regarded Patty, chin in hands. "Can you cook?"

"No," Patty said. "But I'm not really hungry."

"Too bad," Arnold said. "I need a cook."

"I can waitress," Patty said. "Do you need a waitress?"



"What don't I need?" Arnold rubbed his eyes. "Do you have a lot of experience?"

"Actually—" It was futility that kept Patty honest. "I don't have any experience."

"So what?" Arnold rubbed his eyes again. "I don't have any business."

That was not an idle boast, as it turned out. Arnold kept the restaurant open all night in hopes of compensating for his lack of a liquor license by scooping up, while his competitors slept, the restless wanderers disgorged from the bars at closing time. Thus far, however, Arnold's business had remained conceptual, and Patty had emerged virtually empty-handed every morning at six o'clock after a long night of staring toward the door. Occasionally, of course, someone would come in, causing both Patty and Buddy, the new cook, to panic from overexcitement and inexperience. Errors leapt from them like sparks from struck flint, and they would soon exhaust the self-conscious customer with nervous attentions.

Stuart reassured Patty over a celebratory sunrise supper he prepared for her during her first week of work. "Listen," he said. "By the time the place gets busy, you'll be an ace." As he reached over to pour her a glass of fancy fizzy grape juice that had set him back substantially, Patty noticed the tiny trucks emblazoned on his matted flannel pajamas.

"Stuart," she said fondly. "But you shouldn't be so proud of me—I can't

even make enough to live on, you know."

"Well, you can't interpret that as a personal shortcoming," Stuart said. "It's just the fiscal structure of the city these days—Manhattan isn't going to just hand itself over for any little bag of beads now. All these rich bastards driving up the property values have kind of made it impossible for everyone else. I used to be able to scratch up a living with enough left over to do stuff—go to movies, eat out, spend the day observing humanity. Now you want to sit someplace for more than five minutes you got to slap down forty bucks for some kind of noodles with duck feet and grapefruit."

"I don't know." Patty was a bit irritated by Stuart's display of sourness just at the moment she was beginning to feel up to New York's idiosyncratic rigors and to adapt to the glare of its treasures. "Actually, I'm getting to like it."

"It's still New York," Stuart said. "But it's changed. You're practically a kid, so you don't know. Besides, you've just gotten here. And, believe me, you're lucky, because you're one of the last. No one except millionaires can afford to come here. Or stay, if they get here. Manhattan's just a playpen for rich people now, but it used to be paradise, Patty, I'm telling you—a haven for the dispossessed. People used to come here who couldn't go anyplace else on earth—stainless, great-souled, pinwheel-eyed fugitives, who woke up somewhere one morning and said,



leave much of a tip. Still, Patty was pleased to wait on someone who endured with unsatirical equanimity the storms of cutlery that rained from her hands. And Buddy was thrilled to have a subject of refined tastes on whom to perform culinary experiments (gratis, when Arnold wasn't around).

"Oh, my, Patty," George said one night. A slightly soiled gentility permeated his soft speech, and his elegant face changed constantly under fleeting shadows of emotion. He was certainly from America, but

'Hey, who are these people who call themselves my parents? These people are not my parents.' 'What is this place that's supposed to be my home? This is not my home.' This city was populated by a race of changelings, Patty, who kept things new, people who can't be replicated, who are really alive while they're alive—a dying race. And now it's being overrun by gangs of plundering plutocrats, the living dead, who clone themselves in bank vaults."

"Stuart—that is completely illogical. You want something that's always new but you don't want anything to change. And I think you're being horribly unfair to all businessmen and professionals on the basis of a few overeager examples."

"'Examples,'" Stuart said. "'Overeager.' Examples of a few overeager Storm Troopers. Listen, I'm not talking about Harry and David, I'm not talking about Jonas Salk, I'm not talking about responsible 'businessmen and professionals.' I'm talking about tunnel-visioned profiteers and parasites—and they're surrounding us right now, munching mâche with walnut oil. You think it takes Alaric or a fleet of nuclear submarines to destroy a city? I'm telling you, Patty—destruction is irreversible, I don't care what its source is. You're very casual about this because you don't remember anything."

"Of course I remember things, Stuart. I'm not an infant. And I'm not as ignorant as you think, either."

"You don't remember anything," Stuart insisted. "How could you? You don't remember Jean Seberg, you don't remember Joris-Karl Huysmans. I bet you don't even remember semiotics—"

"Everything changes, Stuart. It's not a tragedy if something changes—"

"As to particulars, not as to value! We were *proud* to be wretched refuse. We had bookstores. In the fall old men sat under the gray sky on benches littered with gold leaves and played chess. Girls wearing plaid skirts carried flutes and sheet music. Back then people thought about sex—"

"People still think about sex," Patty objected involuntarily.

"You call that sex?" Stuart said with bitter, preoccupied opacity. "And you could drink O.K. cheap wine at tables with checked cloths."

"So what! Who cares what kind of tablecloths were in fashion when you were my age? All I'm saying is that after two months of crawling through the streets I'm a waitress in a restaurant with no customers!"

"And you should be unbelievably God-damned grateful," Stuart shouted, "to have been blessed with a job that won't cheapen your mind!"

BUT business remained slow, Arnold was no more forthcoming with his paychecks than formerly, and the paychecks that law obliged him to dispense to a waitress were close to meaningless anyway. The restaurant had acquired one steady customer, George, but George was too poor to

from what part or circumstances Patty was unable to guess. Even George's age Patty couldn't pin down to the decade. "All this standing around must be very tiresome for you."

"It is, really," she admitted.

"I know," George brightened. "Why don't we play a game?"

"All right," she said.

"That's the spirit," George beamed expectantly. "Shall we play 'What Famous Monarch?'"

"O.K.," Patty said. "How do you play?"

"Ah," George said. "Well, for instance, I think of a certain famous monarch, and I think of something about that monarch, and then I say to you, 'What famous monarch blah-blah?' for example."

"Maybe you'd better go first," Patty said.

"Very well." George gathered himself into thought. "What famous monarch..." he said meditatively, "spoiled our taste for cakes?"

Spoiled... cakes... Patty ransacked her crated-up years of education. King Alfred! Or, no, *our* taste. It must be... "Marie Antoinette!" Patty shouted in her anxiety.

"Well, that was an easy one," George said primly. "Just to show you how to play."

"Your turn," George said later, as Patty cleared his plate and wiped his table, scattering crumbs all over his trousers.

"Well..." Patty said. Besides, she didn't know anything *about* histo-

ry. She didn't know anything *about* monarchs. Ah! (Hee-hee.) "O.K., what famous monarch is ahead of the times in a German museum?"

"Ahead of the times..." George looked pained. "Hm."

"Well, I give up, Patty," he said some minutes later. "That's a toughie."

"Nefertiti!" she announced.

"What?" George said. "But Patty—that doesn't make any *sense*, dear. I mean—well, a *head*, after all. That is, naturally I could have mentioned any number of royal portraits. But 'ahead' of the *times*—I mean, *whose* times, exactly? Do you see? You see, it's a pun, dear, but it doesn't make any *sense*."

Patty slunk around cleaning tables and consolidating bottles of ketchup until George's good humor reasserted itself. "Speaking of ahead," he said, "what famous monarch became a head of a church because of a child?"

"Mary?" Patty ventured unhappily.

"Mary?" George said. "Which Mary? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Well... the Virgin Mary?"

"Gracious, Patty, I really don't think you could call the Virgin Mary a *monarch*. Or the head of a church,

exactly. I was referring to Henry VIII, of course."

"O.K.," she said. "So then what famous monarch lost her head over a child?"

"Anne Boleyn," George replied, giving Patty's hand a consolatory little squeeze.

ARNOLD's business eventually began to pick up, and Patty felt that she could repay some of Stuart's generosity. He was beginning to look a bit mangy, in fact, so she took to inviting him over for breakfast before she left for work in the evenings. Besides (she had to be honest), she was a terrible cook, and Stuart actually enjoyed cooking.

"Guess what," Stuart announced one night as he broke eggs into one of Patty's bowls. "Rand fired me today."

"What?" Patty said. Rand published a small magazine, for which Stuart wrote about film. "I thought you and Rand were buddies. Doesn't he take you out drinking with him?"

"Yeah," Stuart said. "He's really upset about this, but apparently he and his wife had a big fight."

"So I don't get it," Patty said. "What's that got to do with it?"

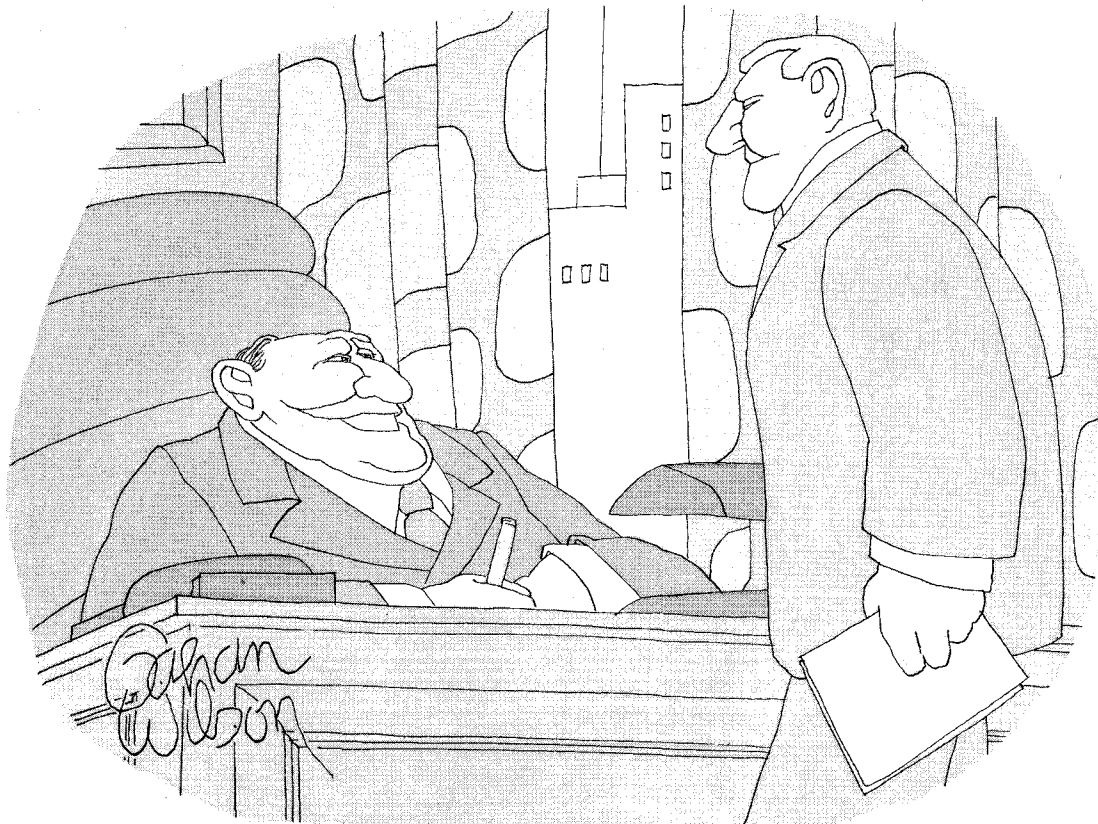
"Well, I was trying to do him a favor," Stuart said. "I feel so sorry for him. His wife's absolutely nauseating, you know—and one thing is, she likes to have these parties to show off people she's met to people she's met, and she makes Rand bring someone from the staff each time. So last month I was the sacrifice. And she grabs me, and she's telling me that Devereaux is 'a genius,' 'the only American auteur,' and what do I think of him. And I try to be noncommittal, because I don't want to be forced to say, 'But lady, he's just one more crypto-fascist Hollywood cowboy.' So she tells me I've got to write about him. She's *met* him. He's 'a remarkable man.' So 'penetrating.' And then she turns that cash-register face to me and she says, 'He doesn't suffer fools gladly.' Well, that's something that gets to me, Patty. It just does. When someone looks at you like that and says, 'He doesn't suffer fools gladly,' what they mean is 'He doesn't suffer fools *like you* gladly,' or maybe only 'He doesn't, *like you*, suffer fools gladly,' but in any case it's definitely a challenge, don't you agree? Still, to be accommodating, I go to this screening of 'Pulsepoint,' only it seems like Devereaux *does*

suffer fools gladly. In fact, it seems like fools are Devereaux's favorite thing. So that's kind of what I wrote my piece about."

"Good going, Stuart," Patty sighed.

"And she sort of took it out on Rand, because I guess she'd planned this big party especially to invite Devereaux. Poor Rand. Here, I think this is done."

Patty was just about to start in on the plate of fragrant French toast Stuart had put in front of her when a small commotion erupted in the hallway. Stuart opened the door to inspect, and Patty, hovering behind him, saw Mrs. Jorgenson sprawled out in front of the mailboxes while a well-dressed man and woman bickered in undignified descant



"You'll go far in this organization, Taylor, unless I manage to stop you."

over her stately snores.

"Phyllis," the man was saying, "I really don't think this person ought to be lying here like this."

"We're going to be late," the woman said. "Why do you always have to be Mr. Nice Guy?"

"She wants a blanket," Patty said thickly from behind Stuart, and two sets of icy blue eyes stared up at her.

Mr. Nice Guy went upstairs to get a blanket, and Patty realized that he and the woman (who now stood next to her in uncomfortable silence) must be the art dealers who had recently moved into the apartment above Marcia's. Mr. Martinez, in whose view their arrival represented an influx of undesirables, had informed Patty that the couple had taken the apartment—small and shabby as it was—in anticipation of a move to co-op. "Now you will see," Mr. Martinez had predicted grimly, "they make takeover." And certainly the first sounds of renovation were already militating against Patty's daytime sleep.

For an instant Mrs. Jorgenson stopped snoring and opened her eyes, exposing a malevolent but impersonal irony—the expression of a tough old animal in a sprung trap. "Bugger," she said obliquely. As she resumed her snoring, Mr. Nice Guy returned, bearing a blanket, which he draped ineptly over her while his wife fidgeted with distaste.

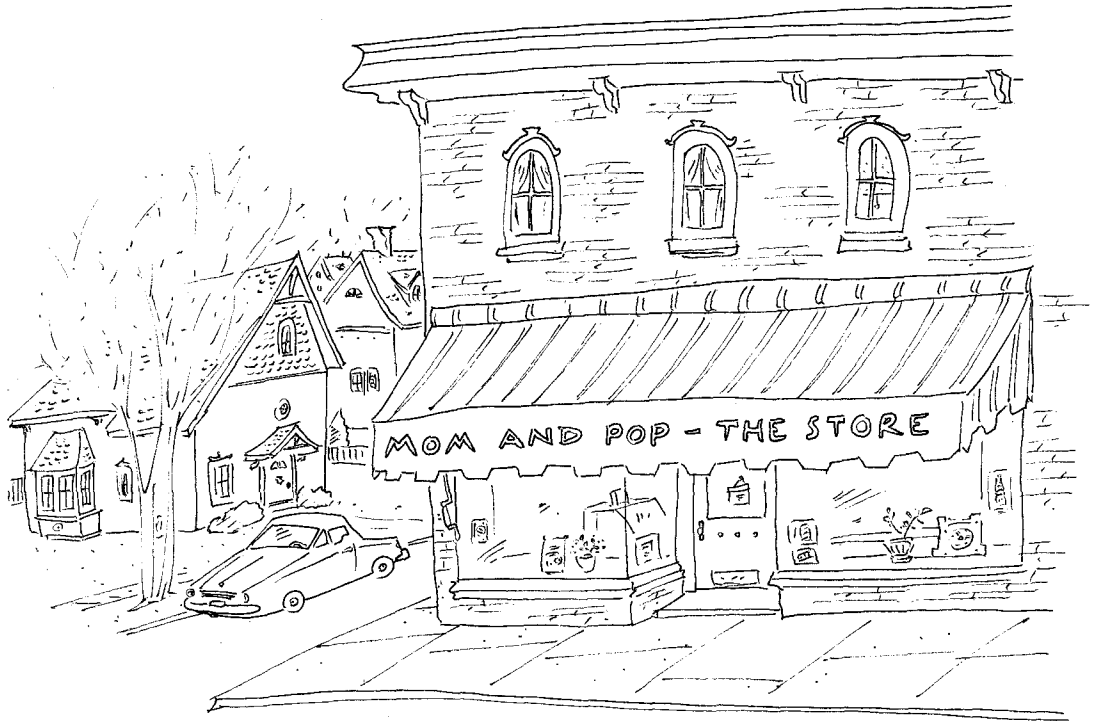
Patty and Stuart went back to their breakfast, but the inky cold pressing in at the window had contracted the apartment; the chairs and table felt cramped and brittle.

"As you said, Patty," Stuart nodded morosely at his French toast. "Everything changes. It's not a tragedy."

Patty looked at Stuart closely. "Your apartment is rent-stabilized, isn't it?"

"Yeah," he said. "Of course, I'm due for an increase in November. But it is rent-stabilized."

"You're due for an increase? In November?"



"It hardly matters," he said. "I'm a couple months behind anyhow."

"You're behind?" Patty put down her fork.

"Well, Marty intercedes for me with Mr. Feltzer."

"But that can't go on forever, Stuart." Stuart was just sitting there, watching the butter and syrup congeal on his French toast. "Stuart!"

"I know. It's my own fault. You don't have to tell me, Patty. I ought to have done things differently."

"Now, just relax, Stuart. Let's think this out. There must be something—I mean, you can always—"

"See, Patty? I've made my own bed here. No one owes me a thing."

"But you could always..." What could he do, Patty thought. There would be no point in his looking for a cheaper apartment—people had to scheme and connive for apartments ten times the price of Stuart's. "Well, you could just for a while..."

"No, Patty," Stuart said, hollow-eyed. "You want your own life. You don't need me around."

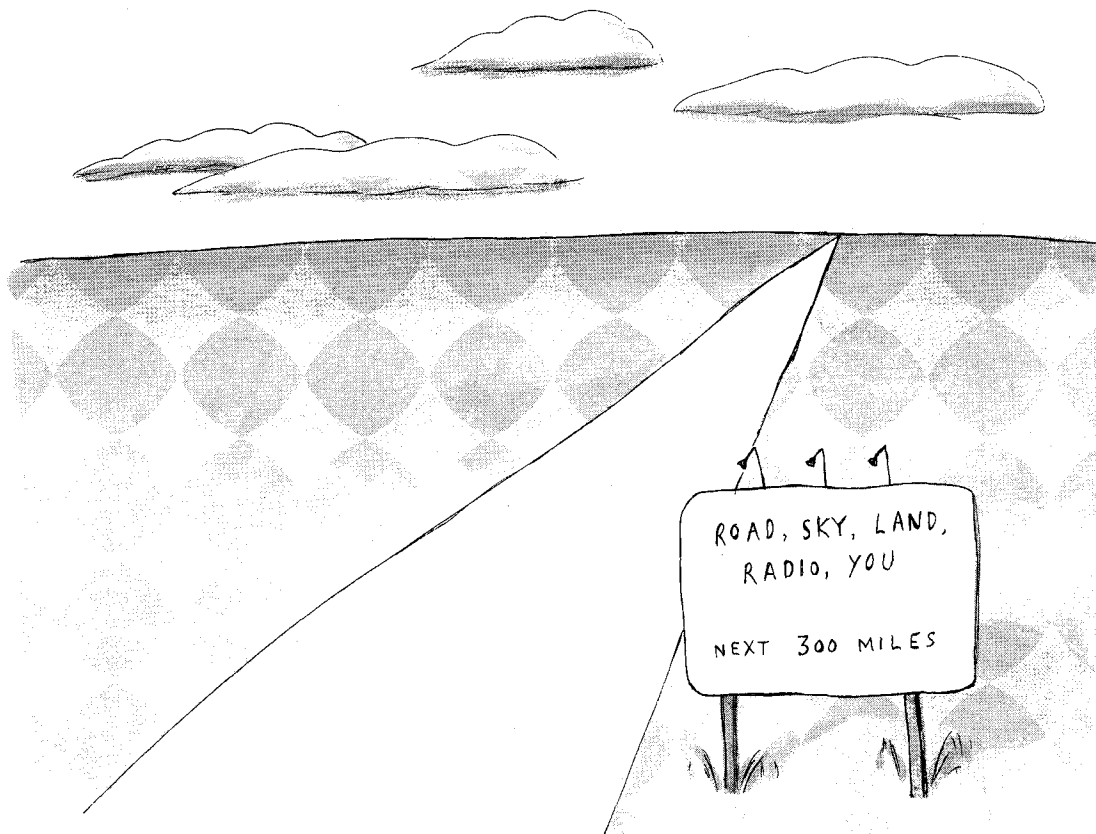
"But actually, Stuart—" Oh, why her? Why her? "Actually, I think you'd better."

SO Stuart set up his little bed in Marcia's kitchen and fitted his belongings in among Patty's. At first Patty felt as if she were in the eye of

some oddly dissipating hurricane. Stuart was jumpy and he hankered after physical activity, but he was also frail and cursed with notably poor coordination. He would leave eagerly for a little run or to shoot baskets with the towering boys who hung around the lot on the corner, only to return almost immediately, fretful, winded, and streaming with sweat. It was Patty who opened stubborn jars, while Stuart, in an unbecoming agony of humiliation, shook out his cramping hand.

Still, he was clean and tidy, although one wouldn't have guessed it to look at him, and he good-naturedly performed the household chores, at which Patty was useless anyhow. The standard of Patty's meals rose, while their cost fell, and for a while Stuart had a run of luck with part-time jobs—he worked happily for a small press until it went out of business, and he received several checks when some of his writing was performed as "soundscapes" at a club, before he told the owners they were pretentious—so he was able to manage his share of the rent.

When Patty returned from work in the mornings, Stuart would wake up long enough to read her to sleep. If it had been an ordinary night at work, he would pick up whatever he himself was reading, and Patty would soon be bored into somnolence. But if it had



R. Christ

been a busy night and Patty was wide awake, Stuart would read old, strange, majestic tales of princes turned into swans; swans believed to be second-rate ducklings; suitors who would be magically invested with insight that enabled them to choose the correct path, door, direction, or answer; nearly blameless girls imprisoned within evil trances; and soldiers or poor boys whose wits were to secure them brilliant futures. And as Stuart read, Patty would glide into sun-dappled dream forests where she encountered these creatures, known so well to her, though they were hidden temporarily, in their false conditions, from themselves.

But the independent unit created by two people is an unstable venue, a murky bog in which wayward growths flourish, and it was not long before Stuart decided that he and Patty ought to be sleeping together, a view he began to express (as Patty experienced it) with mosquito-like persistence.

"No," Patty said.

"Why not?" Stuart said.

"Because." Where were all those marvellous *men* she'd been promised by herself? Why did she have to discuss this with *Stuart*?

"So why because?"

Patty fixed him with a look intended to fracture his cheery insensitivity. "Because I'm not attracted to you, Stuart."

"You would become attracted to me if you were to sleep with me," he argued affably.

"But I'm not going to sleep with you," she said.

"Don't you see the beauty of it, Patty? It's sound in every way—politically, economically, aesthetically. You and I would be an entire ecology, generating and utilizing our own energies."

"I'm not here to . . . to provide physiological release for you," she said.

"Why not? I'm here to provide it for you. Listen, you're going to start suffering from pelvic distress one of these days. There could even be colonic or arterial consequences, you know."

It wasn't fair, Patty thought—Stuart obviously felt entitled to win every argument just because he knew more words than she did. She could only repeat herself stubbornly while he continued to whine and orate, disguising his little project in various rationales, until it seemed that one wolf, in dif-

ferent silly bonnets, was peeping out at her from behind a circle of trees.

"All right," she said to Stuart one night. It was miserably cold outside, but she was off work, and she just couldn't face the harangue that would flow unobstructed if she stayed in the apartment with Stuart. "All right. I've had it. This is it. Out."

"What?" Stuart said, having been halted in midsentence.

"Out." She reached for one of her own suitcases and started loading it with Stuart's neatly folded clothing.

"What are you doing?" he said, aghast.

"Out. Now. Out, out." She picked up the suitcase in one hand and shooed Stuart to the door with the other.

"This is enough to get by on for a while. Let me know where you are and I'll send the rest on to you."

"You know," Stuart said as he trotted down the hall in front of her, "Marcia kept saying 'Oh, Patty is so *centered*. Patty is such a *woman*,' but actually, Patty, you're a very nervous person."

On the street Patty flagged down a taxi. "Take this guy to Port Authority," she said, giving the driver a ten. She shoved Stuart into the back seat next to his suitcase and ran along behind the taxi as it took off, flapping her skirt.

As she walked back down the hall, whimpering, Mr. Martinez peered out from his doorway. "The mens—the mens—" he said, his voice vibrant with commiseration. "They must do this thing. Do not cry, Missy. He will come back."

But, back inside the apartment, Patty did cry. She cried and cried, from exhaustion, rage, loneliness, remorse, and relief. And when she'd finished she walked slowly to the phone and dialled the number Marcia had given her.

"Hello, Marcia," she said stonily. Patty was not sure why she had called,

European vacations so great, we wrote a book about them.



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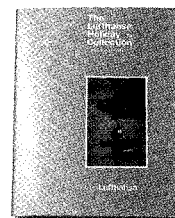
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but she knew, with a weariness that must accompany the end of a lengthy and sordid police investigation, that it was necessary. "How are you?"

"Fine," Marcia said. "I'm feeling very good about myself."

"Splendid," Patty said.

"Good Lord, *you* sound awful," Marcia said brightly, and instantly sobered. "There isn't some problem about the apartment, is there?"

"Marcia," Patty said, becoming fully aware of her own suspicions as she voiced them, "*you promised me to Stuart.*"

"I did not!" Marcia said. "Heavens, Patty, what can you mean?"

"He never even knew, the poor sucker, did he! For six months you plotted to palm him off on me, and he never even *knew*."

"Calm down, Patty." Hah! At least Marcia sounded alarmed—undoubtedly she'd expected Patty to remain a credulous, pitiful schoolgirl forever. "I'm serious, Patty. You'd better learn how to deal with your feelings before you do something really self-destructive."

"*And furthermore, Marcia*"—the room swarmed with visions of pores, ducts, glands, nodes, hairs, and membranes—"he's *disgusting*!"

"He's only as disgusting as you are to yourself," Marcia said serenely. "Honestly, Patty—I simply thought you two would enjoy one another."

Even in the airshaft the weather was dismal, and Patty sat and watched a cruel sleet slide down the window-pane, until Stuart showed up, a few hours later, looking as if he'd been fished up from the Styx. Patty opened the door without a word, and without a word Stuart came in. He parked himself in front of the cold stove, his eyes fixed unseeingly on the filthy puddles forming around him.

Patty experienced a wrenching meld of triumph and defeat. If it had crossed Stuart's mind (and it certainly must have) to seek refuge with Marcia in

Austin, he, too, would have had to face the grim truth that Patty had been lured to this apartment so that Marcia could (and with a clear conscience!) leave him behind. Well, Patty thought, she had been set up, but in point of dreadful fact she was fiercely glad to see Stuart.

Later, as they lay in their separate beds, Patty spoke gruffly into the dark. "Are you all right now, Stuart?"

He hesitated, but misery conquered pride. "I'm cold."

He snuffled, and when Patty climbed in with him and he turned his back to cuddle his bony shoulders against her, he was indeed shivering. "Want to read to me, Stuart?" she said.

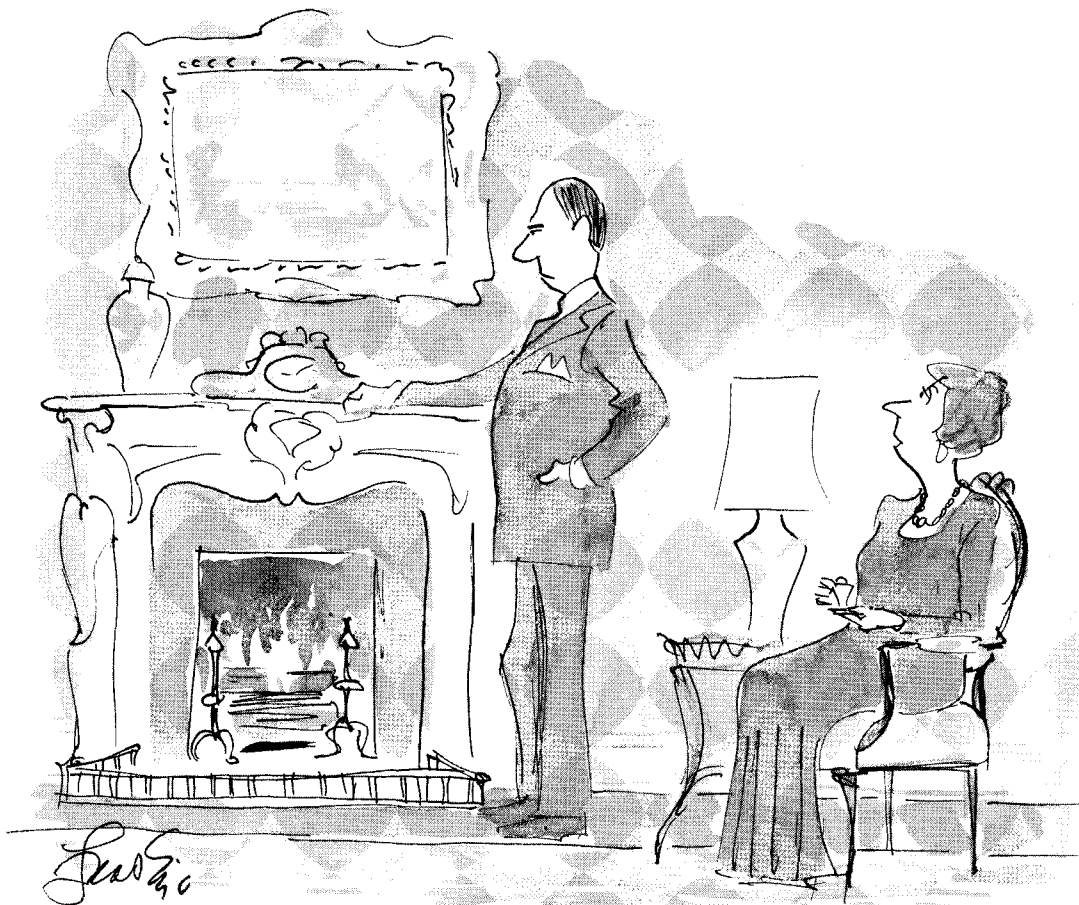
"O.K.," he said, gladdening instantly and switching on his light. "Let's see. O.K., this is 'Tristes Tropiques.' And right here Lévi-Strauss is propounding his interpretation of the face and body paintings of the Caduveo, some of the last living Brazilian Mbaya-Guaicuru:

But the remedy they failed to use on the social level, or which they refused to consider, could not elude them completely; it continued to haunt them in an insidious way. And since they could not become

conscious of it and live it out in reality, they began to dream about it. Not in a direct form, which would have clashed with their prejudices, but in a transposed, and seemingly innocuous, form: in their art. If my analysis is correct, in the last resort the graphic art of the Caduveo women is to be interpreted, and its mysterious appeal and seemingly gratuitous complexity to be explained, as the phantasm of a society ardently and insatiably seeking a means of expressing symbolically the institutions it might have, if its interests and superstitions did not stand in the way. In this charming civilization, the female beauties trace the outlines of the collective dream with their make-up; their patterns are hieroglyphics describing an inaccessible golden age, which they extol in their ornamentation, since they have no code in which to express it, and whose mysteries they disclose as they reveal their nudity."

How happy Stuart seemed, Patty thought despairingly, to be back from his banishment, to have the little glow of his reading lamp around him. How happy he was with this damned book—his constant companion these days.

By the time Patty woke, Stuart was out and about, but the depression beside her in the bed was still warm. She thought of her own cold bed in the next room, and without taking the



"Compared to the Howells, we still are young Republicans."

time to change or make coffee she climbed up to the third floor and knocked on Mrs. Jorgenson's door. People had pushed her around, she thought—people had taken advantage of her. "Mrs. Jorgenson," she called. The peephole underwent a telling alteration as Patty stared into it, but all she could hear was a peculiar sibilance, as of Dobermans running lightly through crumpled newspaper. "Mrs. Jorgenson—listen, Mrs. Jorgenson. This is Patty, from downstairs. It's winter, and I'm cold. You have enough blankets now, Mrs. Jorgenson, and I want mine back." She put her ear to the door, but there was only that continuous rustling sound. "That's my good Hudson Bay blanket," she called into the doorframe, "that my parents gave me when I was little to take to camp. It's mine, Mrs. Jorgenson, and I want it!"

"Whore!" Mrs. Jorgenson yelled from inside. "*Prostitute!*"

IN December, Arnold acquired his liquor license, and business increased radically. By that time, practice had eroded Patty's gross incompetence, but no one would have been equipped for the onslaught of customers that poured through the doors all night long. Soon it became necessary for Arnold to hire reinforcements, and with other waitresses working on her shift Patty's job, now lucrative, became more or less bearable as well.

Most of the cooks, bartenders, and waitresses with whom Patty worked took the gruelling terrors of restaurant life in good part. Together they would fear, face, endure, and fear afresh the Sisyphean ordeal of customers in exchange for the flexible schedule that allowed them to continue their dancing classes, their short runs Off Broadway, their studies of Indo-European, or the pursuit of voluptuous amusements.

Patty, who had intended to strike no such bargains with life, became increasingly impatient with the easygoing attitude of her co-workers, but there was one waitress, Donna, by whom Patty was deeply impressed. Donna was a tall, good-looking woman around Patty's age, who during the week supervised a direct-mail campaign for a knitwear empire and on the weekends moonlighted as a waitress. "But not for long," she told Patty. "And you'll get out of here soon, too."

"I hope so," Patty said. "But look at Buddy and Menlo and Sheila—

they've been here almost as long as I have."

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Patty," Donna said. "Those guys are lifers."

Lifers. Yes, Patty thought, compared to Donna the rest of them were children, playing. And perhaps in twenty or thirty years they would still be clustered near the waitress stand, and she with them—wrinkled children, playing.

The customers, in contrast, seemed veritable incarnations of passing time. Someone would come in every night for a month and then disappear altogether. Romances would blossom and die, people and their involvements would develop in unpredictable directions.

"Isn't that the truth, Sugar?" said Ginger, a customer to whom Patty commented one evening on this phenomenon. Ginger was the gorgeous but moody prima of a troupe of huge male dancers engaged for a long run at a nearby theatre. They danced as women, and they came in often after work, sometimes in dashing rehearsal sweats, but more frequently in full flamboyant costume and makeup. Tonight, the yellow gossamer wings attached to Ginger's gown set off his pearly black skin and imperious, fantastical beauty. "Yes, things sure do move along in Manhattan. You drop by your favorite *boîte*, and you say, 'Where's Hank?' And they say, 'Hank?' And you say, 'Hank, you know, sweetheart, the guy who *sits* here every night?' And they just shrug, like they never heard of him. I go home and see my momma, Sugar, she's still chasin' the same chicken around the yard." Ginger allowed his slanting lids to dip for an instant in dismissal.

Almost the only one of the pioneer customers who still appeared with frequency was George. "Tell me, Patty," he said one night, "What famous monarch... gave forth a fatal dazzle?"

"I really don't know, George," Patty said testily. "I'll think about that

while I wait on some of these other people."

Everything was going wrong that night. Toast was too dark, drinks were too light, customers temporized over the tiny menu while the second hand sped, but if Patty told them "Let me give you a moment," they would grab her wrist. "Don't move!" they'd say. "I know what I want. Um, Lois, you go first." Arnold cowered in the basement abusing substances and gloating over the books, even though the kitchen was running out of soup and potato skins and ribs. And it was near Christmas, so nobody was tipping and everyone was upset, and it was a long time before Patty got back to George. "I give up, George," she said.

"Spoilsport," he teased. "Just guess."

"I don't *know*, George. Oh, all right—Marie Antoinette."

"Marie Antoinette?" George looked stunned. "Marie Antoinette was a famous monarch, Patty, but she did not give forth a fatal dazzle. The famous monarch who did give forth a fatal dazzle was Louis Quatorze, the Sun King."

"What about the affair of the diamond necklace?" Patty demanded. This was *not* how she had imagined her adulthood. "What about that?"

George balanced his chin on a finger and thought. "Well," he said, "I suppose that counts. But do you know, Patty"—he improvised a rueful smile, and his tone was light, although vitality was draining rapidly from his face and voice—"I don't think you care about Louis Quatorze. I think you only care about female monarchs. I think you only care about Marie Antoinette."

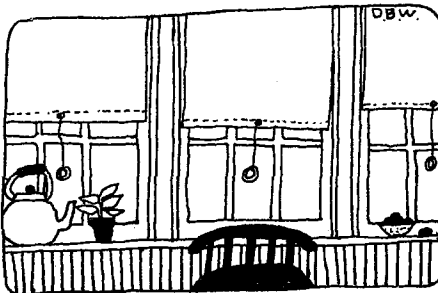
"Actually..." Patty said. All around her, people were demanding food, drink, clean spoons, napkins, the fulfillment of infantile fantasies, sweets, smiles, anything they could get away with. "Actually, I don't really care about any monarchs, to tell you the truth."

But when things calmed down, Patty returned to George's table penitent. "How're you doing here, George?" she asked.

"Fine, Patty," he said with awful self-possession. "Please tell Buddy it was delicious. Patty, do you know what George III's mother said to him?"

"No, George," she said. "What did she say?"

"She said, 'George, be a king.'" George gazed out over Patty's head at



a distant empire. "George, be a king..."

And when Patty returned to George's table later, she found only more change than he could afford, she knew, and on his plate a pile of little bones that suggested he'd curled up there and died.

ONE night at work Donna announced to Patty that she was quitting. "I've met this man, Fletcher. Some corporation has hired him to develop a magazine about the media, and I explained to him that he should put me in charge of circulation."

"That's great, Donna," Patty sighed.

"And it's just about time for you to start leading a real person's life yourself. Listen, Patty, keep in touch. You never know—something just might turn up at the magazine."

AT least Patty had the opportunity, while she languished at the restaurant, to scrutinize the apparently inexhaustible parade of customers for information that would lead to her missing drafting table, her brownstone, her escort. It may seem that because there is not much room for

certain kinds of elaboration in the act of ordering something at a restaurant little is expressed by it. But in fact the very restriction of the situation is the precondition of deep grooves through which individual personalities are extruded with great force. "You do *that*?" is what your waiter or waitress or bartender is thinking as you place your order. "You're like *that*?" And although you may assume that you are behaving pretty much as everyone before you has behaved in a similar situation, that is a serious misconception, one not shared by those who stand and face you.

Patty had no leisure for the random yield of disinterested science, but as the months slid by she was able, through diligent observation, to harvest a crop of utilitarian specifics from the people who paused in front of her, in unwitting demonstration of the selves they had tended and grown in the extreme climates of the city. In spite of Stuart's alarmist denunciations, Patty persevered in maneuvering her appearance from undistinguished wholesomeness to the assertively stylish, with only several errors, such as the silk-wrapped nails, acquired at great expense, that felt like lobster claws ex-

tending from her fingers as they clicked against her tray.

Still, Patty was forced to note, while many of the customers were graced with beauty or wit or marvellous clothing, few seemed to have achieved a far-reaching or reliable measure of the success that she had assumed New York offered for the asking. Luck must be in scant supply these days. On the other hand, perhaps people came to this restaurant during some sort of interim stage, or limbo; certainly Patty never knew how people fared before they started coming to the restaurant or how they fared after they stopped. People seemed simply to appear and then to vanish. She hadn't seen George, for instance, since the night of the unpleasantness. Life had moved on for him. Or, as she once shamefacedly reflected, she had forced it to move on.

And then, at the beginning of summer, Ginger told Patty that he and his company were going to California. "I just hate to leave, Sugar. But, Lord—the overhead these days! It's just too steep for an artist. Here, don't you look so sad now. Take a load off your feet for a minute."

It was a slow night, and Patty let



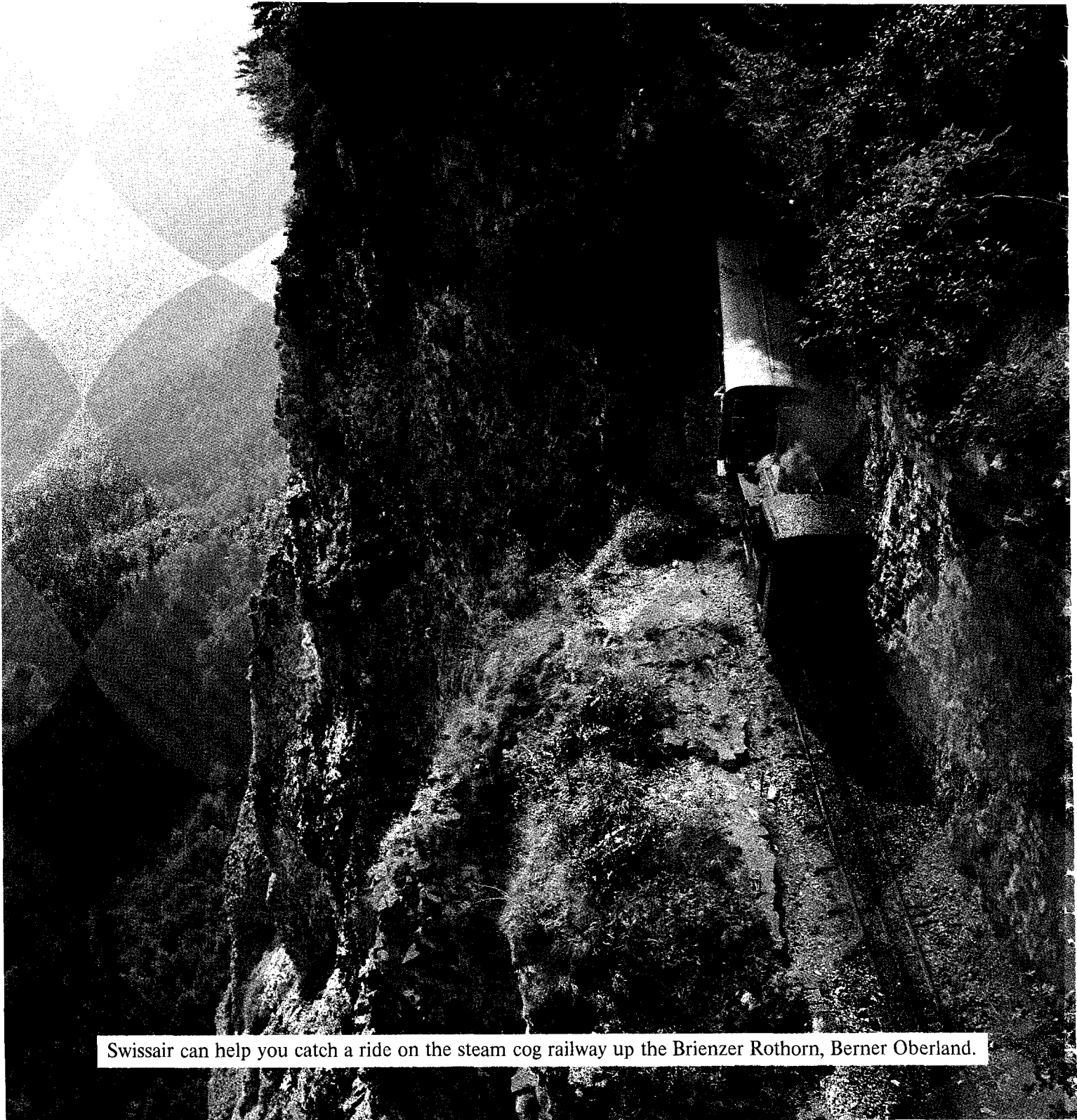
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Ginger lift her onto his lap, where she nestled contemplatively against his papier-mâché breasts and admired the steely sheen of his arm, folded so gently around her. His arm was as smooth and hard as steel, too, as Patty's finger, trailing idly along it, discovered, but its surface was as welcoming as satin. And this surface—which seemed more lovely to Patty than skin; less perishable, just as precious—raised on her own a velvety nap as she shifted, straining for some position of perfect rest.

"Oh, look," Ginger said, while Patty let the back of her hand enjoy the delicious indentation from which the curve of Ginger's shoulder flared. "Look how sweet! Look at those tiny pink nails, that little milky face. And freckles." Patty closed her eyes to better appreciate Ginger playfully favoring one freckle, then another. "Long, long lashes." Ginger brushed his cheek against Patty's lashes, and when she opened her eyes again the eyes that gleamed back were feral and slanting. "Little flower mouth," he said, and Patty's mouth opened, too, as he arched, letting her glide it from his jewelled earlobe down his polished neck and along the sweep of his collarbone—but there was a quick explosion in her brain as "Waitress! Waitress!" someone called, and Patty scrambled trembling to her feet, scraping her shoulder against papier-mâché.

Patty had developed the habit of routinely clambering in with Stuart when she got home, for warmth and company, but that morning she prowled back and forth across the apartment. Stuart didn't wake up, so eventually Patty poured herself a glass of cranberry juice and drew up a chair across from his bed, where he lay in a little humid wad, wheezing, appearing to become more and more exhausted as he slept, like a shipwreck victim unconscious on a seaborne plank. How painful a sight it was! How painful it was to be reminded that Stuart's helplessness was something beyond a manipulative ruse! Patty and Stuart had laid to rest the question of sex (sex between the two of them, that is), and although Stuart raised it from time to time, he did so clearly in the spirit of commemorative iteration. It almost made Patty sad that he had come to be as uninterested, actually, in the prospect as she was herself. She sipped at her cranberry juice, watching him, thinking.

Her presence must have made itself felt, because Stuart wheezed mightily,

thrashed, and flung himself into a sitting position. "Patty," he said.

"Stuart," she said, "what famous monarch gave forth a fatal dazzle?"

"Come here and give me a hug, Patty-Cake," he said. He moved over to make room and politely turned his back to her.

"Come on," she said. "Please guess what famous monarch gave forth a fatal dazzle."

"Well . . ." He sighed. "O.K. Jupiter, then."

"Jupiter," she said. "That's a stupid guess. Jupiter isn't even a monarch."

"Oh, yeah?" Stuart cleared his throat. "Well, listen to this, Miss Smarty:

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening's air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appeared to hapless Semele:
More lovely than the monarch of the sky,
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour."

When Stuart stopped, a spectral resonance hung in the room as if a cello had been playing.

"So?" Patty demanded, forcing back tears.

"So Jupiter's the *monarch* of the sky," Stuart said. "Get it? And he also sizzles Semele, which, in my opinion, is, like, an irrefutably fatal dazzle. Anyhow, what do you care?"

"It's just a game," Patty said miserably. "What Famous Monarch?"

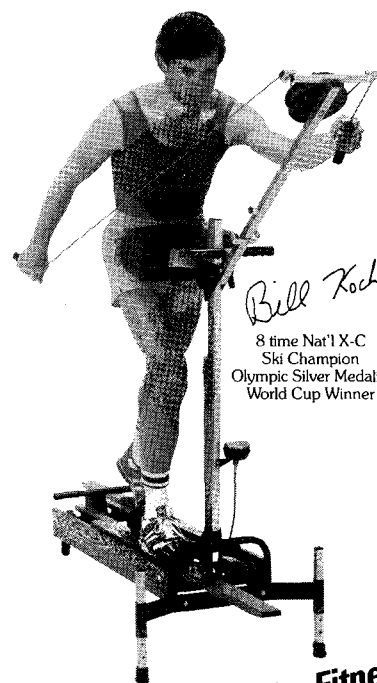
"Oh," Stuart said. "Trivial Pursuit for right-wing extremists. Anyhow, all monarchs give forth a fatal dazzle. Fatal dazzle is the sort of sine qua non of monarchy. The steady effulgence of enlightened self-government, for example—"

"Stuart," Patty interrupted, "I don't want to talk about this." Morning had arrived in the airshaft; a thousand stars had dimmed. Mr. Nice Guy and his wife were probably waking just above Marcia's ceiling, and, above theirs, Mrs. Jorgenson. "I'm tired, Stuart. I'm lonely. I want a real boyfriend."

"Well, Patty," Stuart said softly. She could feel his laborious breathing behind the fragile arc of his rib cage. "I just can't help you there."

CUSTOMERS generated themselves from air; where there had been one, now there were twenty. Patty rushed back and forth in terror, first for menus, then, thinking better of it, for knives and forks.

"Don't fret, Sugar," said a man,



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putting a calming arm around her. From the prodigality and exquisite subtlety of the painted designs that covered his body, Patty realized that this man was a chief.

"Take a load off your feet. We Brazilians tend to be hunting-and-gathering people." And the band was indeed now plucking burgers and drinks and platters of ribs from under the tables, from out of the waitress stands and light fixtures.

"I never thought of looking there!" Patty said, astonished, but the chief was moving off with his people as they continued their hunt into the forests of the ever-expanding restaurant. "Wait," she wheedled. "Please—I'll get your bread and butter . . ." But the wonderful painted people who had paused so briefly in her sleep on their way off the face of the earth were disappearing through the trees. "Please don't leave!" she cried loudly, waking herself up.

"I'm here for you, baby," Stuart murmured from out of his own dream.

Baby! Patty propped herself up on her elbow and stared at Stuart's pale, knotted face. Who in God's name could *Stuart* be calling *baby*?

"STUART," she said that afternoon over coffee. "I think I've let myself get sidetracked somehow."

"Hey, are you wearing some different kind of eye makeup these days?" Stuart asked.

"No," Patty said. "Listen, Stuart. It's time for me to start doing something interesting."

"You are doing something interesting," he said.

"That's not what I mean, Stuart, as you know."

"If you're not careful," he said, shaking a finger, "your wish will come true and you'll wake up one morning shackled to some corporate cutthroat who cracks jokes about his interior designer."

"Slurp slurp," she said.

"Look, you're too poorly informed to be familiar with the behavioral and attitudinal alternatives that are history's legacy, but trust me, Patty. You're at a crossroads here. We're all soldiers in the battles between historical forces and you'd better look down at your uniform to see what side you're fighting for before you do something you'll be sorry about."

"Stuart, are you telling me that I ought to be a waitress for the rest of my life?"

"It's honest work," he said.

"Honest!" Patty said. "It's *funny*. TV and books and movies are full of *waitress* jokes. But it's extremely *hard work*!"

"What do you think work is?" Stuart said. "What do you think people have been doing all these millennia? What do you think less privileged people do? Not less intelligent, not less attractive, not less deserving—less *privileged*. Just because history has tossed a bouquet to your weensy little culture, you think actual work is an ignominy, a degradation—"

"You know"—Patty was *not* going to let Stuart outtalk her—"considering how . . . how *entranced* you are by the sanctity of toil, it's a wonder you never *indulge* in any yourself."

"I've tried," said Stuart, instantly in the right.

"I know." Patty held up her hand. "I take it back."

"I've tried waiting on tables, I've tried moving furniture . . ."

"I know," she said. "I know I know I know I know, never *mind*. Yaargh." He had tried. It was indisputable. He had tried waiting on tables, but, being Stuart, was confined to low-income jobs in dingy coffee shops or delis, where he was fired before his first shift was out, having kindled, to his own perplexity and the manager's fury, little feuds that sprang up like brushfires at the tables and in the kitchen. He had tried moving furniture—for three days he'd gone off in the mornings with fear in his eyes and returned in the evenings looking shocked and broken. On the fourth day his body had refused to raise him from bed and reproached him with racking pains. He would have tried, gladly, to drive a taxi, except that he couldn't drive and no instructor would let him learn, and when occasionally Patty had insisted that they travel by taxi, Stuart wedged himself back in his seat, peeking through his fingers and gasping in such a way as to provoke the driver into a murderous bumper-car rage. "But you know what, Stuart?" Patty bore down on her powers of expression. "It seems to me that if it's a foregone conclusion you're going to fail at a given undertaking you might examine your own motives to see whether there's something hypocritical about them."

"Hypocritical!" Stuart said furiously. "And you used to be *nice*."

"*Caring*—a word that makes you throw up! I used to be caring."

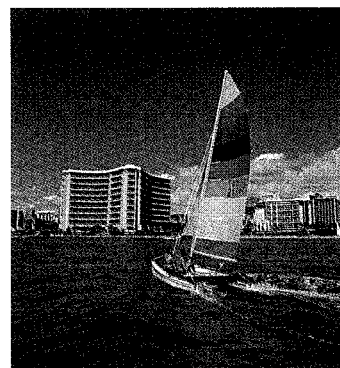
"Nice. You used to be pretty nice. Nice. A little, pretty nice glob of un-

Come to Waikiki.



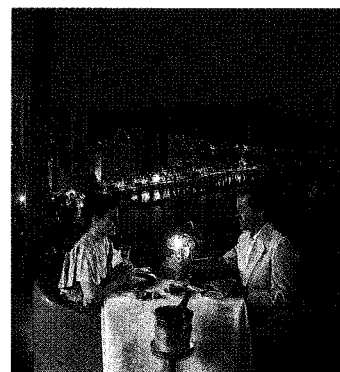
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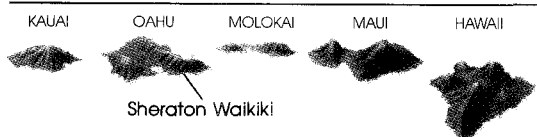


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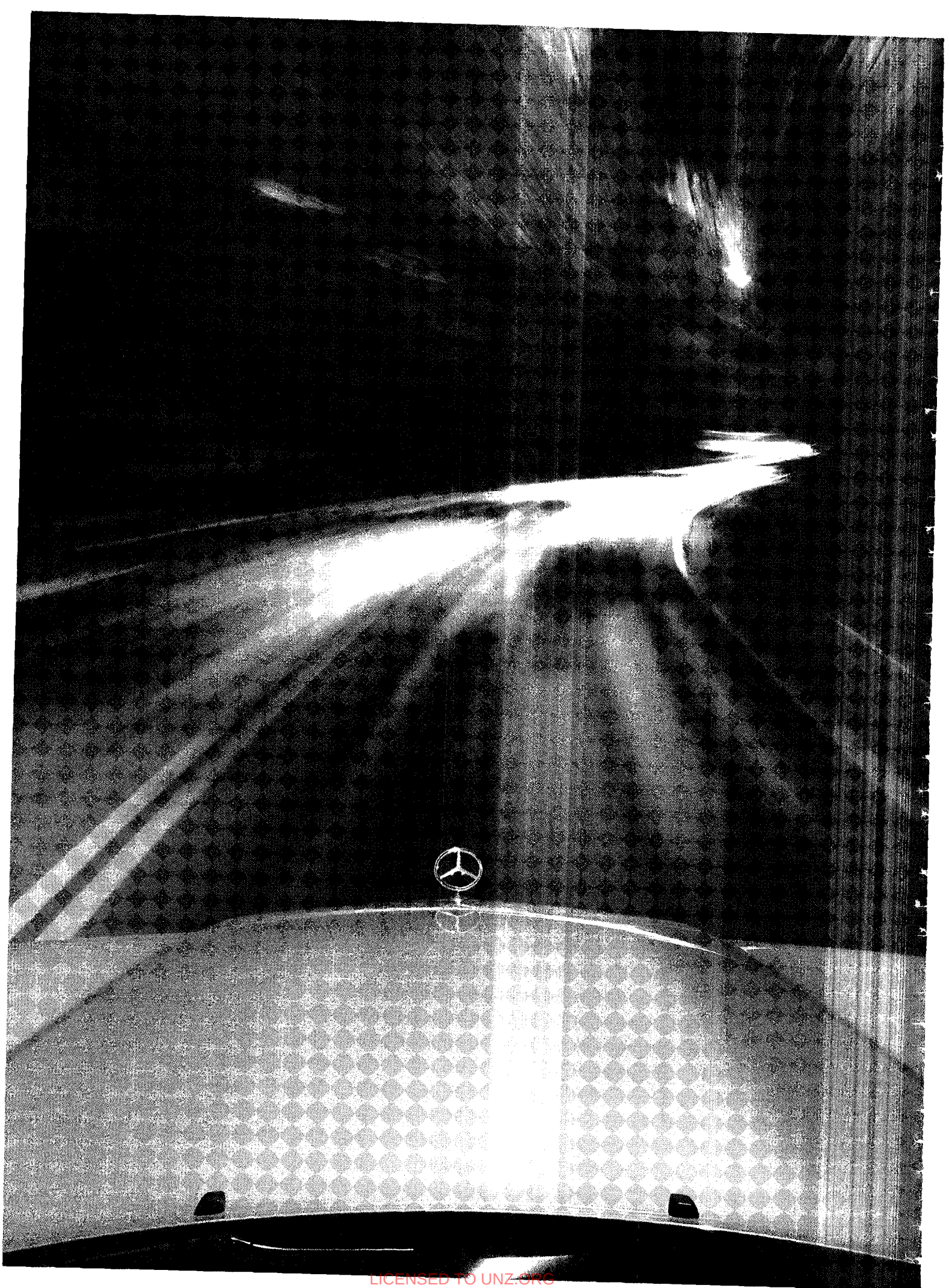
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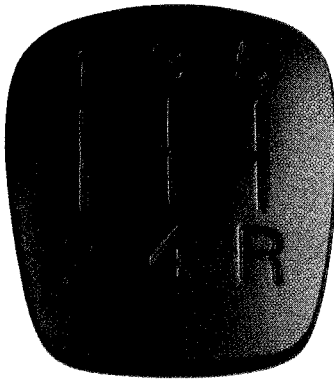
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ALESSANDRA FERRI

HOME: New York, N.Y.

AGE: 23.

OCCUPATION: Principal dancer, American Ballet Theatre.

HOBBY: "Trying to find the time to have one."

LAST BOOK READ: *Hopscotch*, Julio Cortazar.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Dancing the lead in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Giselle* during

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formed humanity who couldn't put two words together. Now, barely one year later, slimy sophistries drop from your lips like vipers and toads."

"Wait!" Patty said, standing. Because the most incredible thing had just occurred to her. If she was going to get on with her life, it was not only she who had to get a job—Stuart would have to be gotten a job as well! As things stood, he couldn't possibly afford an apartment of his own, and she couldn't just put him out on the street to starve. Even Marcia, after all, had left him provided for, and now it was Patty who had to help him, whether he wanted help or not. "That's not what I meant, Stuart," she said ingratiatingly. "I expressed myself poorly. I only meant why should you wait on tables or move furniture when there are so many other, better, things you're suited for?"

"Better." Stuart sniffed.

"Better paid, then, if you prefer."

"Patty," he said, "just what are all these things I'm so well suited for?"

"Well, I don't know, Stuart. How should I know? Why couldn't you . . . write copy, for example?"

"What is copy, actually?" Stuart said. "Is it anything like prose?"

"Or be a reviewer again, for some publication. Or get something done with some of your poems? After all, you're an artist, really."

"Yeah, and why don't I rack up a bunch of grants while I'm at it, and have my picture taken for magazines? 'Artist'—you know what you think an artist is, Patty? You think an artist is some great-looking big guy in a T-shirt, with a bottle in one hand and a paintbrush in the other, who has five hundred thousand dollars zooming around the stock market, and a car like a big shiny penis."

"Stuart," Patty said patiently as she tried to inhibit a telltale blush, "please don't be revolting. The point is that I have complete respect for your convictions, no matter what they might be. It's just that I worry."

"Don't worry," he said.

"Well, I do worry. And I'll tell you one thing I'm especially worried about right now. The Nice Guys. Yesterday Mr. Martinez told me they want a duplex. And you know what that means. That means they're going to have to get someone out—either us or Mrs. Jorgenson. And Mrs. Jorgenson isn't going to go without making trouble. We're an illegal sublet, Stuart. We're not supposed to be here. Espe-

cially you. We could get Marcia evicted!"

Stuart sighed. "I'm sorry, Patty. I know you want me to leave."

"Oh, Stuart," she said guiltily. "I just want you to find something that will make you *happy*."

"But Patty." He looked at her. "I am happy."

PATTY, however, had stumbled upon a decision lying in her path, and during the next few days she treated Stuart with the solicitude due to the condemned.

But when she called Donna, there was a bad moment. A minuscule silence preceded Donna's first words. "Oh, Patty," Donna said then. "Right."

So Patty judged it best to come straight to the point: she wanted to talk to Fletcher at the magazine. She was aching for an outlet for her talents. She had developed a feverish interest even in layout, which he could surely exploit. If there was nothing open in that line at the moment, perhaps she could meet him, in case something were to open up in the future. Or in case there was anything. Anything at all.

"Unfortunately, it's not the greatest timing," Donna said. "Everything's all sort of set up now."

"But if we could just meet," Patty said.

"I could give Fletcher your number," Donna said.

"And you know what?" Patty said. "My roommate's a writer. And he's had a lot of journalistic experience."

"Well," Donna said, "the problem is, Fletcher already has a lot of writers."

"I understand," Patty said. She took a deep breath to clarify her mind. "Anyhow, it might not work out with Stuart. He's like a lot of artists—very unpredictable, if you know what I mean. Kind of dangerous."

"Mmm," Donna said. "That can get a bit . . ."

And when Patty finished talking (talking and talking) Donna said, "Well, we might as well all have dinner one night when you're not working. At least we'd—at least we'd get a chance to, you know . . . meet."

PATTY, Stuart said. "Why do I have to do this?"

"You just have to, Stuart, you have to." Oh, God, Patty thought. If she wasn't careful, Stuart's suspicious nature might lead him to the conclusion

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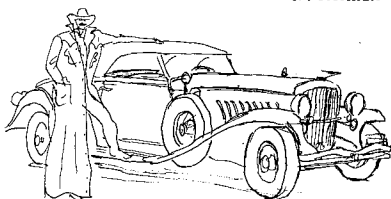
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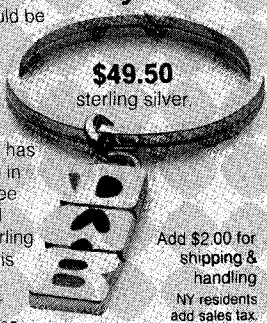
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that she was trying to market them both. "Donna's asked me to do this, and I can't go alone, because she's just . . . finding her way around with this guy, who also happens to be her employer, and who, I understand, is a very serious and profound person, incidentally, so she wants to be with some people who are . . . pleasant. And . . . pleasant to be with. And, by the way," Patty said, to change the subject, "you're not planning to wear that shirt, are you?"

"What's the matter with my shirt?" he said. "I thought nerds were considered fashionable."

"Not actual nerds, Stuart. Just people who look like nerds."

"Patty," he said. "I really don't want to do this."

"Forget about the shirt, Stuart. However you're comfortable. I just don't want to walk in looking pathetic and desperate."

"Desperate about what?" Stuart asked shrewdly.

To pacify him, Patty agreed to forgo a taxi. They picked their way uncompanionably in the steaming evening through a cluster of shapeless creatures who sat at the subway entrance, surrounded by bags that appeared to be stuffed with filthy, discarded gifts, muttering to themselves in garbled fragments of some lost language. Mrs. Jorgenson would undoubtedly be joining them—assuming Patty could protect herself and Stuart—when the Nice Guys got their duplex. Well, Patty thought, good riddance.

Patty grew increasingly ill-tempered as she and Stuart sweltered underground, waiting for the shrieking train. And by the time they reached the restaurant her mascara was creeping downward and she was cross through and through. So this is it, she thought, looking around at the mirrors and linen, at the graceful sprays of freesia. So this was where everyone had been while she'd been eating Stuart's barley-and-zucchini casseroles.

Donna was already at a table with Fletcher—a man, as it turned out, of unparalleled presentability. "Hello," Patty said.

"Well, well," said Donna, across whose face was written "I thought you said this guy was an artist." But Donna was not one to let the failings of others cloud her mood, Patty knew, and by the time drinks had been brought she was mollified.

Donna had buffed herself up to a

high gloss in the months since Patty had seen her (nothing wrong with *her* mascara), and she was talking with Fletcher of matters entirely foreign to Patty. But strangely, Patty realized, Stuart could manage this conversational obstacle course strewn with technical matters peculiar to periodicals and the private lives of various people involved with them; Stuart knew how to join in.

Obviously, however, Stuart participated entirely without pleasure. It was for her sake, Patty thought, because of her injunctions, and therefore the situation was—Heavens! The situation was dangerous!

Just as Stuart began to fidget noticeably, a new waiter appeared, to deal out menus. "Oh!" said Fletcher, evidently startled to have been faced with someone as handsome as himself. "The pasta's excellent, incidentally, but I'd avoid the fish."

Patty looked at him bleakly. Why were they all here? This wasn't an interview; it wasn't—it wasn't—She couldn't even think of what it was that this wasn't. She looked at the prices on the menu, and she looked at Donna and at Stuart and back at Fletcher. Fletcher didn't care what this was or wasn't; he was just having dinner!

Nerves had dismantled Patty's appetite, and the menu seemed to be written in Esperanto, so when the waiter returned Patty simply tagged along with Donna and Fletcher. "Fine," she said. "I'll also have the salade panachée and then the perciatelli all'amatriciana."

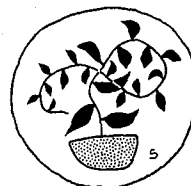
The waiter turned and stared at Stuart. "O.K.," Stuart said hopelessly. "What the hell."

"Certainly," said the waiter with deferential contempt.

"Who does that kid think he is?" Donna said as the waiter left. "He's a waiter."

Fletcher continued the line of thought he'd been pursuing with Donna as the waiter returned with their salads. "So my point is that Jay Resnick is doing a feature series on Saffi Sheinheld for *Dallas by Daylight*. And Saffi happens to be the senior vice-president of SunBelt, *Dallas's* biggest account. Now, I would consider that ethically questionable."

"Ethically questionable"! That fool, Patty thought. There'd be no holding Stuart now. "Hey, Stuart"—she foraged wildly in her salad—"this purple thing is a *pepper*."



For a while Patty struggled to match the fun bits of her salad with his, and although Stuart suffered quietly, he looked like a rag doll that had been thrown over a cliff, and soon Patty felt that she, too, was teetering on the brink.

"Donna tells me you're in graphics," Fletcher said, flinging Patty a rope.

"Terrific field." Patty swung to safety. "So incredible, for example, how design, or even layout, can send these tiny, subtle signals. 'Buy me,' for example, or—"

"Visual appeal," Fletcher agreed, glancing up as the waiter arrived with their pasta. "Crucial." The waiter smirked.

"Is that *bacon*?" Stuart demanded, pointing at his plate.

"It's only a little *pancetta*," the waiter said.

"I understand you're into film," Fletcher said obliviously to Stuart.

"Into?" Stuart said. "Film?"

"Look," Patty said, plunging into her salad and unearthing a greenish disk rimmed with hair. "I bet no one else has one of these!"

"Or have I misunderstood?" Fletcher said to Stuart as if Patty hadn't spoken.

"Kind of," Stuart said with an equability that made Patty's heart plunge. "What I really 'am,' see, is mentally ill."

"Yes?" Fletcher was guarded but ready to be amused.

"Yeah," Stuart said. "Mental illness. An exacting mistress. It doesn't leave me a lot of time for other things to be . . . 'into.' Like racquetball. Or parenting. Or leveraged buyouts."

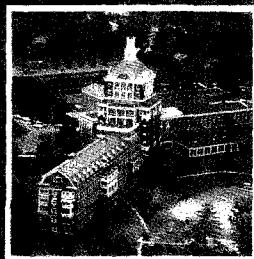
Patty looked down at the table, struggling against an untimely smile, and then looked meekly back up at Fletcher. But Fletcher had been enveloped, during the silence, by a glacier. His disapproval gleamed faintly out from behind centuries of ice, which Donna's voice splintered like a hatchet. "I don't think that's very funny," Donna said. "A lot of people actually *are* mentally ill, you know."

"Patty—" Stuart yelped.

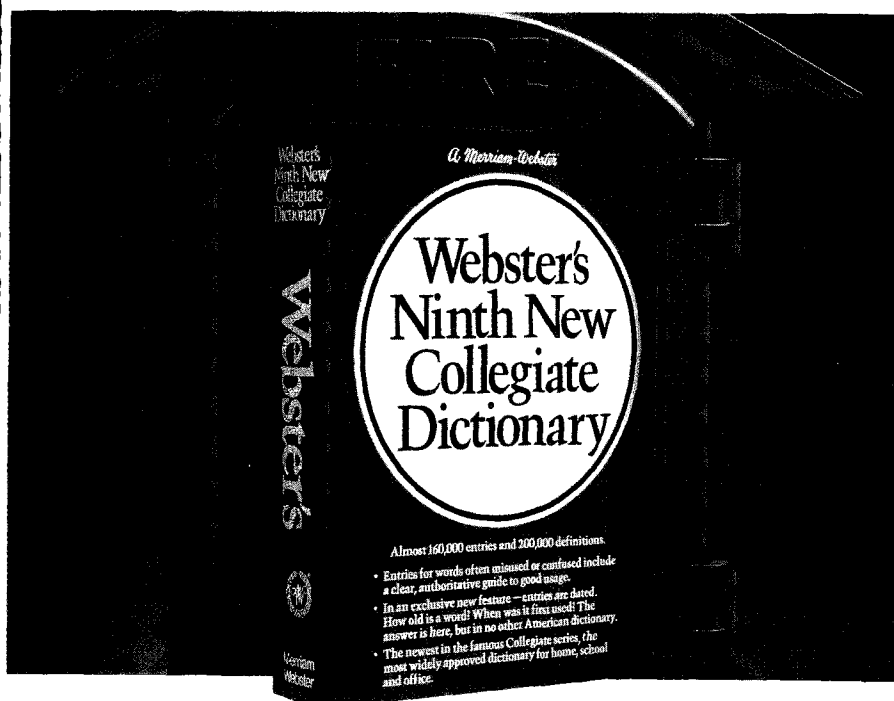
"All right, Stuart," Patty said, getting to her feet. "Stuart, you didn't eat any of that *pancetta*, did you? Stuart has a . . . a sensitivity to various additives used in pork products." She was sick of this; she didn't care how ridiculous she sounded; these people had never intended to help them. "And you can just never tell when it might— Listen, Stuart, we'd better

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get you home before you— Here, this should cover our share.” Stuart in tow, she made her way clumsily to the door.

On the way back to Marcia’s in a taxi, Stuart was oddly tranquil. And it was he who, after minutes of silence, spoke first. “I’m sorry if I put a crimp in whatever the hell you were trying to accomplish,” he said quietly.

Contradictory responses raced through Patty’s brain for expression, and clogged. “Give me a break, Stuart,” she managed to say.

“I understand,” Stuart said. “Your better judgment’s been under a lot of pressure.”

“Stuart—” Patty was gratified to find that indignation was the attitude forceful enough to distinguish itself from the mute tangle choking her. “Please don’t talk to me as if I were a criminal. Don’t talk to me as if I were a psychopath. I know the difference between right and wrong. It was wrong of me not to be more forthcoming with you. It was wrong of me to wreck a good opportunity through carelessness. It was wrong of me to waste all that money. I know that what I did was wrong, and I’m trying to apologize.” But Stuart just hunched over and looked out the window, where the lights were streaming by. “Stuart—”

“Take it easy, Patty,” he said. “I’m not angry.”

“Then don’t act like this,” she said. “Just criticize me, please. Give me a lecture.”

But Stuart only patted her hand as if she were an overtired child, and it was when they got back inside the apartment that he himself took his things from the closet and packed them up. “Where will you go?” Patty said. “You don’t have anyplace to go.” And when Stuart took her hand and held it for a moment against his closed eyes, she might have been touching a fallen leaf or petal, or the wing of a chlo-roformed butterfly.

AFTER Stuart closed the door behind him it was very quiet. And then it kept on being very quiet. Patty had to force herself to stand up and go to the door.

Outside, the evening trembled with threats of a summer storm, and the air was alive with residues of color. In the growing dark the sky was beginning to twinkle with a thousand little windows.

Mr. Martinez smiled up at Patty from the stoop, where he sat watching

a bunch of spindly, raucous, big-eyed children as they danced in some sort of circle game, playing with a violent urgency, as if they were competing against the approaching storm for what was left of the evening. “Hello, Miss!” Mr. Martinez said.

Patty smiled at him absently. How beautiful that restaurant tonight had been! And now, of all things, she was hungry. If Stuart hadn’t left, they could at least have gone someplace, for a cheap bite. Well, it hadn’t been *her* fault that he’d left—it hadn’t been *her* fault.

As Patty stood, lost in thought, she saw George walk by. “George!” she cried, clattering down the steps. “George!” She tapped him on the shoulder, but the creature that turned around was not George—oh, surely not George—but some awful ghoul with sunken cheeks and stained, broken teeth and eyes that burned as she shrank back. “Sorry,” she breathed. “A mistake.”

“Mistake!” he shrieked. “Sorry! Always sorry, sorry, sorry. Well, I do life, and I do death. Pass this block, blah-blah, blah-blah. Pass this block, we never see *you* again.” A flash of lightning illuminated the awful creature as a contraption of bones in retreating white silhouette, and her own eye sockets flashed white, too, around her, before she blinked and looked back over her shoulder.

In an island of street light Mr. Martinez still sat blissfully watching the ring of dancing children. Everything was just as it had been a moment before: the little scene, the street, the building where Patty had lived for a year; everything was just the same, of course, yet it all looked slightly uncanny—looming and mutable—as if it were something she’d known only from photographs.

“Mr. Martinez,” she tried to call, though Mr. Martinez himself seemed newly a stranger, and her voice, hoarse and ghostly, hardly carried back to her own ears. The smallest of the dancing children spun, and leapt into the center of the circle. Street light glanced off the child’s tiny gold earring, and Mr. Martinez, with narrowed eyes, rocked back in delight, flinging his arms wide in a tap dancer’s gesture of embrace. But for what? Just what was the guy so pleased about, anyway, Patty thought irately, but his arms stretched wider and wider, and he smiled as if he were smiling at the sun.

—DEBORAH EISENBERG

P R O F I L E S

I'M FINALLY GOING TO BE A PASTOR—I

WAITING one August afternoon in 1984 for John J. O'Connor, the then Archbishop of New York, in a small room near his office at the Catholic Center, the headquarters of the archdiocese, on First Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, I heard his voice in the corridor. Usually, he speaks softly and reflectively, but on this occasion his voice was loud and unyielding. "Over my dead body," he was saying to an assistant, "will any person be fired because he or she belongs to a union and is exercising the right of collective bargaining." The Archbishop—who in April of the next year was named a Cardinal by Pope John Paul II, the sixth Archbishop of New York to be so named—was angry that afternoon over management tactics during a strike against thirty-one New York City hospitals and nursing homes by District 1199, a union representing health-care workers. The League of Voluntary Hospitals and Homes, bargaining for the hospitals, had told its members to threaten the strikers with being permanently replaced if they did not come back to work. O'Connor, furious at the directive, ordered four archdiocesan hospitals affiliated with the league to have nothing to do with what he called a "union-busting" maneuver. And in the corridor he was making sure his instructions were clear.

The Archbishop was still frowning when he came into the room where I was waiting, but he quickly broke into a smile. He smiles easily, and has an easy air of authority, having served in the Navy for twenty-seven years, eventually becoming Chief of Chaplains and achieving the rank of rear admiral. Sturdy, with large ears and a generous nose, he wears glasses, and on the lapel of his black clerical suit there is always the emblem of the pro-life movement—a rosette, whose stem spells out the word "Life."

"My father was a union man," the Archbishop said, sitting down in a chair next to mine, "so the right to belong to a union is in every fibre of my being. I would not be here in this job now if it hadn't been for the influ-



ence of my father. He had a very, very strong sense of justice. And a very, very strong sense of the dignity of the individual person."

From a chain around the Archbishop's neck hung a pectoral cross that had been given to him by his predecessor, Terence Cardinal Cooke, who had also been actively opposed to abortion, but more quietly than O'Connor. Five months before our conversation that afternoon, O'Connor's way of speaking about abortion had propelled him into a fierce controversy in New York.

When he was about to leave his post as Bishop of Scranton—in which he had served only eight months—O'Connor had appeared on a New York Sunday-noon television program, "News 4orum." A number of subjects were touched on during the interview: the homeless; the diminishing number of vocations for the priesthood; the assertion by White House Counsellor Edwin Meese that some who go to soup kitchens are not in real need (denied by O'Connor); and his father ("If in his judgment, which

wasn't always charitable, [a] multimillionaire had made his or her money on the backs of the poor or [by] exploiting the coal miners or the railroad workers, or whatever, then he didn't care what museums [he] founded"). One section of the interview proved inflammatory, however. After saying that neither he nor the Church condemns any woman who has an abortion "out of confusion and desperation," O'Connor compared "the killing of four thousand babies a day in the United States, unborn babies," to the Holocaust. He told of standing in Dachau: "I . . . put my hand in the semicircular red brick ovens and felt on the floor of the oven the intermingled ashes of Jew and Christian, rabbi, minister, priest, lay person. . . . And I thought, Good Lord, human beings actually did this to human beings." It was the next sentence that brought upon the incoming Archbishop the anger of many of the city's residents: "Now, Hitler tried to solve a problem, the Jewish question. So kill them, shove them into ovens, burn them. Well, we claim that unborn

babies are a problem, so kill them. To me, it is really precisely the same."

O'Connor also said during the television interview, with a dark humor in which he often indulges, "I suspect I'll be going into New York as Our Lord went into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and there were a lot of hosannas and cheers and warm welcomes. But I try to remember what happened a few days later, you know." On March 13th, two days after the program, the *Times*, in an editorial, "Hitler and Abortion," told the Bishop he might not be ready for New York. O'Connor's linking of abortion to the Holocaust had "highly offensive implications," the *Times* said. One of them was that "Hitler had a problem called the 'Jewish question,' and that only his remedy was evil." Another offensive implication was that women who make the "usually painful choice of an abortion" are "practicing Nazi genocide, the organized, calculating and malevolent mass murder of millions." The editorial ended by recommending that Bishop O'Connor adopt "a change of tone" if "he means to

instruct the community at large.”

For weeks before the television interview, a sense of cheerful anticipation had been building in New York at the coming of, according to all reports from Scranton, an unpretentious, gregarious, hardworking, witty bishop whose ministry was marked by a special ability to see and to listen to people as individuals. The essence of the Scrantonians' assessment of the Bishop appeared as part of an extensive analysis of O'Connor the following year in the *National Catholic Reporter*, a publication that is considerably less orthodox than O'Connor in Church matters and has at times been sharply critical of him: “Even a year after O'Connor's departure, to talk to Scrantonians is to sense [that] he gave many of them something he personally did not know he was handing out: dignity. He did it when he rejoiced with them in the opening of their latest pride and joy, their new Hilton. He would go from visiting a sick priest to a Labor Day festival without breaking his stride. He'd push into crowds of students at Scranton University, straight from the podium, wearing a 'Scranton U' hat, to talk with them about their futures. Scranton found his vitality infectious. . . . And Scrantonians repaid him in kind. When the word came

through he was to leave . . . they named the 300 block on their main street after him: Archbishop John J. O'Connor Plaza.”

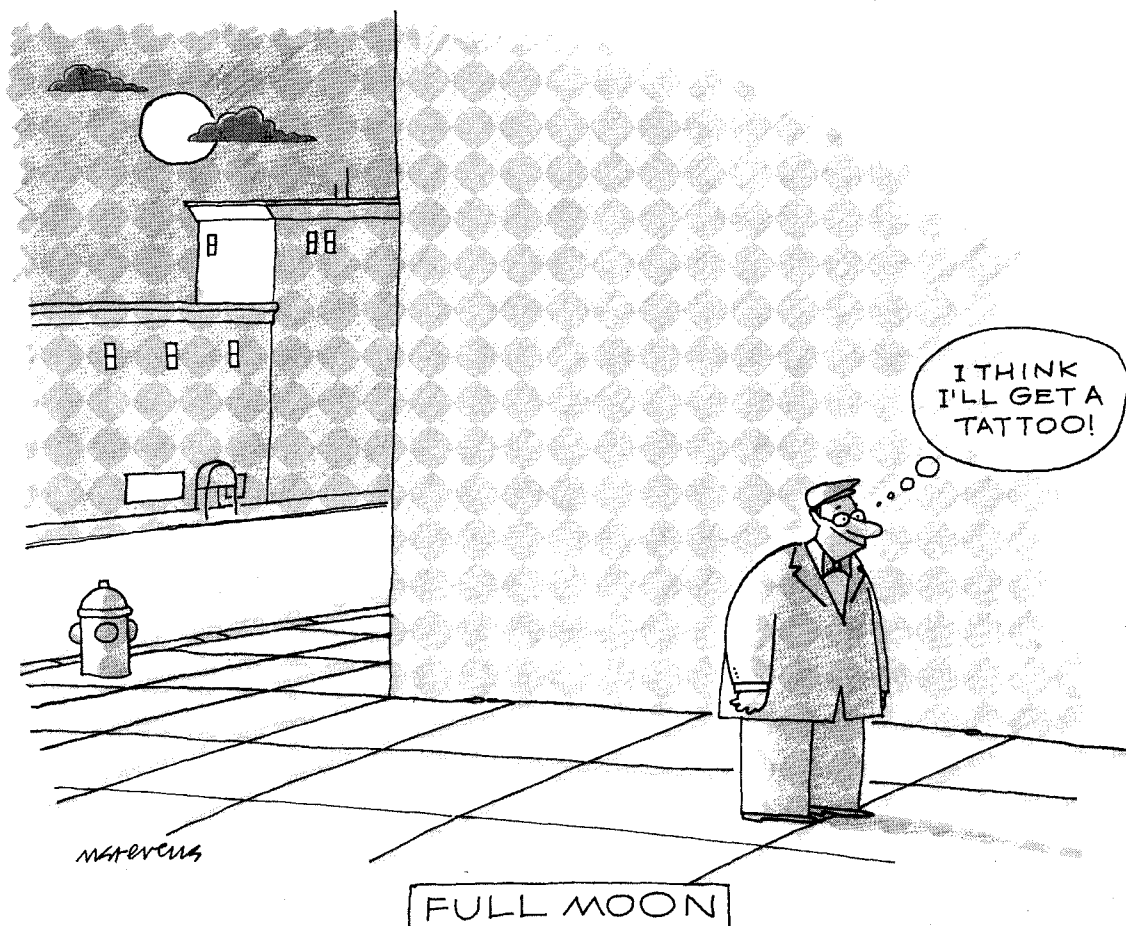
When he did leave, there was a farewell Mass in the University of Scranton gymnasium. Thousands of people attended, by no means all of them Catholic. As one observer said, they spoke of him not with platitudes but with examples: how he had helped the handicapped; how, for the first time in the diocese, the teachers' union in the parochial schools had someone in management who was pro-labor and set in motion a substantial upgrading of their salaries. The mayor of Scranton, James B. McNulty, said of the departing Bishop, “We're the out-of-towners who really enjoyed the previews. Now a hit show moves on to Broadway.”

John J. O'Connor's New York opening, however, was marred by the connection he had made between the Holocaust and abortion. The Bishop of Scranton, not yet installed in New York, had felt deeply hurt by the *Times* editorial. The day it appeared, Ari Goldman, a reporter for the *Times*, called him in Scranton. Goldman felt that since the editorial had been so harsh it would be fair to ask O'Connor for his reaction. The

Bishop said he was outraged that the editorial indicated that he had implied that Jews *were* a problem in Germany and that only Hitler's “remedy” had been evil. O'Connor pointed out that the editorial had not mentioned what he said on the television program about the impact on him of his visit to Dachau. He did not retreat from his linkage of abortion to the Holocaust. “The abortion mentality that has swept the country, that has simply declared the unborn to be nonhuman—this is what I compare to the Holocaust,” he told Goldman. It does not differ in essence, he added, “from that mentality that legalized putting Jews to death in Nazi Germany.”

The day after O'Connor's interview with Goldman appeared, the *Times* said in a brief editorial, “Of Analogy and Abortion,” that the Bishop's remarks from Scranton were less inflammatory than what he had said on television in New York, and the newspaper expressed the hope that each side in the debate over abortion would “respect the humanity and piety of the other. It is in that spirit that we welcome Bishop O'Connor to New York, a gloriously contentious, tolerant and democratic community.”

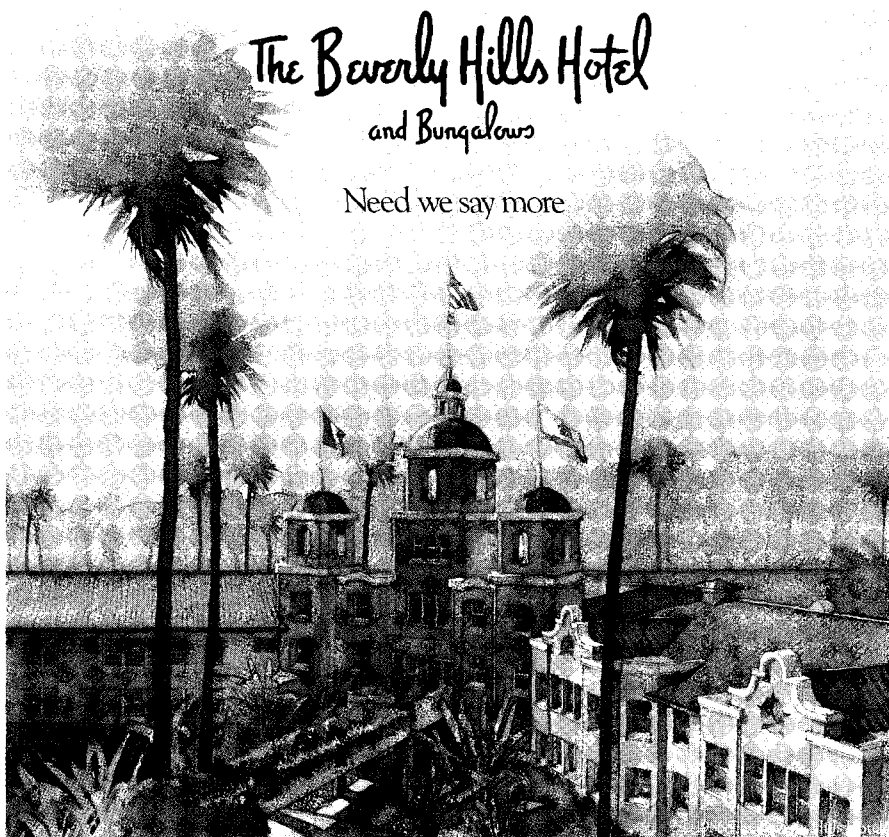
The new Archbishop had never experienced a welcome quite like this one. “I'm still surprised at the furor my analogy created,” he told me that summer. “I had used it in a synagogue in Scranton and received a standing ovation. Afterward, in a little reception hall, old Jewish people, with tears streaming down their faces, told me they had been in the Holocaust, and agreed with me that human life is human life, and if we appear to be callous to life in one context we're going to be callous to it in another.” O'Connor went on with a smile, “As for the New York *Times*, I had lunch there with the editors not long after their welcoming editorials. Everything under the sun was discussed—but not abortion. I'm still somewhat outraged by the



first editorial but a little bit amused by the second. The impression I got from the second one was that I could now, after all, come to town, because the *New York Times* says it's all right." The Archbishop grinned. "In truth, I didn't get all that excited by what the *Times* said about me. I thought, Goodness, if every time the *New York Times* doesn't agree with me I take the *Times* to be the voice of New York and want to turn tail and run, I'll never be able to contribute anything to this job and to this city. So"—he smiled again—"I decided to open in New York anyway. And the *Times* was very gracious in its coverage of the installation."

ON March 19, 1984, John J. O'Connor was installed as the eighth Archbishop of New York, his archdiocese encompassing the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island and, to the north, the counties of Westchester, Rockland, Putnam, Orange, Sullivan, Ulster, and Dutchess. With a million eight hundred thousand Catholics, it is the fourth-largest archdiocese in the United States (after Los Angeles, Chicago, and Boston), and it includes four hundred and eleven parishes, two hundred and sixty-five parochial elementary schools, sixty-two archdiocesan and parochial high schools (with a total student body of slightly over a hundred and twenty thousand), and thirteen colleges and universities. There are more than two hundred affiliated social-service agencies and programs in the archdiocese, and, excluding such facilities as hospitals and nursing homes, it has more than eight hundred million dollars' worth of real estate that is tax exempt. Living in the archdiocese are about two thousand five hundred priests and about five thousand nuns.

Present in St. Patrick's Cathedral on the day John J. O'Connor became Archbishop were five cardinals, eighteen archbishops, more than a hundred bishops, over a thousand priests, an abundance of political dignitaries, and choirs of voices and of brass. Archbishop Pio Laghi, the Apostolic Pro-Nuncio—that is, the Pope's personal representative to the United States—read a letter from the Pope on the occasion of O'Connor's assuming his new position in the hierarchy. "You do not work and toil alone," the letter said. "You are supported by the successor of Peter, the Bishop of Rome. ... This is the day of new begin-



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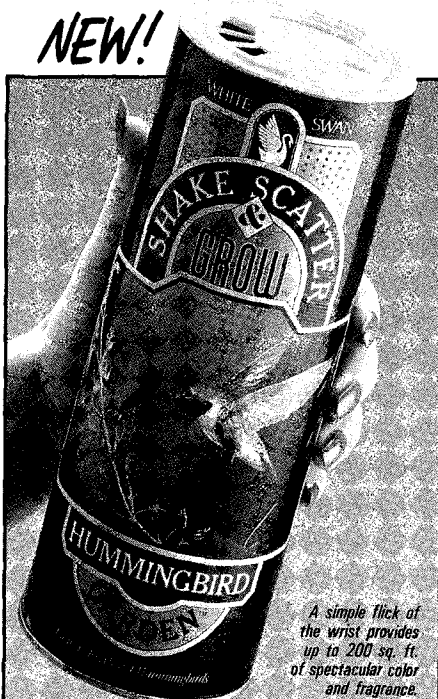
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Norm Thompson

ning." Archbishop Laghi then gave O'Connor a crosier—a staff in the form of a shepherd's crook—to symbolize the Archbishop's charge to be caretaker of his flock.

From the graceful stone pulpit in the cathedral, the Archbishop, who had looked sombre while the papal representative spoke, began his response on a joyful, mischievous note. He showed the audience a New York Mets cap that had been presented to him as a sign of his belonging in the city, and he brought to the pulpit ten-year-old John J. O'Connor, an altar boy from the Bronx, who had written him a warm letter of welcome, saying, "I want to be just like you when I grow up." The senior O'Connor gently placed his mitre on the boy's head and over his ears, and the youngster beamed.

The Archbishop read a few letters from other New York elementary-school children, one of which said, "Bishop O'Connor. That name I was surprised to hear. Until now I did not know who you were. I'm very curious about your life because I've never heard of you before." O'Connor laughed. "Try that on your ego!" he told the crowd.

Later, he grew serious, recalling that he was being installed on the feast day of his patron saint—Joseph, the husband of Mary. (Joseph is O'Connor's middle name.) "I see him as a personal model, because he was a man so often confused and perplexed," the Archbishop said. "He was engaged to a woman who became pregnant without his involvement, and was expected to believe that this was an act of God. He was foster father to a boy who could wander away from home, cause agonizing grief to both parents, then hide them for looking for him. How often Joseph seems simply not to know what to do except to trust in God." The Archbishop also mentioned his happiness that "the New York Times has welcomed me to New York," and his ceaseless astonishment at the city of New York itself, where there is "life at its calmest, life at its most turbulent, life in all its exciting splendor."

In the weeks and months that followed, O'Connor's first priority was to learn as much as he could, as quickly as he could, about the archdiocese. But as he began the day his initial prayer was always the same—and it still is. "I ask God to keep me from preventing anybody from doing any good," he

told me. "I make that prayer because somebody might be about to do something good, but because of my arrogance, my vanity, my stupidity, or my misunderstanding I might in some way prevent it. In my position, you can indeed impede an awful lot of good, and that possibility terrifies me." O'Connor spent much of his first ten months as Archbishop of New York on the road—travelling throughout the archdiocese. He visited a hundred of the four hundred and eleven parishes, moving by car, helicopter, and ferryboat. In April, he went to the detention center on Rikers Island and celebrated Mass behind barred doors for a hundred and fifty inmates. "You are not junk," he told them. "You are not pieces of something to throw away. You are sacred images of God." In the city, he celebrated Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral weekday mornings at eight; heard confessions on Saturdays; held staff meetings; met with committees; counselled members of his flock with personal and family problems; visited the sick; walked the streets of Harlem, the lower East Side, and the Bronx to look into housing conditions; and performed marriages.

One day, during a meeting of the Priests' Council of the archdiocese, mixed marriages were being discussed. The question was whether a Jewish-Catholic couple ought to be permitted, if they chose, to seek a dispensation from the rule that the wedding be held in a Catholic setting, since some couples might prefer neutral terrain—a country club or a catering hall. The Archbishop, known for his orthodoxy in Church matters, entered the discussion. He said he did not see why, if the parish priest felt that the alternative site was appropriate, a dispensation should not be sought from the archdiocesan chancery. O'Connor added, according to the archdiocesan weekly, *Catholic New York*, "What I cringed about as a young priest" was the required setting for mixed marriages. He had witnessed weddings "in a beat-up, seedy rectory," he recalled, "and I had a pastor who wanted it to be as seedy as possible," and he added, "You couldn't even put on a surplice." The heavy air of disapproval, he said, made the rites "practically revolting."

The Archbishop became a regular columnist for *Catholic New York* after coming to New York, and one week he revealed to the paper's readers, numbering a hundred and thirty thousand, that in another matter as well his



devotion to tradition was not absolute: "I am not one of those secretly nostalgic for the Mass in Latin. I believe English can be spoken and prayed as reverently as any language on earth." And concerning another change in the practice of worship he wrote, "I love facing God's People at Mass—never did like having my back to them all through those years." These, he noted, were changes brought about in the nineteen-sixties by the Second Vatican Council, which had also emphasized "the horrors of war and exploitation of the poor." The Archbishop made it plain, however, that in certain fundamentals of what he called "the old-time religion" his orthodoxy remains unswerving: "Nowhere does the [Second Vatican] council tell us . . . that as long as we resist war, help the poor, abhor racism and sexism and all such exploitation and disguises for violence, we don't have to worry about such old-fashioned sins as adultery or fornication or lying or stealing or infidelity or disloyalty or missing Mass on Sundays. And . . . we still teach what we have always taught about heaven and purgatory and hell. I like to spend a goodly portion of Lent meditating hopefully on the first, doing enough penance to try to avoid a lengthy sojourn in the second, and praying quite vociferously for deliverance from the third!" And the Archbishop still taught, without deviation, that abortion was wrong. He no longer mentioned the Holocaust in that connection, however. "I must confess I have deliberately avoided that analogy," he told me ten months after he became Archbishop. "Obviously, I did not have a feeling for the sensitivities involved. People were offended in good faith. Many people were offended. I do think there were others who used the occasion as a vehicle to attack me because of their passionate conviction that I and the Church are completely wrong about abortion. But since there were those who were genuinely offended I decided not to use the analogy anymore."

FROM the beginning of his work in New York, O'Connor has made a point of meeting regularly with groups of priests and nuns. In the first two months, for instance, he held what he calls a "talking session" and a "listening session" with each of five large groups of women religious, in different parts of the archdiocese. In the talking sessions, the Archbishop told the women that he planned to enable



"Tell me, do we subscribe to this magazine, or do they just send it to us because we're the King and Queen?"

them to gain more respect by emphasizing to priests that they should treat the sisters as equals and involve them more in the making of decisions. To one of the groups he said, "You are just as much the Church as we are." In his meetings with the women, he told me, he had to deal with some anger at male dominance in the Church. "There are some women religious who will not be happy until women are ordained priests," he said resignedly, "and they construe everything that this Pope does, or that the bishops do, as an injustice, because they consider the inability of women to become priests the basic injustice. So they think it hypocritical if we talk about the poor or if we talk about racial inequality, even if we talk about the need for peace, because in their minds the Church at its core is perpetuating a fundamental violence of discrimination."

I asked him if there was any possibility that the position of the Church on women as priests might change.

"I feel certain that in our lifetime there will be no change," O'Connor said. "There are theological obstacles, and these, in my judgment, have nothing to do with male chauvinism. The priesthood of Christ is rooted in the history of the Old Testament, going back to the earliest days of priesthood

in Israel; and, of course, we believe that Catholicism is, as it were, the fruit of Israel. Women were not allowed to be priests in Israel. Nor are they now in Israel, or among Orthodox Jews anywhere. Christ, for a further example, selected twelve apostles, and the apostles were men."

As the months went by, an increasing number of women in the Church were protesting what they referred to as their inferior status. The Chicago-based National Coalition of American Nuns, which claims a membership of two thousand of a total of a hundred and fourteen thousand Catholic women religious in the United States, pointed out in its January, 1986, newsletter that it had first called for the ordination of women in 1970. Seventeen years later, it noted, "Catholic women in unprecedented numbers are enrolled in seminaries and schools of theology." The newsletter continued,

This causes joy and strengthens our courage because women were thus admitted to graduate theology schools less than fifty years ago. . . . Now, close to fifty years later, we see that women have achieved excellence in their theology and Scripture studies in many seminaries. They have attained academic scholarship and have been an example to the men enrolled in the same studies. Upon earning a master's degree, however, the men go on to ordina-

tion and the women, barred from Orders because of sex, have to search for modest positions in parishes which oftentimes do not want them and most of the time are unable, they say, to pay even subsistence salary.

We women of the Catholic community do not seek jurisdiction over the male-church power estate. In asking for ordination, we seek only to preach, to administer the sacraments, and to teach the Gospel to the poor. We remind our churchmen that many of the faithful are not hearing the Good News because there are not enough ordained ministers. There are those [without priests], for example, in nursing homes, refugee camps, prisons, hospitals for the physically and mentally ill, public housing developments...

The acute dissatisfaction of the National Coalition of American Nuns is widely shared, I found in reading Catholic publications and talking to Catholic women, lay as well as religious. In a conversation with O'Connor after he became a Cardinal, I asked him again about this deepening division in the Church. It was late afternoon, and he was visibly tired. He had a bad cold, but had refused to cancel any of his appointments in a tight schedule that had started early in the morning. With his director of communications, Father (now Monsignor) Peter Finn, and another priest, he sat sipping tea, in the small room used for interviews at the Catholic Center.

"It's a very difficult question," the Cardinal replied. "Very difficult. And it keeps coming up. I had three hours with, I think, forty-two women religious this morning, representing ten different communities. And I had a group like that two weeks ago. There'll be two more next week. We talk about many things, but some of the women have this strong feeling about ordination. And some"—he smiled—"have a strong feeling that I should go back to Scranton."

I said that some of the resentment on the part of women I had met arose not only in connection with ordination but also from such lesser but wounding forms of exclusion as the refusal of bishops to allow girls to serve at the altar at Mass, Vespers, and other forms of worship. Even Joseph Cardinal Bernardin of Chicago, considered one of the more liberal members of the American hierarchy, had said that the tradition of forbidding girls to serve at Mass in his archdiocese would be observed.

"I don't see that as by any means a crucial problem," the Cardinal said with some irritation.

"There are women who see the

banning of an altar girl as a symbol," I said.

"I recognize that," the Cardinal replied. "Currently, the discipline of the Church is that you can't have girls at the altar—'acolytes' is the correct term—and so long as that is the discipline I won't do it here. But I would be willing to have altar girls as soon as the discipline is changed, and my suspicion is that it will be. But if that happens we ought not to exaggerate its meaning. If it's looked at as a step toward ordination, then we're just fooling ourselves."

The Cardinal started to cough, and Father Finn suggested that he might want to rest, since he was to deliver a lecture on Thomas Merton that evening at Columbia University.

The Cardinal waved the idea away, and turned back to me. "This gets complex," he said. He paused, looked past me, fingered the cross he was wearing, sipped some more tea, and sighed. "Could Christ have appeared on earth as a woman? Indeed, I have heard the argument that Christ will return as a woman. Could He have come as a woman? I don't know why He couldn't have. We do speak of God the Father and God the Son and God the Holy Spirit. God is all three and yet each is distinct. Yet, as we say this, we know that it is a very profound mystery, which we don't begin to understand." He was silent again. "It is conceivable," he resumed, "that the relationship could be between Mother, Daughter, and a feminine Holy Spirit, if you will, as a trinity. It is conceivable. But what we do say is that the Holy Spirit is the personified love between the Father and the Son. Each is equal to the other. The Father does not precede the Son, nor does the Son precede the Holy Spirit. They are distinct but not separate. The Son comes from the Father, and the Holy Spirit proceeds from both. Beyond this point,

we do not *understand* the Trinity. We take it on faith."

"But you do raise the possibility that Christ could have come not as the Son but as the Daughter," I said.

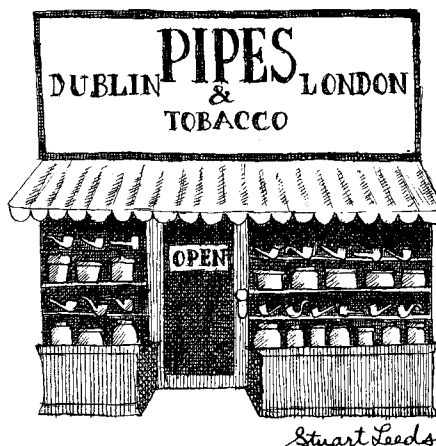
"Christ always referred to his *Father* in heaven. And Christ always spoke of Himself as the Son. Why would He have done that if there was any possibility that He could have been a woman and that God could have been either His Father or His Mother? This is where you run into a theological problem. You can't just wave a magic wand and say it wasn't so."

Yet since the Church does change, I said, was it entirely inconceivable that a future Pope might decide that the barring of women from the priesthood, having been based less on theological than on historical grounds, would no longer be Church doctrine?

There was a long pause. Father Finn and the other priest leaned forward. "How can I answer that and be quite honest?" the Cardinal said hoarsely. "This Pope will never change that decision. But a future Pope *could* announce that he is going to do something totally unexpected. But would such a thing, depending on what it is, be accepted by the Church? Might he even be deposed?" The Cardinal looked at me. "The Pope is bound in certain areas by divinely revealed teachings; that is, doctrines concerning faith and morals which have been defined by Popes in the past with the divine assistance of the Holy Spirit. Such teachings cannot be changed, because they are always true. They are infallible teachings. No successor Pope can do anything about them. For example, a Pope cannot say there are four persons in the Trinity. As for theological tradition, the Pope is pretty well bound by that. But is he bound by that in the same way he is by infallible, divinely revealed teaching? By definition he is not. Could he pronounce differently if he was convinced that his new position was theologically sound? I'd have to say yes."

"Could a Pope pronounce differently even if he didn't think his new position was all that sound?"

The Cardinal rubbed his nose. "I guess he could. A Pope could yield to political pressures. Popes have done so in the past." He looked at his hands, pressed his fingertips together, and said slowly and carefully, "What are we really talking about? I suppose we're talking about this: To my knowledge, it has never been infallibly declared that women cannot be or-



dained to the priesthood. There has never been a formal, ex-cathedra pronouncement by the Pope that it is infallible teaching that only men can be priests."

"So it is conceivable that sometime in the future women may be ordained?"

The Cardinal nodded, cleared his throat, and said, "Yes, it is conceivable. But, I remind you, not in the lifetime of this Pope."

A FEW days later, I talked about the pressures for the ordination of women with Eugene Kennedy, who is a professor of psychology at Loyola University, in Chicago, and the author of two illuminating books on the changing American Catholic Church, "The Now and Future Church" and "Re-Imagining American Catholicism." Kennedy told me that in the course of interviewing various bishops for the second of these he learned that when some of them had visited the Pope, not long before, the Pope had given them explicit instructions concerning their nominations of auxiliary bishops. "The Pope told them that they were not to submit the name of anyone associated in any way with any movement for the ordination of women," Kennedy said.

Not only women but a number of priests, too, have pointed out that the Pope's intransigence on this matter will worsen an already serious problem in the Church—a decline in vocations for the priesthood. Reverend Edmond P. O'Brien, of Holy Cross Church in Brooklyn, said at a conference called to discuss the problem, toward the end of O'Connor's first year as leader of the New York archdiocese, that the Catholic Church should learn from the Episcopal Church, which had been ordaining women for ten years. "They've got people lined up to be priests," Father O'Brien said.

In May, 1986, the *Official Catholic Directory* reported that the number of Catholic priests in America had declined during the previous year by a hundred and thirty-five. That left 57,183, but the figure included semiretired priests. There have been projections that by the year 2000 there would be only seventeen thousand active priests in the United States. Commenting a few years ago on similarly bleak findings of other researchers, *America*, a Jesuit weekly, noted, "For many, the obvious solution to the vocation crisis will come only when the patriarchal church revises its restric-

tion of the priesthood to male celibates. This is a position that must be seriously evaluated in the years to come, and it will be."

Cardinal O'Connor is deeply concerned about the problem. In September, 1985, he told a meeting of the Priests' Council of the archdiocese, "In 1965 there were forty-nine thousand seminarians in the country. In 1985, there are only eleven thousand. That is a tremendous, drastic, and radical loss."

I asked the Cardinal how this loss had come about, and what he thought should be done to reverse it.

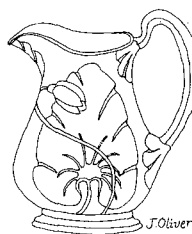
"During the past twenty years or so, it became very unpopular to be a priest or a nun," he said. "The Church was part of the establishment, and, starting in the early nineteen-sixties, any and all parts of the establishment were under fire. Vietnam intensified that attitude. We had the flower children and the yippies, the counter-culture and the so-called greening of America. All of it hostile to the establishment. A great number of Catholic priests and sisters left their ministries in those years. And many who stayed developed a near-passion for advanced degrees in secular disciplines. They became much more happily identified as clinical psychologists, for instance, than as priests or sisters. They didn't feel comfortable, they didn't feel secure, about being just priests or sisters. Simultaneously, many of those who were also teachers in Catholic schools were giving all sorts of signals to the kids, from the grade schools to the colleges. The kids got the message that they could do a lot more good in the world in ways other than becoming priests or sisters."

The Cardinal went on, mordantly, "There was another kind of signal. One day, Sister Mary Jones doesn't show up to teach her regular class in religion. She's run off and married Father Smith, who was teaching algebra in the next classroom. Worsening the situation was a critical strategic blunder that the Catholic Church made twenty years ago. We took all the challenge, all the hardship, all the sense of sacrifice out of becoming a priest or a sister or a brother. When I was a kid, there was an abundance of vocations, and, believe me, it was a hard gospel that was being preached. When you went into the seminary, the faculty let you know, without any am-

biguity, where you stood. Their attitude was 'You don't really deserve to be here, and we're going to do our best to prove you don't belong here and to get rid of you. But if you stick it out then maybe, maybe we'll give some consideration to ordaining you for the priesthood.' The discipline was stern and tough. Not all of it was good, because not all of it was internalized. But enough of it was. And you sure got the idea that if you wanted to be a sister or a brother or a priest you were literally going to have to lay down your life. Not just in some romantic sense of that term—like during an overseas mission—but in the daily drudgery of being a priest. In the realities of living in a rectory with people that you might not be temperamentally harmonious with.

The reality of going out on sick calls at three in the morning, and tramping hospital wards, and going in and slugging it out in a classroom day after day, whether it was teaching chemistry or geography, or whatever. And you learned that the so-called curate or associate in a parish got something like forty bucks a month."

The Cardinal smiled warmly at his memories of bleakness. "There was a shining star. Tough as it was in the production phase, and tough as it was going to be in the execution phase, you were going to become a *priest* or a *religious*. But then, twenty, twenty-two years ago, along with the rest of society, we started offering the world on a silver platter to those who were thinking of going into the priesthood. First, let me tell you more about what it was like twenty years before that, when I was young. The Maryknoll Missionaries put out a black-and-white movie called 'The Miracle of Blue Cloud County.' I even remember the name of the priest—Mark Tennien. I didn't know whether he really existed, but that's the name he had in the movie. They showed Father Mark Tennien going off to China and living with the peasants there. Initially, he was rebuffed, rejected. That was the cross he was bearing, and he was carrying it joyfully. That movie fired me up. Boy, I wanted to be Mark Tennien! But twenty years later what kind of films were we showing? A seminary with a beautiful swimming pool in it. I mean that literally—that's what we were showing. The dominant emphasis in our films of the sixties was 'What's in It for You If You Come



Into the Religious Life, If You Decide to Be a Priest?"

The Cardinal believes that the compelling spirit of Father Tennen can return. "I am naïve enough to believe that the average kid today still has deep within him the desire to sacrifice. I believe we all do. We all want to give of ourselves. We all want to be better than we are. I even think some of the kids who roam our streets vandalizing, marauding, doing far worse things, have the desire to give of themselves, and if you could get to that desire you could change them."

THE Cardinal's conviction that there is some degree of selflessness within everyone is rooted in his own history, from boyhood on. The fourth child of Thomas and Dorothy Gimple O'Connor, he was born on January 15, 1920, in southwest Philadelphia, a working-class neighborhood of Irish, Italian, and East European families. His older sister, Mrs. Dorothy Hamilton, has told the *National Catholic Reporter*, "We never had all that much, but he always seemed to be looking for anyone who needed help." She added that her brother would run errands for neighbors but would refuse any pay. As a child, O'Connor showed considerable interest in helping retarded children, and when he was ten he tried to defend a retarded girl who was being taunted on the street by a gang of boys. O'Connor went after one of the boys and, he recalls ruefully, was knocked to the ground. He was small for his age. His nickname on the streets was Shadow; to his family he was Jack.

O'Connor's father, born in Philadelphia, was a skilled painter specializing in gold-leafing—very precise painting of the delicately ornamented ceilings of churches and auditoriums. While O'Connor was still Bishop of Scranton, he recalled, in *Newsday*, watching his father at his specialty. "Did you ever see a goldleaf at work? He'd have this book of leaves, and he'd have a brush of extraordinarily fine feathers, and he had a full head of gray hair. And it was almost like lightning. He would tip the brush to his hair, and you could hardly see it. The static electricity would pick up his hair and pick the leaf off the book. . . . It's a lost art now, he was almost one of a kind by his day."

Thomas O'Connor was a man of strong and frequently expressed opinions, many of them concerning the rights of labor as these were forcefully

promulgated by Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, whose writings he knew well. His wife was a woman of extraordinary gentleness, as her son emphasizes whenever he speaks of her. While he was still a boy, she lost her sight, and her husband stayed home to care for the children. A year later, her sight returned. "She attributed her cure to St. Rita of Cascia, and afterward she made a novena at St. Rita's Shrine every year, having to take two trolleys and a bus to get there," O'Connor recalls.

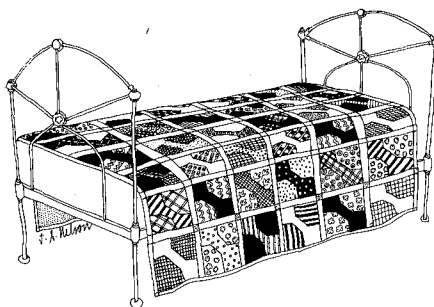
His mother's temporary blindness, O'Connor believes, greatly intensified his interest in the disabled—an interest he has continued to pursue, particularly with regard to retarded children. Almost everywhere he has been assigned, he has set up classes for retarded and other disabled children. O'Connor has said from time to time that he would have been content to spend his life working with the retarded. On the other hand, he has come to enjoy each new stage of his rise in the Church. When he was named Archbishop of New York, he said, "I love being a priest, and being a bishop ain't bad, either."

Growing up Catholic appeared to create no particular tensions in O'Connor as a boy. Quite the opposite: In a column in *Catholic New York* about his family life, he told of the warmth of the shared faith. "Good Friday was especially solemn for us. . . . It wasn't quite so much what we did as how we felt. . . . We knew that something dreadful had happened some 1,900 years ago, but we didn't feel sad so much as . . . solemn. I guess we didn't feel sad because we knew it had all turned out fine or there wouldn't have been any Easter Sunday." For Lent, his mother always gave up sweets. "I have known some big sacrificers in my day," the Cardinal wrote, "but when it came to going off sweets, my mother made John the Baptist look like a glutton for eating wild honey with his locusts in the desert. . . . Holy Saturday was kind of a day of waiting. Easter was already in

the air, and the fact that my mother was counting the hours before she could descend on a cream puff somehow did not really distract her from her deep personal sense of the Resurrection. . . . We were a ham-and-cabbage Easter Sunday family, with Colman's hot English mustard for the ham, and soft-boiled potatoes that were really soft and white. My mother would cook it all and dutifully eat her share before plunging into the dessert she had been sacrificing for forty days. Her joy was marvellous, and we shared it as a very real part of Easter itself." The Cardinal couldn't resist doing some preaching on the subject of his childhood: "I'm glad I was reared the way I was. Nobody ever told us we were being psychologically twisted and spiritually deformed by my mother's and father's old-fashioned ways of observing Lent. Perhaps if they had been more sophisticated I might be more liberated, and not believe a fraction of what I believe today, which is amazingly like what they taught me to believe when I was hardly a half-dozen years old. I suppose I'll always gravitate toward fish on Friday and the Stations of the Cross, and have a rosary in my pocket. And I will always feel awed by the Pope and even by my own auxiliary bishops."

O'Connor started his education in public elementary school and went on to junior high school. When he was thirteen, his parents enrolled him in West Catholic High School for Boys, and it was there, because of the teaching of the Christian Brothers, that he began to feel he might have a vocation for the priesthood. (Members of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, which was organized in seventeenth-century France to meet the needs of the children of the Catholic poor who were being denied an education, take vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and of service to the poor through education, and work as teachers.)

When O'Connor decided he did indeed have a vocation and told his parents, his father was disappointed, having expected him to help keep the art of gold-leafing alive. But in 1936 John O'Connor, with four hundred dollars from his parents for the tuition, went to learn to be a priest at St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, in the Overbrook section of Philadelphia. The discipline was strict and constant, and no student was encouraged to believe he would survive. Nine years later, a month before his twenty-sixth

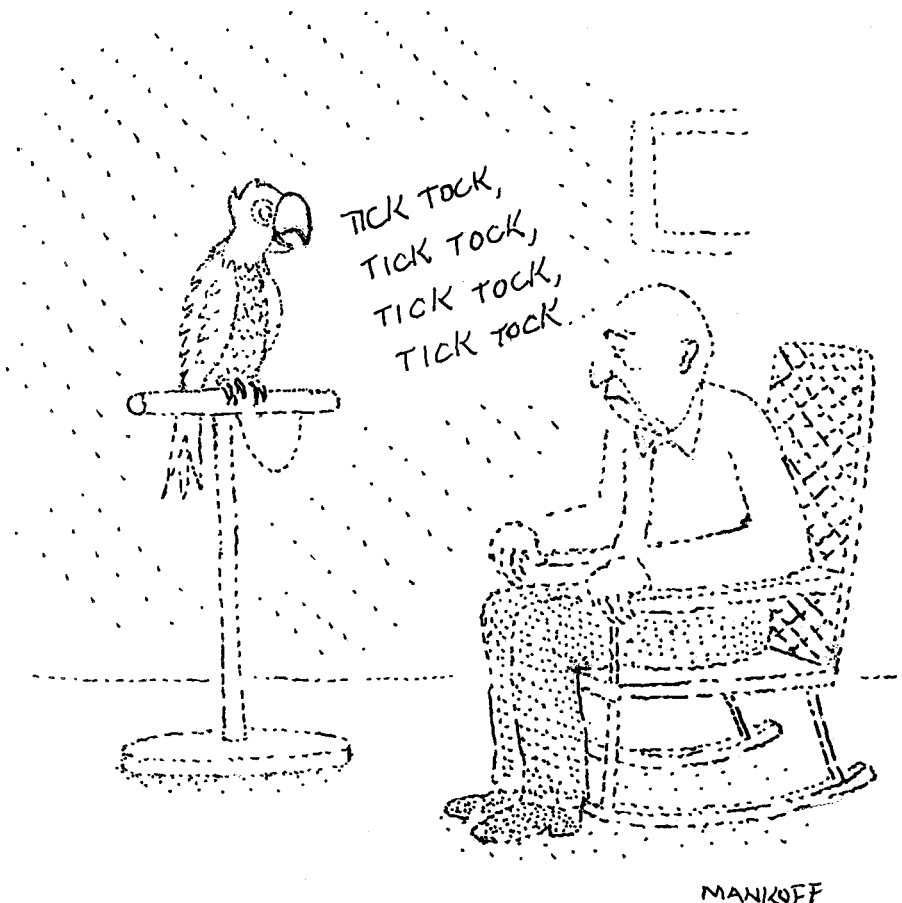


birthday, O'Connor was ordained a priest of the Philadelphia archdiocese. Over the next seven years, he taught at Catholic high schools, becoming a guidance counsellor; taught at a night school for adults; conducted two Catholic radio programs; worked in the psychiatric wards of hospitals; and taught the mentally retarded. At the same time, he was an assistant in a parish, celebrating morning Masses and, on weekends, counselling engaged couples and prospective converts. When John Cardinal O'Hara of Philadelphia started to plan a center for retarded children, he enlisted O'Connor in the project. The priest felt he now knew what he was going to be doing for the rest of his life, and he was pleased at the prospect.

WHEN the Korean War began, Francis Cardinal Spellman, of New York, the military vicar of the American Catholic Church, asked for more chaplains, and in 1952 O'Connor, with no great enthusiasm, entered the Navy, because there was a need. He came in as a lieutenant junior grade, and after assignments in Philadelphia, at the Naval Hospital and the naval base, he was transferred to the Destroyer Force, Atlantic Fleet. By 1955, O'Connor was a full lieutenant and was working as an assistant for moral leadership to the chief of chaplains, in Washington. After five years there, he moved on to a guided-missile cruiser, Canberra, for his first extended sea duty. In 1962, he was assigned to Monterey, California, as chaplain at the Naval Postgraduate School. There he lobbied successfully with diocesan authorities for the setting up of a program for the education of the handicapped.

In 1964, O'Connor was sent to the 3rd Marine Division in Okinawa, which was scheduled for combat duty in Vietnam. When the division moved on to Vietnam, O'Connor went along as assistant division chaplain. For the better part of a year, he celebrated Mass every day, sometimes under fire; comforted the wounded; counselled Marines having breakdowns; wrote to the families of the dead; and, on occasion, ventured into field positions where, until he arrived, there had been no Catholic chaplain. One such trip was described years later in the *National Catholic Reporter* by a Marine officer:

It was kind of funny. Father had been out to the 9th Marines, one of our divisions, and his driver evidently missed the



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turn. They had gone too far, the people were no longer waving to them. They realized they had made a mistake. There was no place to turn around, so they just turned the jeep a little bit when a sniper opened up. They must have been at extreme range, the bullets weren't quite reaching them.

The driver froze in his seat. Father had to go around, lift the kid out of his seat, turn the jeep around and drive back. We were eating lunch when he got back. Marines don't give much sympathy, and he was pretty rattled by then. We said, "O God, Father. We're over here trying to pacify the people and you're out there antagonizing them."

O'Connor wrote a book, "A Chaplain Looks at Vietnam," that was published in 1968. On the jacket he is identified as "Chaplain, United States Navy / Serving with the Marines." The text is a justification, moral and legal, for American intervention in Vietnam. The alternative, he wrote, would be "a Communist take-over . . . the frightful power of the uncontroverted 'war of liberation.'" Toward the end of the book, the Marine chaplain, sounding very much like Presidents Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, prayerfully quoted from a 1954 statement by John Foster Dulles at the 1954 Geneva Conference, which had failed to negotiate a lasting peace between France and the revolutionaries in Vietnam: "Peace is always

easy to achieve—by surrender. Your Government does not propose to buy peace at that price. We do not believe that the American people want peace at that price. So long as that is our national will, and so long as that will be backed by a capacity for effective action, our Nation can face the future with that calm confidence which is the due of those who, in a troubled world, hold fast to that which is good."

O'Connor came to have severe reservations about his book. "That's a bad book, you know," he told me during his first year as Archbishop of New York. "It was a very limited view of what was going on. I regret having published it." He did not, he feels, take sufficient account of the war's enormous cost in lives, resources, and the brutalization of some of the American troops. Nor was he aware, he says, that so many decisions concerning the conduct of the war were taken for political rather than military reasons. The Cardinal still believes, however, that much of the writing about the war while it was going on was biased, often deliberately, in favor of the North Vietnamese and Vietcong forces. He is quite gratified that some of those journalists have since admitted their partisan-

ship. In a 1981 book, "In Defense of Life," O'Connor took particular note of a change of mind by the French journalist Jean Lacouture, whose writings about Vietnam were often quoted by antiwar forces in the United States during the nineteen-sixties and early nineteen-seventies: "Interviewed in Milan's *Il Giornale Nuovo*, Lacouture states that he dissimulated defects of the North Vietnamese and withheld information because he believed that the cause of the North Vietnamese 'was good and just enough so that I should not expose their errors [or] expose the Stalinist nature of the [North] Vietnamese regime in 1972.'" The Cardinal has made frequent use of the Lacouture quotation, thereby bearing out the view of some of his admirers and detractors that while he is capable of admitting past error, or ignorance that led to error, he simultaneously holds as much of his previous ground as he can.

For his service in Vietnam, the chaplain received the Legion of Merit. In recommending him for the award, Lewis Walt, commanding general of the 3rd Marine Division, wrote, "It is my opinion that no single individual in this command contributed more to the morale of the individual Marine here in Vietnam than Father O'Connor, who spent the majority of his time in the field with the men." On returning to the United States, O'Connor was assigned to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, at Parris Island, South Carolina, and then to the Marine Corps School, at Quantico, Virginia. In Virginia, although he was entitled to officers' quarters on base, he chose instead to live off the base, so that people could come to see him without fear that their military colleagues would speculate about why they wanted to see the chaplain. Soon after he arrived, O'Connor started to search for retarded children on the base, having decided to set up a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine class for them. He was initially told that there were no retarded children there. He went ahead anyway, and Tom Mattimoe, a Marine lieutenant colonel at the time, now retired, told the *National Catholic Reporter* in 1985 of the day the classes for retarded children began: "I couldn't believe it. Honest to God, there were people coming out of the walls. People just didn't talk about it, I guess. I had friends who turned up with children who were retarded, and I'm talking about friends with seven-year-olds. He just brought them

all out. It was a very touching thing. They'd always been totally ignored any place I'd ever been to before. No one presumed they were around."

While at Quantico, O'Connor received permission to study for a Ph.D. in political science at Georgetown University, and while on the way to the doctorate he wrote a monograph, "The Professional Officer and the Human Person." (He also has master's degrees in advanced ethics and clinical psychology.) In 1970, he went to sea again, assigned to the Cruiser-Destroyer Force, Atlantic Fleet, out of Newport, Rhode Island. Two years later, he was appointed the first Catholic senior chaplain at the United States Naval Academy, in Annapolis, and in 1975 he became Navy chief of chaplains in Washington, with the rank of rear admiral. In that position, he travelled more widely than he ever had before—to Antarctica, the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, and the Far East, among other places.

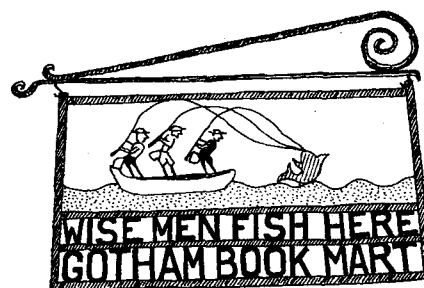
ADMIRAL O'CONNOR had had enough of the military service. He wanted to go home to Pennsylvania. "One afternoon in March, 1979, still in my Navy uniform, I had just come from lunch with John J. Krol, the Cardinal Archbishop of Philadelphia," Cardinal O'Connor recalls. "I was exhilarated, because of the conversation we had had. I'd told him, 'Look, I've done everything I've been asked to do, and I've tried to do all of it faithfully. And I'll do anything you tell me now, but I will be so grateful if you will let me come home. Not in an administrative or an organization job but just in a quiet little suburban parish. I'll go as an assistant for a year or two years, however long it takes to break in again.' And Cardinal Krol had said yes."

O'Connor went back to Washington, "absolutely euphoric." Two weeks later, on Holy Thursday, he was called to New York by Terence Cardinal Cooke, whom he had met a number of times during Cooke's mili-

tary travels as secretary to Cardinal Spellman.

"I had no idea why Cardinal Cooke wanted to see me," O'Connor says. "I was waiting in a little office at 452 Madison Avenue and when he came in I stood up. He said, 'John, you'd better sit down. The Holy Father wants to make you a bishop.' I guess I should be ashamed to say I burst into tears. They weren't tears of joy. I wasn't going to be able to go home. I had gone into military service only because of Korea. I never had any desire to enter the military. It seemed the right thing to do. But at the time I was working with retarded children, which I loved. And I was teaching, which I loved. Once I got into the military, the Church kept asking me to stay. So, twenty-seven years later, I had been so grateful to be returning to what I thought was going to be an ordinary life. I asked Cardinal Cooke why the Holy Father wanted to make me a bishop. He said, 'He wants you to serve in the military vicariate.' " The vicariate is a diocese, but it covers the world, for it serves Catholic members of the armed forces and their families wherever they are stationed. The head of the vicariate also supervises all Catholic chaplains. Cardinal Cooke was then in charge of that office, as his predecessor, Cardinal Spellman, had been. (Today the vicariate, renamed the Archdiocese for the Military Services, operates out of Silver Spring, Maryland.) " 'You do what the Holy Father wants you to do.' Six weeks later, I was in Rome being ordained by the Pope; and on June 1, 1979, after twenty-seven years in uniform, I retired from the military service." He was now auxiliary bishop to Cardinal Cooke. Because of all the years he had spent in the military, O'Connor was not well known in what might be called the domestic Church. In a couple of years, however, his name was quite familiar—and controversial—among his fellow-bishops, because of his participation in the drafting of a pastoral letter by a bishops' committee on what the Second Vatican Council had called "a moment of supreme crisis" in the human race's "advance toward maturity." The question before the committee was what the position of the American Church should be concerning the possession and use of nuclear arms.

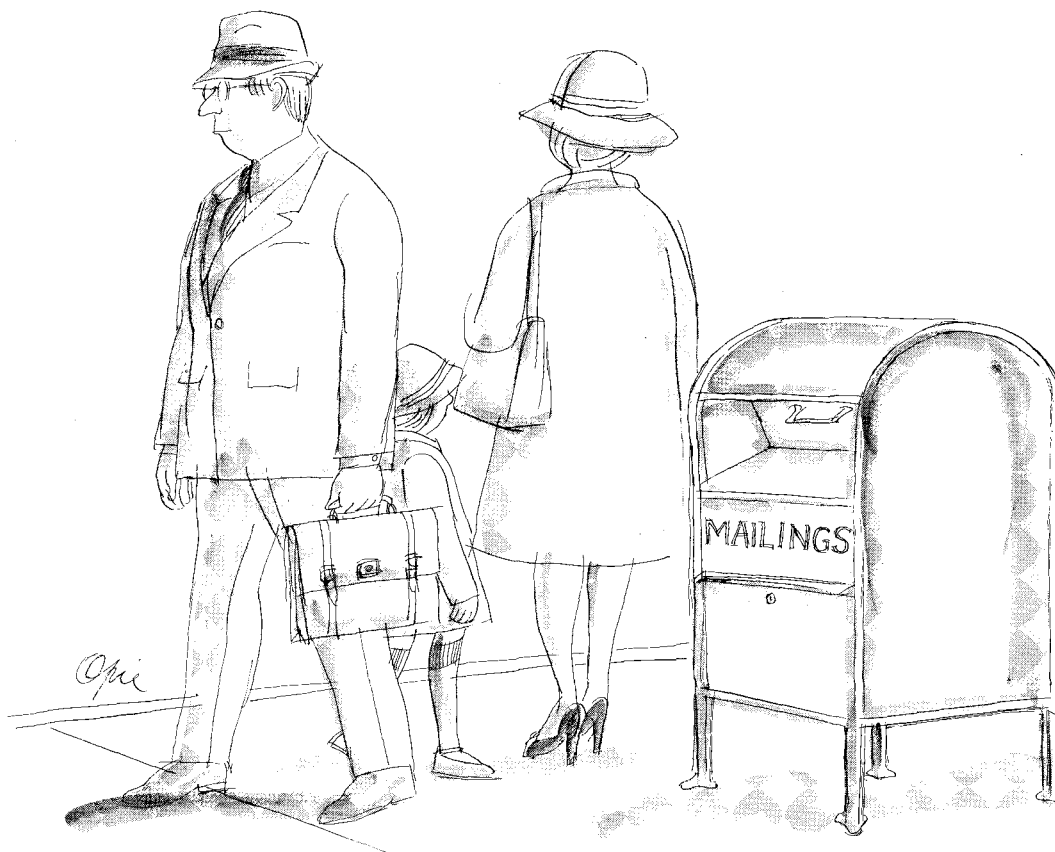
A PASTORAL letter is a teaching document, a communication to the faithful, and anyone else interest-



ed, by a bishop or a group of bishops. The subjects vary from matters of faith and morals to civil rights, health care, and farm policy. In the United States, the first pastoral letter was circulated on May 28, 1792, two and a half years after Pope Pius VI established the first Catholic diocese in America, the Diocese of Baltimore. In that initial letter, the Bishop of Baltimore, John Carroll, wrote about, among other things, the "Necessity of Vocations to the Priesthood." He hoped and prayed that "zealous and able pastors" could be found who were "accustomed to our climate and acquainted with the tempers, manners, and government of the people, to whom they are to dispense the ministry of salvation." And, as bishops have from time to time in

all nations, Carroll reported that he was saddened and angered by lax attendance at Sunday Mass: "Every inconvenience is not sufficient to exempt you from the obligation of attending at Mass on Sundays and other days prescribed by the Church. The obstacle must be grievous and weighty, amounting almost to an impossibility, moral or physical."

A hundred and eighty-nine years and many pastoral letters later, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops was faced with a formidable challenge—the writing of a pastoral letter on how to achieve peace in an age of nuclear weapons. In January, 1981, Archbishop John Roach, of St. Paul–Minneapolis, then president of the conference, decided that a committee should be formed to draft a statement on the problem, which would be debated at one or more meetings of all the bishops. Roach appointed as head of the committee Archbishop Joseph Bernardin, of Cincinnati, who later became Archbishop of Chicago, and later still was elevated to the College of Cardinals. Bernardin is greatly respected by his colleagues for his remarkable ability to orchestrate widely different views toward a consensus without any of the participants' feeling they have been steamrolled by the majority. In addition to possessing



seemingly endless patience, Bernardin speaks with great care. A Jesuit academician told me, "O'Connor often shoots from the hip, without a safety net, but Bernardin wouldn't even say grace without a text—and the most recently revised text at that." Bernardin selected as members of the committee Bishop Daniel Reilly, of Norwich, Connecticut; Auxiliary Bishop George Fulcher, of Columbus, Ohio; and two polar opposites—Auxiliary Bishop Thomas Gumbleton, of Detroit, and Auxiliary Bishop John J. O'Connor, of the military vicariate. Gumbleton was then and still is president of the American branch of Pax Christi, a Catholic organization one of whose priorities is the theology and practice of nonviolence; he is a pacifist. O'Connor had been in the military most of his adult life, and was still involved with the armed forces through his assignment to the military vicariate.

"I was billed as the Genghis Khan of the committee," O'Connor told me, with a rather pleased laugh. "The resident barbarian. The token militarist. All of us on the committee did have different experiential backgrounds, but, fortunately, we had Cardinal Bernardin and his great ability to ferret out harmonies where there might have seemed to be only disso-

nances. He kept bringing things together. It was difficult, for all of us. The two and a half years I served on that committee were fascinating, agonizing. The deliberations were often anguished. What we were doing was so important that we had to be absolutely honest with each other. And that would have been impossible without conflict, tension, misunderstanding, intense debate."

In a number of public statements during those two and a half years, Cardinal Bernardin tried to explain why the bishops were involving themselves in a question that one might have thought was up to the President and Congress to decide. Were they not directly engaging themselves in political matters? Bernardin noted that the issue is not only political but also profoundly moral and religious—and such matters are the very business of bishops. It is their responsibility to keep the dialogue open in the Church and in society on ways to reduce the danger of nuclear war.

"In the committee, our mandate was to try to do a complete reevaluation of war and the things of war," O'Connor told me. "We might then be able to contribute to a reduction in the possibility of war. We adopted as an absolute the teaching of Pope John Paul II that peace with justice is possi-

ble. That's what a whole lot of people have missed about the pastoral letter. We were all agreed that peace with justice is possible."

There was much disagreement, however, on how to arrive at peace with justice. Jim Castelli's book "The Bishops and the Bomb," based in part on the files of the committee, provides considerable detail on its debates and on the disagreements over successive drafts of the pastoral letter at the meetings of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. It also provides a sense of the continuing debate in parishes around the country:

In Portsmouth, Virginia, 277 members of the three-hundred-family Holy Angels Church signed an open letter to Congress urging "the unilateral destruction of our nuclear arsenal." The parish was no doubt influenced by the rhetoric of Bishop Walter Sullivan, who gave a speech in at least eight places in the Richmond diocese arguing that if it's immoral to use nuclear weapons, it's immoral to possess them, and therefore "it's immoral to produce them or be associated with them."

Sullivan's rhetoric prompted a letter from Bishop O'Connor to the *Norfolk Ledger-Star* challenging his conclusions. "I know of nothing in official church teaching that suggests that our military people are engaged in immoral activities in carrying out their responsibilities," he said, arguing that "it could be immoral" for a government to disarm unilaterally if it left the nation vulnerable. The Richmond Priests' Senate responded with a resolution backing Sullivan.

IN the four years since the bishops' committee ended its deliberations on nuclear arms, there has been an impression, particularly among liberal Catholics, that O'Connor was indeed the unswerving Genghis Khan of the group, and in "The Bishops and the Bomb" he is portrayed much of the time as the unofficial representative of the Reagan Administration on the committee. (For one thing, O'Connor consulted privately with Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger between sessions of the committee.) Yet Castelli also notes that the position of the bishop from the military vicariate was sometimes unpredictable. One of the experts who came to talk to the five bishops was Harold Brown, who had been Secretary of Defense in the Carter Administration. After Brown described the destruction that can be caused by various missile systems, O'Connor asked, "Aren't we really talking about rationalizing insanity?" There was silence. Then Brown said, "Yes."

It was O'Connor who wrote the first draft of a section addressed to

Catholics who work on the manufacture of nuclear weapons: "We cannot at this time require Catholics who manufacture nuclear weapons, sincerely believing they are enhancing a deterrent capability and reducing the likelihood of war, to leave such employment. Should we become convinced that even the temporary possession of such weapons may no longer be morally tolerated, we would logically be required to consider immoral any involvement in their manufacture. All Catholics in weapons industries should evaluate their activities on a continuing basis, forming their consciences in accordance with the general principles enunciated in this pastoral letter."

The final version of this section, as it was worked out by the committee, recognizes "the possibility of diverse concrete judgments being made in this complex area," and goes on, "Those who in conscience decide that they should no longer be associated with defense activities should find support in the Catholic community. Those who remain in these industries or earn a profit from the weapons industry should find in the Church guidance and support for the ongoing evaluation of their work."

If O'Connor was not Genghis Khan throughout the deliberations, however, he was resolutely resistant to any language that might be taken to mean condemnation of any defensive use of nuclear weapons. He noted in a section of a draft he wrote, "The danger of escalation and the uncontrollability that goes with it clearly makes offensive nuclear warfare immoral, but it is not at all clear that such danger outlaws a nuclear defense against nuclear aggression. Or if it does that, it would outlaw an effective defense with conventional weapons as well, since

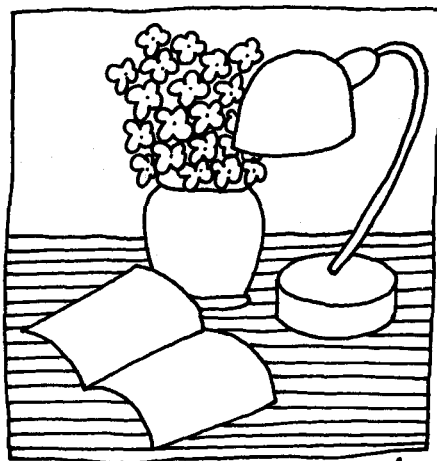
this would provoke a continuation of the nuclear attack, the danger of escalation, etc. The only alternative would be obligatory surrender. Besides being highly questionable, this would make papal... insistence on the right to self-defense meaningless."

The majority of the committee rejected a majority of O'Connor's proposals and changes, but he won a significant one-word change in language in the third draft of the pastoral letter. He objected strenuously to a call in the second draft for a "halt" to the testing, production, and deployment of new nuclear weapons systems. That would be a freeze. O'Connor insisted that "halt" be changed to "curb," because the stronger language would rule out the possible development of safer, smaller, and more reliable nuclear weapons, which could be used, if it became absolutely necessary, in self-defense without creating uncontrollable devastation. After all, the Second Vatican Council had declared, "As long as the danger of war persists and there is no international authority with the necessary competence and power, governments cannot be denied the right of lawful self-defense, once all peace efforts have failed."

In committee, O'Connor prevailed on that point, because Cardinal Bernardin and the other bishops wanted to present a consensus report to the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. "Curb" seemed to be O'Connor's sticking point: if "halt" was not changed to "curb," he might well file a dissenting report.

The third draft of the pastoral letter contained a statement of a nation's right to self-defense, which "includes defense by armed force if necessary as a last resort." Using nuclear weapons against civilians, however, was condemned. And, in a sentence written by Bishop O'Connor, the draft stated, "It would be a perverted political policy or moral casuistry which tried to justify using a weapon which 'indirectly' or 'unintentionally' killed a million innocent people because they happened to live near a 'militarily significant target.'"

The five bishops stated in their third draft, "We abhor the concept of initiating nuclear war on however restricted a scale," and "resist" the deployment of possible first-strike weapons. The second draft had used "oppose" instead of "resist." The substitution of the somewhat weaker word represented another of O'Connor's few victories in committee.



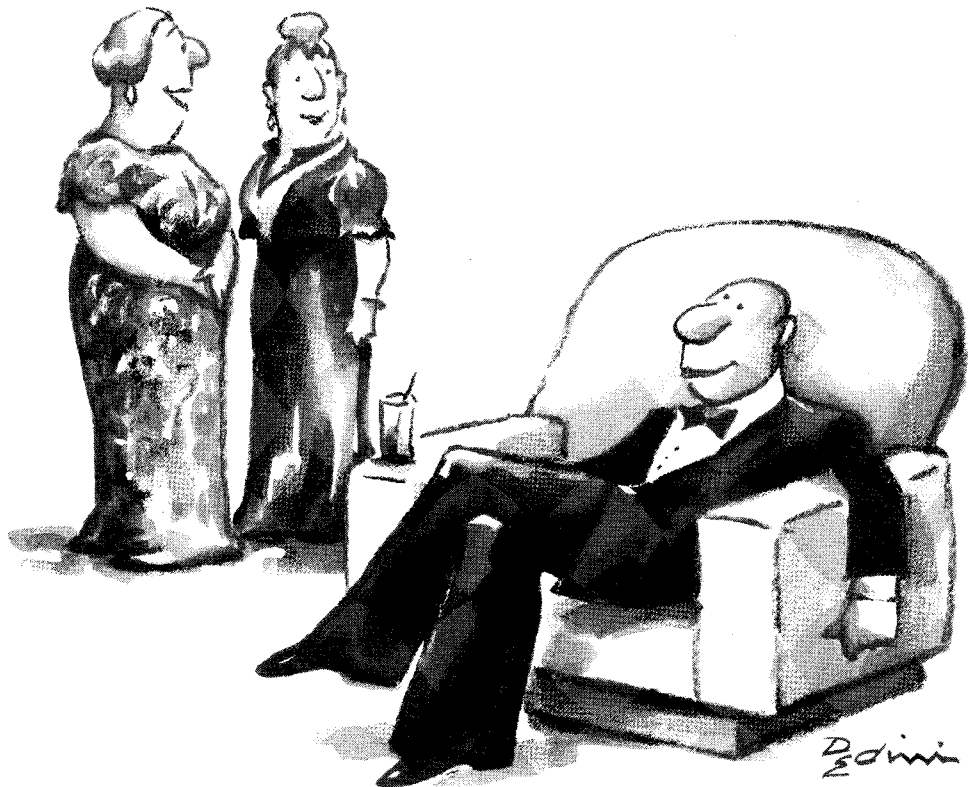
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Press coverage of the third draft focussed on his more substantive victory—the change from “halt” to “curb.” The Reagan Administration, which had been apprehensive about the pastoral letter and had made available a number of its officials to consult with the drafting committee, now declared itself considerably less apprehensive. A headline in the *Times* on April 7, 1983, said “ADMINISTRATION HAILS NEW DRAFT OF ARMS LETTER—SAYS BISHOPS ‘IMPROVED’ THE NUCLEAR STATEMENT.” Some prominent conservative Catholic laymen also celebrated the “improvement.” Representative Henry Hyde, of Illinois, sent a letter to his colleagues in the House in opposition to a nuclear-freeze resolution, pointing to such newspaper headlines as the *Baltimore Sun*’s “BISHOPS BACK OFF FREEZE IDEA,” and claiming that “the Roman Catholic Bishops have refused to endorse the nuclear-arms freeze.”

The drafting committee met again, to consider additional amendments. They were aware that a growing number of bishops around the country were uneasy at the press’s interpretation of the shift from “halt” to “curb.” At last, during this committee meeting, Cardinal Bernardin said, “I’ve been defending ‘curb’ for three weeks now, and I don’t know about you, but I’m ready to go back to ‘halt.’” The change was so moved, and the vote was four to one, with O’Connor dissenting.

When all the Bishops assembled in Chicago on Sunday, May 1, the “curb”-versus-“halt” question was debated on the afternoon of the second day. Immediately after O’Connor spoke for his position, he was undercut by one of the most respected of the bishops, the conservative, often autocratic John Cardinal Krol, of Philadelphia. With characteristic crispness, Krol said that since the Church’s hope and intention were the eventual elimination of all nuclear weapons—not just a reduction in their number—“halt” was clearly the more accurate reflection of the Church’s position. There was no official tally of the subsequent vote on whether “curb” or “halt” would prevail, but O’Connor was defeated by a margin of at least ten to one.

Later in the debate, an amendment proposed by John Quinn, Archbishop of San Francisco, was passed, registering another setback for O’Connor: “We judge that resort to nuclear weapons to counter a conventional at-



“Conrad is so much happier now that he’s put everything in storage.”

tack is morally unjustifiable.” Not only is offensive nuclear warfare immoral but so is the use of nuclear weapons in self-defense against a conventional attack, no matter how overwhelming the enemy’s forces.

What may have been both the most provocative comment and the one most relevant to a conference of bishops had been offered during the debate on the second draft of the letter, in November, 1982, by Raymond Hunthausen, Archbishop of Seattle: “We acknowledge in the draft that peace is a gift from God. How then can we accept a strategy which makes nuclear weapons ‘the absolute basis’ for our security? That’s idolatry.”

When the time came for the final vote to be taken, it was clear that a number of the bishops not only opposed any use of nuclear weapons but also had serious doubt that it was possible to morally justify the possession of them. The bishops were not ready, however, to call for an end to the concept and practice of nuclear deterrence. Instead, the pastoral letter, “The Challenge of Peace: God’s Promise and Our Response,” as it was approved by a vote of two hundred and thirty-eight to nine, went no further than “a strictly conditioned moral acceptance of nuclear deterrence.” The

bishops immediately added, “We cannot consider it adequate as a long-term basis for peace.”

While nuclear deterrence was being grudgingly accepted, the final version of the letter opposed under any circumstances the use of any kind of weapon against predominantly civilian targets. It also stated, “We do not perceive any situation in which the deliberate initiation of nuclear war, on however restricted a scale, can be morally justified. [We] support . . . immediate, bilateral, verifiable agreements to halt the testing, production, and deployment of new nuclear weapons systems. . . . In the words of our Holy Father, we need a ‘moral about-face.’ The whole world must summon the moral courage and technical means to say no to nuclear conflict; no to weapons of mass destruction; no to an arms race which robs the poor and the vulnerable; and no to the moral danger of a nuclear age which places before humankind indefensible choices of constant terror or surrender. Peacemaking is not an optional commitment. It is a requirement of our faith. We are called to be peacemakers, not by some movement of the moment, but by our Lord Jesus. The content and context of our peacemaking is set not by some political agenda or ideological pro-

gram, but by the teaching of His Church."

"The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response" received more attention than any other pastoral letter in the history of the American Catholic Church. The statement was a direct criticism of the United States government's position on nuclear arms. The London *Tablet*, a weekly Catholic magazine, observed, "They have confronted the biggest issue of the times, withstood political and ideological pressures of the most intense kind and forthrightly specified how Catholics should approach the issues of nuclear war and work for a peace which is more than a balance of terror."

THERE was an additional, deeper significance in the American bishops' having approved a document that put them at odds not only with the Administration but also with a majority of the American people, who strongly believe in the deterrent value and the necessity of nuclear arms. It is generally a belief that does not include such of the bishops' strict conditions as an end to the production of new nuclear-weapons systems. In a speech at the University of Chicago in November, 1984, John O'Connor, who by then had become the Archbishop of New York, talked of the historic dimensions of the pastoral letter on war and peace. He noted that Gerald P. Fogarty, a Jesuit historian at the University of Virginia, saw the letter "as ushering in a new era" in American Catholicism. O'Connor was referring to an article by Fogarty, "Public Patriotism and Private Politics: The Tradition of American Catholicism," in the quarterly *U.S. Catholic Historian*. The pastoral letter on nuclear arms "marked a departure from past practice of support for government policy and of silence on political issues, except those which pertained to education or family life," Fogarty had written, continuing, "Why the pastoral became so newsworthy has to be seen in part within the context of the long history of Catholics having to prove they could be loyal Americans. On the one hand, so great was the suspicion of Catholics that they had to show their patriotism by participating in the nation's wars. On the other hand, in times of peace, the bishops and clergy tended to keep religion a private matter and not to speak out on issues which had become political. . . . In many ways, the bish-

ops' pastoral of 1983 was at least as important an event in the history of American Catholicism as the election of Kennedy. Not only were Catholics politically accepted, but they were also integrating their religious faith and concern with their responsibility for the total welfare of the nation and the world." As a contrast to the criticism of national-defense policies by the bishops in 1983, Fogarty cited Francis Cardinal Spellman's visit to American troops in Vietnam during Christmas in 1965. Spellman, paraphrasing the resounding words of Stephen Decatur, proclaimed, "My country, may it always be right. Right or wrong, my country."

Archbishop O'Connor, in his speech at the University of Chicago and in later conversations, said that working on the pastoral letter had been of historic significance to him personally. He had learned a great deal. He had been forced to think hard about Church teachings in relation to nuclear arms, about Church involvement in politics, and about his own capacities for change. Of the Church and American politics, O'Connor said in the Chicago speech that many of the bishops' recommendations in the pastoral letter "are explicitly based on the Gospels and on Church teaching." He went on:

In other words, they are "religious." Was the entry into the political arena difficult? Quite; indeed, quite painful. Could [the bishops], should they, have remained mute? In my judgment, and apparently in the judgment of the overwhelming majority of bishops, to do so would have been inordinately irresponsible.

Recently, the famous Church historian, Monsignor John Tracy Ellis, quoted the pope he calls one of the most otherworldly (read, least "political") of modern pontiffs, Pope Pius X: "We are forced to deal with politics because the Pontifex Maximus, invested by God with this highest of offices, does not have the right to divorce politics from the realm of faith and morals." It seems to me that if the pastoral letter on war and peace may be used as a criterion, the bishops of the United States, *mutatis mutandis*, appear convinced that they do not have the right to divorce politics from the realm of faith and morals. . . .

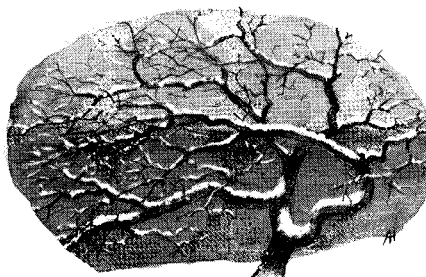
The bishops speak because they cannot remain silent: the evil and danger of nuclear proliferation and the lurking possibility of nuclear war involve our nation

in decisions that transcend the military and political. Fundamental moral choices are at stake and these choices must be informed by rational moral discourse, given the numbing awareness that "we are the first generation since Genesis with the power virtually to destroy God's creation."

O'Connor told his audience that another five-man committee of bishops was working on a pastoral letter on Catholic social teaching and the United States economy. It was already evident that the letter's focus would be on economic justice. O'Connor predicted, "The bishops will once again be enjoined to stay in their churches and negotiate with the angels, leaving the daily issues of life and death, such as starvation in Ethiopia, abortion, nuclear war, and the arms race, to those presumably better equipped to manage such matters, and at least secular enough to be 'objective' about them. I cannot imagine the bishops or their coreligionists of other persuasions doing so, whatever the criticism."

FOR all his dissents in the committee and his objections during the debates when all the bishops were present, O'Connor had voted for the final document, and he went on to endorse the pastoral letter vigorously. For two and a half years, he had been exposed to a much wider range of people than he had been during his many years in the service. The committee had heard experts in foreign policy, defense policy, and political science. The Secretary of Defense had met with the committee, and so had members of the State Department and the National Security Council; but also bearing witness before the five bishops were practitioners of nonviolent resistance, including a mother of six who was under a two-year suspended sentence for an anti-nuclear action.

"We read articles from journals almost as they were coming off the press," O'Connor told me. "We were in contact with bishops in various parts of the world, with the Holy See, and, above all, with one another. We prayed together, we talked together, and tempers—usually mine—would flare. We did finally achieve a balanced document. The way we were able to do it was through the device of the three categories of moral authority. By the time we were working on the third draft, we had come to agree on using those categories. First, there is natural law, or universal moral



principles that are written in the hearts of human beings everywhere. People are bound in conscience to adhere to that which is inherent in natural morality, whether the Catholic Church has spoken or not. For example, judgments at Nuremberg were based not on written law but on universal moral principles. Then there is the formal teaching of the Catholic Church over the course of the centuries. What did the Second Vatican Council teach? What do bodies of bishops teach? These are considered official Catholic Church teaching. Third, there is a broad area that we call prudential moral judgment. And from Day One my problem in the committee was that I could never have supported a document that implied in any way that what we eventually came to recognize as a prudential moral judgment was either formal Church teaching or inherent in universal moral law."

I asked the Cardinal for a specific example of prudential moral judgment, as opposed to a judgment that would be binding on Catholics.

He replied, "The universal moral law and the Church both teach that you may never, under any circumstances, attack innocent human beings, noncombatants. That is of a totally different order from saying, 'After studying this to the best of our ability and admitting we are not military strategists or tacticians, we do not feel that troops should be stationed five miles from anybody else's border.' That's a prudential moral judgment, and dissent from it by Catholics is entirely legitimate. Those judgments are not binding in conscience, but Catholics should give them serious attention. No first use of nuclear weapons is another example of a prudential moral judgment. It is not official Catholic teaching. It is the moral judgment of the majority of the American bishops, and no Catholic may dismiss it lightly. Once the differentiation between these three categories was applied to our letter, I was able to support it."

O'Connor still, however, had certain reservations, he said. In May, 1983, at the final meeting of all the bishops to discuss and vote on the third draft, O'Connor proposed a number of changes in the document. He was voted down on most of them, but he planned to give a speech on several he thought especially critical. It was to have been, he told me, an impassioned speech. But just before he was to speak

Archbishop Pio Laghi, the pope's representative to the church in America, came up to him, put an arm around his shoulders, and said, "I want to tell you that the Holy Father loves you very much."

"That's very gratifying," O'Connor said, "but I'm about to make this intervention—"

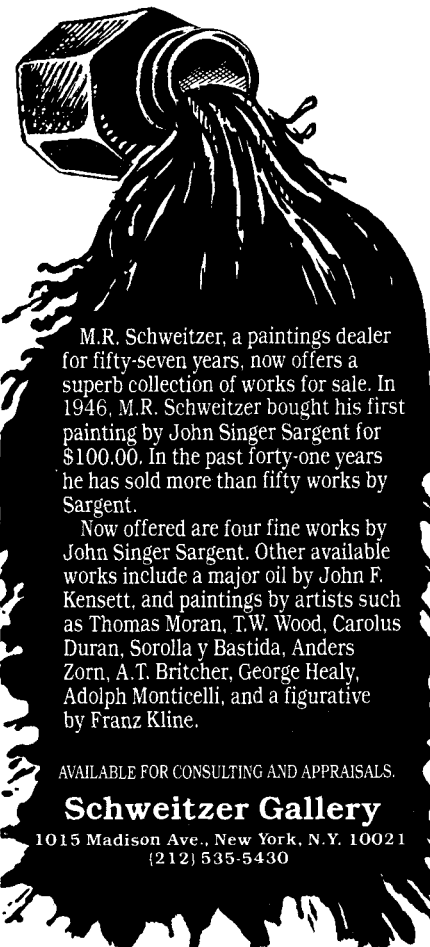
"The Holy Father has appointed you the Bishop of Scranton."

"I was absolutely stunned," O'Connor recalls. "Everything went out of my head. I mean that literally. I got up, and when I spoke I was a blithering idiot. All I could think of was: I'm finally going to be a pastor. It was a slightly bigger parish than I'd anticipated, but my roots were in Pennsylvania, I knew Scranton, and I was overjoyed. But my speech about the changes I wanted to see in the pastoral was awful."

O'CONNOR was installed as Bishop of Scranton on June 29, 1983. In September, he sent a letter, "First Impressions and Initial Observations," to all the priests in the diocese. The letter reveals a great deal about O'Connor—his priorities, his way of handling his authority, his definition of the priesthood, including his own.

His first priority, the Bishop of Scranton made very clear, was opposing abortion. In language that later involved him in extended controversy as Archbishop of New York, he wrote, "I will give no support, by word or action, that could in any way be construed in favor of any politician, of any political party, who professes either a specific pro-abortion position, or takes refuge in a so-called 'pro-choice' position. I categorically reject the evasion: 'I am personally opposed to abortion, but this is a pluralistic society, and I must respect the rights of those who disagree with me.'"

O'Connor also wrote, "It is absolutely essential that we assure a just wage for our teachers. I do not pretend to know at this time where the money is to come from, but I have very strong feelings on this matter." Until O'Connor came to the diocese, organizers for the union representing teachers in the Catholic schools had been coldly resisted by principals and pastors. In his September letter, Bishop O'Connor said, "I want to make it very clear that every teacher in every Catholic school must be completely free, without harassment or pressure of any sort, to join any one of



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the appropriate teachers' associations. . . . It would be gravely irresponsible for anyone to exercise harassment or exert pressure making it difficult for a teacher to join such an association. At the same time, I will categorically resist any pressure on any teacher to join any association or to be forced to pay dues or otherwise contribute to any association to which he or she does not belong."

O'Connor's concern for the schools in the diocese ranged from finances to the content of the courses (how Catholic were they?), and encompassed "small things that can reveal big things, such as the behavior of our Catholic-school students," he wrote. "It may seem trivial or old-fashioned to some, but I hope that our school system is such that if a sister or a priest walks into a classroom, the entire class stands in greeting. I hope that our school system is such that if a sister or priest passes on the sidewalk outside a Catholic school when students are leaving classes, they greet him or her respectfully. Are these things really trivial?"

His years of military service as a naval chaplain were reflected in this passage: "There can be no such thing as 'I will not accept that assignment.' Nor may any pastor arbitrarily say: 'I will not accept that assistant.' The priest who will not accept an assignment could find himself without any assignment. The pastor who will not accept an assistant could find himself without any assistant." While he would try hard to accommodate any priest with a legitimate complaint about an assignment, "we must not baby ourselves in this regard," the Bishop wrote. "We were ordained for the people."

Wherever O'Connor has been assigned, he has considered preaching a special responsibility. He told the priests of Scranton that he expected the same commitment from them. "I consider preaching our most important responsibility next to the offering of the Eucharistic Sacrifice itself," he wrote. "People plead for bread; we may not give them stones. Our preaching must be clear, it must be scripturally oriented, it must be intelligible and meaningful for the people, and it must be delivered plainly and audibly. The pulpit is not the place for theological speculation. Our people are crying for fundamentals." Furthermore, preaching must be "long enough to be instructive," he contin-

ued. "We must remember that, for the most part, our people receive *no* religious instruction except what they receive at Mass on Sunday. Too often, we let the schedule of Masses and parking problems determine the length of sermons. . . . Many of [our people] watch television by the hour. Why must we rush them out of Mass as though forty-five minutes were a sacred restriction? Can they really believe that *we* believe the Liturgy of the Word, or the Mass itself, is the most important action we can possibly perform—the very heart and soul of our faith—if we rush it?"

The new Bishop also had something to say about the kind of music that was being heard in the churches of the diocese: "Some of it is abominable." He was disturbed by the tendency of some cantors, or song-leaders, "to select responsorial psalm modes that border on the operatic, virtually unsingable by the people, and seeming to contribute little but a display of the cantor's vocal abilities," he wrote, "And while we are grateful to see that most 'folk-music' groups are appropriately attired for the sanctuary, we still note attire, here and there, which is more fitting for outdoor barbecues."

One of the first assignments O'Connor gave himself in Scranton was to make four half-hour videotapes in which he explained the newly published pastoral letter on war and peace, which called for a halt to the testing, production, and deployment of new nuclear weapons systems. "These went out over a regional television station, and they were made available to all our schools," he told me when I talked with him some ten months later. "That shows that I did indeed support the document. In clear conscience. I did insist, in Scranton and, later, in New York, that the pastoral letter be taught in its entirety, because all of us have an understandable tendency to lean heavily on those parts of a document with which we thoroughly agree. I've also insisted that the pastoral letter be taught with a very clear sense of the three categories it includes: universal moral principles, official Church teaching, and prudential moral judgments."

O'Connor's letter to the priests of Scranton also mentioned a historic appointment—that of Mary Ellen Keating as diocesan director of communications. She was the first lay woman

named to so high a position in that diocese.

O'Connor adhered to his pledge in the letter that teachers should receive a just wage. He did, however, make one promise in the letter that he did not fulfill. He said he would meet "individually with three priests, every Tuesday and Thursday, in my office," adding, "At this rate, it will take almost two years to see every priest, but I hope you agree that's better than never!" The Bishop could not fulfill that promise, because he was in Scranton only eight months. "I was very happy in Scranton," O'Connor told me. "Those are good, simple people." But one Monday morning the phone rang, and it was the papal nuncio, Archbishop Pio Laghi. "We were kidding around for about ten minutes, just laughing, wisecracking, talking about the weather, and he says, 'By the way, the Holy Father has appointed you Archbishop of New York.'"

There was a long pause. "Come on," O'Connor said. "Are you kidding?"

"I'm not kidding," Laghi assured him.

O'Connor was "traumatized," he recalled. "It was just like the time in Chicago. But to be Archbishop of New York? Cardinal Cooke had died. In fact, the last public event he had attended was my installation in Scranton. I had, of course, heard the subsequent speculation about all those big honcho bishops who were in line to be Cardinal Cooke's successor. Their names were in the papers all the time. But I really wasn't paying much attention, because I was so happy where I was."

I asked O'Connor why he felt he had been chosen over the "big honcho bishops."

He smiled. "Of course, we like to believe that the Holy Spirit has something to do with the appointment of bishops," he said. "Gee, if I didn't believe that, I wouldn't be in this business at all."

In addition to whatever role the Holy Spirit may have played, there were reports during the selection process that Pope John Paul II had a very definite idea of the kind of man he wanted as the new Archbishop of New York. Monsignor Florence D. Cohalan, a historian of the New York archdiocese and a close observer of the politics of the Church, recalls something he was told by close friends who visited the Vatican while the Pope was

making up his mind: that John Paul II had been heard to say, "I want a man just like me in New York."

"The Pope had seen O'Connor from time to time, and he remembered him," Cohalan says. "There are not many lions or eagles around these days. Many of the bishops are like second- or third-level civil servants. Social workers, actually. They wouldn't think of rocking a boat. They wouldn't know how to rock a boat if they wanted to. But O'Connor is strong. He's the kind of man who can say no and make it stick. That's one of the most beautiful words in the English language—'no.' The Pope saw that O'Connor was a man who could say no, and yes, too, and give reasons for both."

O'Connor recalled that he had also heard that the Pope was saying he wanted an Archbishop of New York like himself. "But no one in authority, and certainly not the Pope, has confirmed that that's what he said," O'Connor noted.

When I asked him in what ways the Pope might have felt that the two were similar, O'Connor did not hesitate.

"Obviously, I am perceived as being theologically very orthodox. And I am. There's no question about that. And the Holy Father is theologically very orthodox." O'Connor laughed. "That's what he gets paid to be."

Not surprisingly, O'Connor has been an unyielding public supporter of the Pope during the divisions within the American Church in recent years. The most widely publicized were caused by the Vatican's disciplining of Father Charles Curran, a professor of moral theology at Catholic University in Washington until he was stripped of his right to teach there in the summer of 1986, and the Holy See's humiliation of Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen of Seattle who was relieved of much of his authority in September.

Curran, in his writing and teaching, had maintained that the Church's opposition to birth control, abortion, long-term homosexual relationships, and remarriage after divorce should be less rigid. Hunthausen was charged with, among other things, allowing contraceptive sterilizations in Catholic hospitals in his archdiocese, permitting non-Catholics to receive communion at Mass while also allowing Catholics to receive communion at Protestant services, and giving permission for a Catholic homosexual group, Dignity, to celebrate Mass at Seattle's Saint James Cathedral.

"They are Catholics," the Archbishop said. "How could I deny them a church?"

Many theologians and members of the laity were volubly displeased with the actions taken against Curran and Hunthausen. Even some prelates—notably Archbishop Rembert Weakland of Milwaukee and Bishop Thomas Gumbleton of Detroit—publicly criticized the actions of the Vatican. And Bishop James Malone of Youngstown, Ohio, the outgoing president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, told his colleagues last November at the annual meeting of the conference that "no one who reads the newspapers of the past three years can be ignorant of a growing and dangerous disaffection of elements of the Church in the United States from the Holy See."

Throughout this often bitter debate, John Cardinal O'Connor has persistently supported the Vatican's actions and downplayed the divisions in the American Church, thereby greatly underestimating the depth of the dissension. "All of us," he says, "take those things far too seriously. After all, we have a huge body of bishops in the United States, and disagreements are very natural in so large a group, especially when it includes every conceivable temperament, background, experience level, and section of the country. Also, there are always tensions between Rome and the Church in other countries. There are always tensions between every headquarters and activities in the field. As the Archbishop of this huge diocese of New York, I would be shocked if every priest, every nun, every lay person agreed with everything I do. In fact, I think they'd be crazy if they did. There'd be something wrong with them because I do some dumb things."

"So you're always going to have these tensions, but I do not see them in the Church of the United States at this

stage as nearly so volatile as some people think."

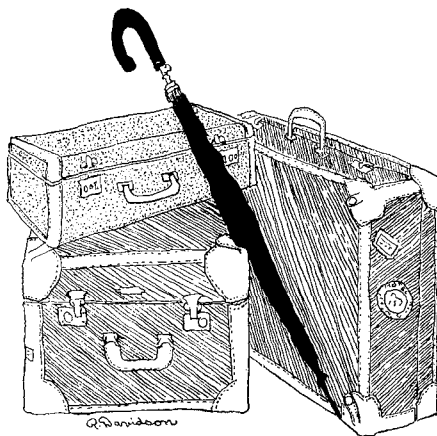
As for what he would call the stereotype of this pope's trying to crush dissent, O'Connor says that "rather than blocking our progress, Pope John Paul II is trying to pull us into the future by reminding us of the truth, which is timeless."

O'Connor does concede that if there are enough cries of alarm about the state of the American Church the Church can be damaged. "It can go through a lot of unnecessary turmoil simply by this constant insistence that the problems are very profound and that there is tremendous tension. But the Church will not crash. The Church is not the stock market. Peter is not the chairman of the board; he is the rock on which Christ has built his Church and not even the gates of hell will prevail against it."

The Vatican is well aware of the Cardinal's support during its time of troubles with the American Church. Last September, the *Times* quoted an unnamed senior Vatican official: "The problem with O'Connor is that there is only one of him. The situation in the United States would be different if there were two hundred like him." And the Catholic historian Monsignor John Tracy Ellis told me, "The Pope is very fond of O'Connor. Of course he is. Don't you think they're two of a kind?"

O'Connor is not displeased when resemblances between him and John Paul II are suggested. He did it himself when we were discussing the reasons that might have gone into his having been chosen Archbishop of New York.

"People say," O'Connor told me, "that the Pope is very much of a linguist. I fool around a bit with languages. He's world-class at languages. I can survive in maybe Italian, French, German, Spanish. I used to work at Chinese and Lithuanian and Polish, but that was just off-on-the-side stuff. I like to preach. I preach every Sunday. I preach every morning. I write all of my own stuff. That is, I write notes—I don't use a text when I preach. The Pope likes to preach. He preaches every Wednesday in St. Peter's Square, and I'm given to understand he writes his own stuff. He travels extensively as Pope. I have travelled extensively through the years." O'Connor made a tent of his fingers. "I think everybody knows I feel a sense of fierce loyalty to the Pope. This sense of loyalty is some-



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thing I was brought up with. Now, it's obvious that the Pope was personally involved in the selection of the Archbishop of New York, and that he would have clearly specified what characteristics he was looking for."

"Why is it obvious?" I asked.

"Because of the significance of the archdiocese of New York. Since he became Pope, he's been involved in the selection process for any major diocese that has been open. And he knew me. That is, when I first met him in Rome, on the day in 1979 when he ordained me bishop of the military vicariate, he seemed to know about me. I met him again during an *ad limina* visit to Rome. *Ad limina* means 'to the thresholds.' Every residential bishop throughout the world is supposed to make a visit to the Holy Father every five years to report on the condition of his diocese. I made my first visit, however, two years after I was ordained. All the bishops in the New York region were going, and Cardinal Cooke was very insistent that I go, too. On that visit, we all had lunch with the Holy Father. There were about a dozen of us. By accident or design, I was seated across the table from him, and he directed the conversation, the questioning, to me. He mostly wanted to know about the pastoral letter on war and peace. The committee was still working on it, and the Holy Father wanted to know what impact the pastoral letter would have on the Church and on the people. I gave him an essentially positive report. I did get to feel very embarrassed, because during an hour's lunch he spent forty minutes directing questions at me. The next day, after a session in which he spoke to us about the sacrament of penance and reconciliation, each of us went up to the Holy Father to shake hands. When I came up, he said, 'That was a very interesting discussion we had yesterday. I would like you to tell Cardinal Casaroli'—Agostino Casaroli, the Vatican Secretary of State—'what you told me.' I cancelled some other things for that evening and saw the Secretary of State, and I think I gave him, as I had the Holy Father, confidence in how we were going about writing the letter. I said there were things in it that wouldn't have been there if I had been writing the draft, but that any other committee member would have said that, too. I told him it would come out a reasonably balanced document.

"Now, did that conversation with the Pope in Rome have anything to do

with my appointment as Bishop of Scranton? I can only speculate. I'll tell you how the process works when a diocese is open. A minimum of three names must be presented, and they must have been cleared throughout the region. When it came to Scranton, for instance, Cardinal Krol, of Philadelphia, and all the other bishops of Pennsylvania would have had to review the names. If they approved the names, the papal nuncio would present the list to the Pope. I guess when the Holy Father saw the names I was still fresh in his mind, so that's how I got to Scranton.

"Getting to New York, however, was a different ballgame. I had not been back in Rome since that lunch, and nobody heard my name mentioned during any of the discussions, anywhere, about the next Archbishop of New York. Indeed—and this is going to sound pietistic—I would not have recommended me to be Archbishop of New York. I would have questioned whether I had the experience for the immensity, the complexity, of this job. I had lived four years in New York as Cardinal Cooke's auxiliary bishop in the military vicariate, but I was out of the city seventy-five per cent of the time. I sat with the bishops of the New York province in their meetings, but I didn't know anything about the administration of this archdiocese."

Two months after O'Connor became Archbishop of New York, he was in Rome, and he received an invitation to lunch from the Pope. As O'Connor came into the room, John Paul II greeted him with a broad smile. "Welcome," he said. "Welcome to the Archbishop of the Capital of the World!" —NAT HENTOFF

(This is the first part of a
two-part article.)

Last September we asked our readers to come up with a catchy name for the joint Koss/Digital Audio Awards, a new annual competition to honor the creative team (artist, producer, engineer) collaborating on the year's outstanding digitally recorded Compact Disc. You wouldn't believe the response—several hundred pieces of mail with some mighty clever titles.

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And the winner is... The Koss/Digital Audio Sound Excellence Award, submitted by Mark T. Heath of Northfield, Illinois.

—Digital Audio.

Now, why didn't we think of that?

THE THEATRE

Tous Les Misérables

LES MISÉRABLES," the British import (itself based on a French import) at the Broadway, is primarily a theatrical and musical event rather than a dramatic one. Although several stories are told—the major one, of course, being the pursuit of the ex-convict Jean Valjean by the relentless policeman Javert—the show is about the Paris underworld, the poor and the dispossessed in ferment, in the nineteenth century. The characters are clearly drawn and, for the most part, competently played and well sung, but, with an exception or two, they are dwarfed by the tremendous visual effects and, to a lesser extent, by Claude-Michel Schönberg's operatic score. A few facts, to start with: the show was written by Alain Boublil and M. Schönberg, and directed and adapted by Trevor Nunn and John Caird, of the Royal Shakespeare Company, who brought us the miraculous "Nicholas Nickleby" a few years ago. "Les Misérables" is no "Nickleby," and only partly because Victor Hugo was no Charles Dickens. The story begins in 1815, with the release of Valjean from prison (he had stolen a loaf of bread) and his being handed a yellow ticket by the vindictive Javert that will identify him as a criminal forever. The place is Digne. The action starts quietly (comparatively, that is): Valjean steals a silver cup from the bishop of Digne, is redeemed by the bishop's generosity in forgiving him, and decides to become a good man. From there, we proceed by way of a revolving stage and technical feats to the end. The narrative is complicated, but a synopsis provided in the program helps us to keep our bearings; it is also sad, and often grim, but there is some humor and spirit, too. The most humorous and spirited of the scenes takes place in an inn in Montfermeil run by a dreadfully wicked and corrupt (and funny) man named Thénardier (buoyantly acted and sung by Leo Burmester) and his equally nasty wife. When they and their customers sing "Master of the House" and the tongue-in-cheek "Thénardier Waltz," spirits rise. Near the end of the first act, a group of rebellious students mount a barricade and sing the rousing "Red and Black" and then "Do You Hear the People Sing?"

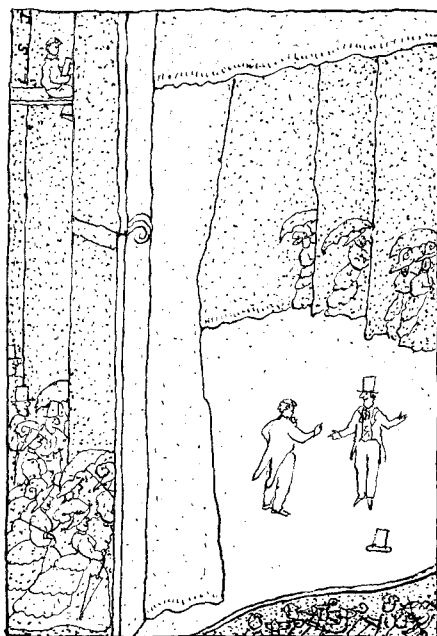
Even the best of these songs, however, are instantly forgettable. But the

scenery, as designed by John Napier and lighted by David Hersey, is astonishing. Indeed, the show could be said to be about the scenery, it so takes precedence over every other element. That barricade, for example—a great piling up of furniture and other objects—wheels in, half by half, from each side of the stage and locks in the middle; there is no more dramatic moment in the entire show than that locking. It's all like a movie, as one setting melts into the next, as one group of characters takes over from another, and as the lighting reveals mood and substance. The acting by the American company is, as I say, competent enough, and in some cases better than that. Colm Wilkinson (a holdover from the original British company) and Terrence Mann, as Valjean and Javert, make strong antagonists, and Wilkinson is an impressive singer. I also admired Randy Graff, as a pathetic factory worker; Judy Kuhn, as her lovely illegitimate daughter, Cosette; and Frances Ruffelle, as Mlle. Thénardier. A little boy named Braden Danner is irresistible as an urchin named Gavroche. And, having paid all these compliments, I must also say that I did not enjoy "Les Misérables." Again, comparisons to "Nicholas Nickleby" are inescapable; "Nickleby," using every theatrical resource, chiefly words and acting, brought the novel and Dickens' world indelibly to life as only art can do. "Les Misérables," while faithful enough, I guess, to Victor Hugo's in-

tentions, is just a matter of effect, effect, effect, instantly vanishing. Swollen well beyond its natural limits, it seems twice as long as its two-part predecessor.

I DOUBT whether I have ever seen a show more solemn or self-important than David Hare's cantata "The Knife," with music by Nick Bicât and lyrics by Tim Rose Price, at the Public. Its hero, an Englishman named Peter, with a wife and three children, feels that he is somehow the wrong sex (we have to go through a lot before he reaches this conclusion); a beautiful airline stewardess who loves him helps him to get a sex-change operation; and we eventually see him in a dowdy dress and high heels complaining about the "cruelty of ordinary people" (before his teen-age son puts a filial arm around him). The title song is sung by a surgeon in operating-room uniform, snapping open a switchblade knife. How tempting it would be just to skip the show entirely, not to mention the sentimentality or the lines that sound so preposterous set to music. But it can't be done. Mandy Patinkin, as singer and actor, gives the leading role far more than it deserves, and the same can be said of beautiful Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, as the stewardess. Cass Morgan is wasted in the role of Peter's wife. Come to think of it, a lot of other people are wasted, too, in the Public's usual elegant production. Among them are Hayden Griffin, Jane Greenwood, and Tharon Musser, who, respectively, designed the scenery, costumes, and lighting. Mr. Hare directed.

—EDITH OLIVER



At first his appearance was unimpressive; without being fat he was short and fairly solid, almost stocky, usually dressed in unremarkable grey tweed. It was when he was seated that one became aware of the nobility of his forehead, completed by the curve of his aquiline nose, on either side of which was a pair of shrewd, hawk-like eyes.—"Deceived with Kindness: A Bloomsbury Childhood," by Angelica Garnett.

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THE SPORTING SCENE

CHASERS

I HAD no intention of playing the horses on a recent vacation trip to London—my pursuits were going to be largely cultural. From a Cockney broker, I rented an apartment on Belsize Avenue, in Hampstead, and spent my first few days touring the museums nearby. I saw the fourposter in which John Keats slept, read the bad reviews of his second book, and marvelled at the elegance of his handwriting. Around the corner, I visited the house where Sigmund Freud lived for the last year of his life, and I learned from a tour guide that he'd been fond of such writers as Twain, Poe, and Anatole France. When I wasn't at museums, I was browsing in second-hand bookstores on Charing Cross Road, going to galleries, and attending concerts at the South Bank Centre. One Sunday afternoon, I heard a chamber group perform a spirited version of Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, and afterward, as I walked on a path along the Thames, I found this poem carved into a paving stone:

Enjoy thy streame, O harmless Fish!
And when an Angler, for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee out,
God give thee strength,
O Gentel Trout,
To pull the raskall in!
—John Wolcot, 1801

As you can see, I wasn't wasting my time. In fact, I doubt whether I would even have made a wager if, after dropping off some clothes at a dry cleaner's, I hadn't got caught in the rain on Haverstock Hill. I looked around for a museum, gallery, or concert hall to take shelter in, but all I could find was a Mecca betting shop. There are Mecca shops in most parts of the city, and they have distinctive green signs and opaque windows to protect their customers from prying eyes. Hampstead is a tony area, so I was surprised that the shop was crowded. I'd guess that about thirty people were studying the racing pages tacked to the walls. I recognized a butcher from down the block, two waiters from a Chinese restaurant, and an old man who'd once stopped me at the Budgen supermarket and told me not to buy any Greek vinegar, because it contained poison.

I don't know what the man had

against Greeks, but I can tell you that he had no qualms about endorsing greyhound racing, which is big business in England. To put it boldly, he was an absolute fiend for the dogs, and I listened as he lectured a friend on the importance of an upcoming event at Hove, where Ballyregan Bob, a champion hound, would try to set a new world record by winning his thirty-second consecutive race. An American, Joe Dump, was the current record holder, but Dump posed no problem, since he was retired to stud in Alabama.

Frankly, I was not a fan of Ballyregan Bob's. His picture kept appearing in the tabloids, and the efforts of the media to catch him "smiling" or "laughing" struck me as yet another perverse attempt on the part of the British to elevate animals to the status of human beings.

At Mecca, I found that the National Hunt season was well under way. Horses were out on the circuit, jumping over hurdles and steeplechase fences at such courses as Doncaster, Cheltenham, and Kempton Park, and I felt a keen longing to be with them. I'd gone to some of those courses during earlier visits to England, and I'd grown very attached to jump racing. I thought of it as a particularly unspoiled form of sport, rather pastoral in character, and smacking of the nineteenth century. If I closed my eyes, I could still get a clear image of the countryside, where jump-race meetings usually take place—I saw rolling hills, trees with their last leaves of yellow and gold, and orderly little backyard gardens.

In the morning, I bought a copy of England's premier racing paper, *The Sporting Life*, but the most fascinating story about jumping was in the *Times*. It recounted the strange case of Alex Whiting, a trainer whose horses were unable to win at his home track, in Nottingham. After much deliberation, Whiting decided to blame his great-uncle Cyril. It seems that Cyril had had his ashes scattered over the course—whether in despair or celebration nobody knew. Whiting engaged the services of Father Frank Shanahan, a Roman Catholic priest, and had him carry out a blessing. Father Shanahan sprinkled holy water near the finishing post, but two of Whit-

ing's entries still lost the next day.

I experienced a pang of sympathy for Whiting, since I have sometimes been guilty of blaming my bad luck on, say, creatures from outer space. Actually, when I stopped in at Mecca that afternoon, I believe it was a weird pull in the tide, on the coast by Bristol, which caused me to put a pound to win on Professor Plum, who is thirteen years old—ancient even by the lax standards of jumping—and in his last outing had finished seventh in a field of seven. This was a terribly sentimental bet, drawing its energy from a detective board game I used to play with my brother when we were kids, and as I listened to a broadcast of the race over the shop's loudspeakers I was sure that the Professor's dallying at the rear of the field was less tactical than geriatric.

But my afternoon did not turn out to be a total waste. One of the clerks at the shop told me that there would be a meeting at Ascot on the weekend, so in the evening I phoned some friends and proposed a Saturday outing to the track. I should have known better. My friends in London are all members of the political left, and they expressed disgust at the mere mention of Ascot and accused me of being a toady of the Queen's. I pointed out that we would be going to the humble jump races, not to Royal Ascot, which occurs in June; but they ignored me, and in the end I recruited just one friend, Dr. Andrew Moss, who claims to be only half English, and hence only half subject to the ordinary prejudices.

THIS claim of Andrew's is based on the fact that he has lived in California for more than twenty years, or almost all his adult life. He was born in Hampstead in 1943, and grew up in a left-wing family, but he met and married an American while he was a graduate student at the London School of Economics and moved with her to San Francisco. Although they are separated now, Andrew has stayed on in the United States, partly to be close to his three sons, who make him alternately proud and crazy. In spite of his early training, he did not become an economist. Instead, he drove a cab, played electric guitar, engaged in radical politics, worked as a book editor, wrote a novel, and then, somewhat

unaccountably, returned to graduate school and became an epidemiologist.

At any rate, Andrew was in England on sabbatical, doing a stint as an international expert on AIDS. From the start of the epidemic, he had been on the front lines, among the dying, and when I arrived at his apartment on Ascot Saturday I was glad to see that a break from the tragedy had already done him good. His mood was expansive. He'd earned some money as a consultant, and this had led him to buy a topcoat—his first—and a bright-yellow VW Rabbit with only a couple of dents.

We took the Rabbit to Ascot. The town lies roughly southwest of London, a few miles from Windsor Castle. Its racecourse was carved from a corner of Windsor Great Park at the request of Queen Anne, in 1711. That August, horses raced over it for the first time, competing for a purse of a hundred guineas and Her Majesty's Plate, which was made of sterling silver. Meetings continued on a regular basis until the Queen died, three years later—the day after her gelding Star won an event at York worth forty pounds. The action was sporadic for a while after that, but when the Duke of Cumberland moved to Windsor, late in the century, he revived Ascot, and it became a gambler's paradise featuring dicing, gaming, wrestling, and boxing in addition to thoroughbreds.

I always like to get to a racetrack before the first race, but Andrew was in no hurry. It didn't bother him that he couldn't find Ascot on his map. Broad in the shoulders and padded in the girth, he has a constitution made for lounging on couches, for idle strolls by the Thames and long conversations over coffee or brandy. As we crawled through traffic in Hammersmith, inching toward the motorway, he treated me to a series of autobiographical asides, showing me such Mossian landmarks as the former site of St. Paul's School, where he'd gone as a scholarship boy and been pushed

around by nasty little Nigels and Basils. I appreciated the intimacy, but I kept glancing at the clocks on church towers and chip-shop walls.

As it happened, I needn't have worried. We had no more chance of arriving on time than Professor Plum had had of finishing in front. We went too far on the motorway, and then got lost in a quaint suburb that seemed to consist of thousands of roundabouts. It was past noon when we finally saw a sign for Ascot, but instead of putting the gas pedal to the floor Andrew slowed down and looked disgustedly at several large mansions on the border of a wood that belonged to the Crown. Wealthy stockbrokers and attorneys lived in them, he said—men in bowler hats, who were perpetuating the evils of the class system and contributing to England's demise. I thanked him for the information.

We eventually found a parking lot not far from the grandstand. From there, we dashed along a lane that led past some brick duplexes, all with homey plaques hanging over their doors. What is it that compels the English to give names to their country houses, even the most modest ones? "Cottage by the Dell." "Hut of Utter Harmony." "Hovel in the Glade." Andrew wondered if grooms might own the duplexes, or exercise riders, or maybe lads who worked on the grounds; but I do not come from an intellectual tradition that requires me

to speculate on the purpose of every object in the universe, so I failed to pause and consider.

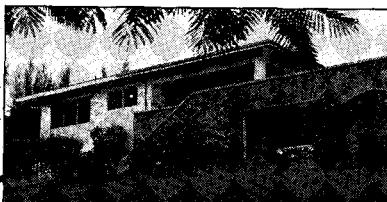
The stands at Ascot are divided into three sections, and we paid our way into the middle enclosure, between the lowly Silver Ring and the regal Members'. On entering, I heard some cheering and knew that the first race must already be in progress. This proved to be true, and we had to watch it on a closed-circuit TV. I was a bit upset, really, but almost immediately I forgot about it and got caught up in the sight of horses jumping over fences. The turf on the course was a beautiful green; the air was fresh and smelled of beer and pork pies; and I had a sense that I'd been delivered to the brink of a wonderful promise.

WINTER days are brief in England, and so are the cards at jump meetings. Andrew and I had only five more races on which to earn our fortune. From a vender, we bought programs, and I spent a minute looking at the cover, which reproduced a watercolor of a race over Ascot Heath, circa 1760. A huge crowd of people in fancy clothes were pressed right up to the fringes of the course, shouting and pointing as a black horse approached the finish, about five lengths ahead of everybody else. A few daring fans had climbed onto the roofs of carriages for a better view. In one corner of the painting, a gent in a frock coat lay sprawled on his back—a victim of drink or enthusiasm—and a peasant with a bundle of hay under his arm appeared to be thumbing his nose.

I opened my program to the pages for the second race and saw that they gave some handicapping information, as well as the usual data about jockeys, trainers, weights, and so on. Under each horse's name, in red type, there was a capsule appraisal of its record, along with tips on its condition and the sort of going—firm, soft, heavy, yielding—it preferred. Together, Andrew and I studied the material, and we agreed that we liked

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Nohalmdun, a five-year-old gelding whose owners had an obvious flair for puns. The Ascot tout assured us that Nohalmdun was a "very smart hurdler," and Peter Scudamore, the finest rider around, would be handling him. What else did we need? After placing our bets with Jim Fish, a bookie from Portsea, we went back to the grandstand to watch the race.

White railings mark the boundaries of the Ascot course. Rooks and blackbirds were flying over it, flapping their wings against a backdrop of cumulus clouds. From the winter parade ring, which is just below the stands, the jockeys took their mounts through a gate and onto the turf for a gallop. Nohalmdun looked trim and fit, and I felt certain that he wouldn't be inhibited by the distance—about two miles, which is as short as a race over hurdles ever gets. His jumping would not be a significant factor, either, because hurdles aren't as high or as rigid as steeplechase fences. If he made a small mistake, brushing one with his legs or belly, he'd recover in time to stay in contention.

But Nohalmdun turned in a flawless performance. He sailed over every flight, and when Scudamore urged him on in the stretch he accelerated and blew past the weary favorite, Barnbrook Again. So Andrew and I were perfect geniuses. Yet in the very next race our consensus was shattered, and I am sorry to report that the horse Andrew chose, Out of the Gloom, prevailed, in a much longer hurdles race of about three miles and a quarter. Why am I sorry? Because my friend was growing smug. A novice at the track, he had fallen into the trap of believing that handicapping was an easy way to get rich. Possibly no punter has ever been as brilliant as Dr. Moss in his moment of triumph, and he managed to save himself from censure only by buying a couple of bottles of light ale.

Such was his smugness that he read aloud to me from his program while we were waiting for the result to be made official. He'd found a page describing the Royal Ascot Meeting, and he wanted to share its procedural absurdities with me. For instance, to gain admission to the most exclusive enclosure, where the lords and ladies go, a new applicant has to write to the Ascot representative at St. James's Palace, in London, and supply the name of a sponsor who has held a Members' voucher for—program boldface—at least eight years. The dress

code was stringent, too. If a fellow did get in, he had to wear a military uniform or morning dress and a top hat; a woman had to be attired in formal day dress and a hat that covered the crown of the head.

"I guess that means no crowns," Andrew said, chuckling away. I suppose that his cavalier attitude toward royalty was a necessary by-product of his sabbatical. If his trip home had rekindled his love for London—which is to San Francisco as a novel is to a short story—it had also made him remember the injustices of the society in which he'd grown up.

As for me, I had nothing against the Royal Family. I'd even paid two pounds at the National Portrait Gallery to see an exhibit commemorating Queen Elizabeth's sixtieth birthday. The rooms were full of elderly men and women, who spoke in whispers and knew everything about the Queen, including her shoe size. The portraits were all very flattering, but I did enjoy one 1957 photograph of Lord Snowdon's. He'd put the Queen and her Consort on a footbridge, duplicating an old pastoral scene, and had them look down at their children, Charles and Anne, who were reading by a brook. According to a caption under the photograph, Snowdon had bought some dead trout to complete the tableau, but his housekeeper, Mrs. Peabody, had come across them in the fridge and mistakenly fried them for his breakfast.

ONE of the nicest things about jump meetings is that you can get close to the animals. We walked to the paddock before the fourth race and stood only yards away from an area where grooms were doing the saddling up. This was the day's feature—a steeplechase of about three miles that had a standard running time of six minutes. The horses had to go twice around a course that included a water jump, two open ditches, and seven fences. A corporate sponsor had contributed about seventeen thousand dollars toward the purse, and that had helped to attract twelve entries, among whom were some of the best chasers in the land.

I had an eye out for West Tip, a strapping gelding, who'd won the 1986 Grand National, at Aintree. This is jumping's most spectacular and historic race—little Elizabeth Taylor (a.k.a. Velvet Brown) once won it on her horse, The Pye, and raked in the profits for M-G-M. But

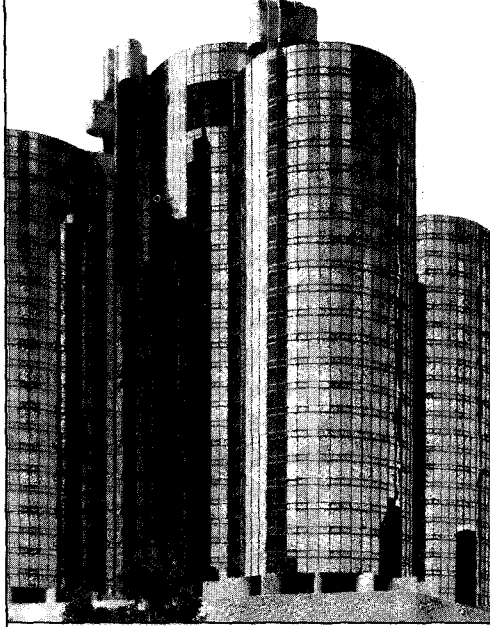
West Tip still had a big gut on him from a long summer of grazing, and I figured he would be slow to round into shape. He had an indifferent air about him, too, as if he wanted to be back at the barn with his nose buried in a feed bag, so I turned instead to Castle Warden, who was slender, genuine, and coming off a good win at Kempton Park. I couldn't bring myself to bet on Door Latch, even though he'd won this same chase in 1985, beating West Tip by eight lengths. For all his speed and stamina, Door Latch had a problem—he was a faller. In the Grand National last spring, he'd fallen at the first fence; and in his two most recent races he had also, as the program put it, come to grief.

Naturally, Andrew would not credit my selection. He had an idea of his own, fixed and immutable, and that idea was Bucko, a nine-year-old gelding from Ireland. I have to admit that Bucko looked splendid. His blackish coat shone in the late-afternoon light, as if it had been waxed. There was something dandyish about him, something to inspire romance, and as he pranced around and shook his head I could feel the fans near me verging toward a swoon. His braided mane formed a decorative ridge along the nape of his neck, and I am not exaggerating when I say that he had a habit of batting his lashes and flirting with the crowd. Yes, Bucko was our pretty boy—but he did have some substance. He'd won a recent chase at Haydock, his trainer was hot, and a number of experts picked him in their columns. The Ascot tout registered a dissent; he said that Bucko needed to improve to win in this company.

But Bucko was surely unaware of it. He showed no signs of intimidation, no tics or twitches, and he left the paddock so high up on his hoofs that he could have been tap dancing. And whom should he meet in the parade ring but the Queen Mother! Oblivious of the temperature, she was standing there in a simple dress, without a robe or an overcoat to keep her warm. She wore gloves and a picture hat, and on her face I saw exactly the same expression I'd seen in all the portraits at the Portrait Gallery. The Queen Mother owns a string of jumpers, but none were in the race, and it occurred to me that her presence in the ring could scarcely be interpreted as a good omen for Andrew.

While she chatted with officials, I went off to place my wager. In Tattersalls, the bookies were raising their

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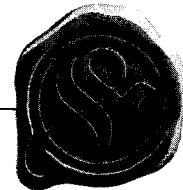


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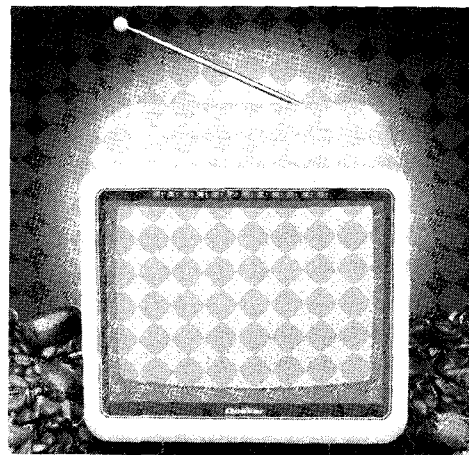


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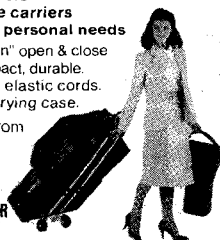
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usual ruckus. They chalked their odds on slates, and the odds kept changing to reflect shifts in the action. Castle Warden was hardening, or dropping down, from eight to one, and I got him at seven to one from a bookie in a dark-blue embalmer's suit. (Bucko was the favorite, at seven to two.) Every bookie prefers dour colors, hoping to induce a depression in his customers. Anyway, this bookie accepted my five-pound note, dictated the terms of the bet to his scribe, who had the crabbed posture of Melville's Bartleby, and then threw the cash into a leather satchel at his feet.

Ascot is a triangular, right-handed course, which means that horses traverse it in a clockwise direction. The start of a three-mile chase is beyond and to the left of the stands. There is no gate, so riders mill around, circling, looking for position, until the starter lowers the flag. Bucko didn't miss a beat. Andrew and I watched him roll out from the pack and take up a spot near the leaders, while Castle Warden lingered at the rear. They both jumped the first two fences easily, rising from the earth in an amazingly graceful way that struck me as incompatible with the species. Horses are not supposed to soar, but they do.

I'd neglected to bring my binoculars to England, and I soon regretted it. As the field crossed over the water jump and galloped into open country, I lost track of individual horses. I could make out shapes, but they were so reduced in size that differences among them were obscured. To follow the horses' progress, I became dependent on the Ascot announcer, who, as you might expect, delivered his call in an unemotional style. The lessons of history were in his voice; he could have been dispatching taxicabs.

Gradually, the field came back into view, passing the stands and readying themselves for another circuit of the course. Bucko was in the midst of the hunt, moving along in limber fashion, and he looked so elegant you would have thought he'd been engineered for this specific occasion. Door Latch was with him, and so were Plundering and Broadheath, but Castle Warden was still at the rear of the pack, running within himself, and probably in need of a lighted match held to his tail. I must have been squirming, because Andrew glanced at me from what amounted to a superior plane of being; and he might have stayed up there forever, I think, if something untoward hadn't happened.

This had to do with Bucko. Quite suddenly, as the field ran into the country again, he began to droop and tire. He resembled a person who's just received a dose of bad news. His body went into a slump, and the other horses went by him. He was too far away from the stands for us to witness his accident, but we got word of it from the announcer. "We have a faller, ladies and gentlemen," he said, without a hint of pity. "It's No. Eight, Bucko." Apparently, the horse had hit a fence with his legs and then had tumbled to the ground. It was remarkable that neither Bucko nor his jockey was hurt. I couldn't see the Queen Mother from where we were sitting, but I felt certain that she'd still have exactly the same expression on her face.

Andrew did not make a scene. There were no tears or shrieks. He crumpled his betting ticket and let it fall from his hand. Pretending to be a disinterested observer, above such concerns as winning or losing, he watched the horses enter the stretch. They had two fences left to jump. Door Latch was in front now, but he was puffing, and when he got over the first fence—barely, landing on wobbly legs—the crowd applauded him. The next fence was a furlong away, and as he came to it he seemed to shut his eyes and surrender himself to fate. I thought of paratroopers, of children leaping from burning buildings. Then Door Latch was in the air, suspended above a thatch of gorse and birch; and he stayed there for a long time, floating, before he touched down and ran on.

THERE must be a dozen good reasons not to bet on a race known as the Frogmore Chase, but we paid them no mind, and after another trouncing we were faced with our last chance, in the form of the Hampton Court Hurdle. The conditions of the race were less than favorable. Twenty-three horses were entered, and some of them were fatter than West Tip. To make matters worse, the Hampton Court was restricted to amateur riders, with names like Mr. J. Geake and Miss M. Mergatroid. I played Cats Eyes, because he had some class, but he got winded after a mile or so, and his rider, Mr. R. Bellamy, probably had to promise him a chocolate sundae just to get him to finish third.

Dr. Moss had a small bet on Red Rocky, who also ran in the money,

and he earned enough to make his afternoon a financial success. We took our drive home at a leisurely pace. On the motorway, we passed a pond half hidden in reeds, and a flock of geese burst from it into the sky. Then we were in London again, watching the lights go on in the fine houses on Primrose Hill, and Andrew's nostalgia returned. The apartment he'd rented was in a building he'd lived in as a child, and he couldn't unlock the door without recalling all the sights, smells, and textures of his family. The place must have looked awfully bare to him now; and though he told me he was anxious about the imminent arrival of his boys, who were flying over for a visit, I had a strong feeling he'd survive.

At his supermarket, Andrew can buy a whiskey, The Famous Grouse, that is as sound as knobby Brussels sprouts and King Edward potatoes. He brought out a bottle and poured two glasses. We sat at his only table, which was covered with letters, journals, and phone messages—items to be dealt with on another day. Andrew's middle son, Jesse, who has discovered the sixties, had left behind a Pink Floyd tape on his last visit, and Andrew played it on a tiny Sony tape machine that had speakers no bigger than matchboxes. I began to get a little nostalgic myself, saddened to be coming to the end of my vacation. I had an unnatural desire to go to Hove or Wembley for an evening of greyhound racing, but I repressed it. When my friend offered another splash of whiskey, I accepted, and we sat around and talked about Ascot and the horses until quite late in the evening.

—BILL BARICH

Some of the doom forecasters are already eating their hats. "I had expected the new construction market to be a total disaster now," said Neil J. Binder, a partner in Bellmarc Realty, an apartment brokerage that also manages new buildings. "I'm not going to say that it's a steamroller, but the new construction market is not having any real problems—and, to me, that's very marprising."—*The Times*.

You can take that hat out of your mouth now, Binder.

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[From the Monterey Bay (Calif.) Tribune]

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Society for artistic achievement. During her lifetime she was featured in one person exhibitions at some of the most prestigious galleries and institutions in America, including the Art Institute of Chicago, Vose Galleries of Boston, Grand Central Art Galleries, Milch Galleries, and the Butler Institute of American Art, to name a few.

Jane Peterson spent most of her lifetime challenged by the broad horizons which she herself created; studies, travel to the far corners of the globe, and an intellectual and social arena which only the greatest personalities of her day could rival. She sacrificed a great deal to realize her ambitions, never having a family and marrying at the late age forty-nine.

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AROUND CITY HALL

THE NEW YORK IDEA

IN the days before electronic miracles took over modern civilization, the nation's capital was a relatively remote place. History students now discover with wonder how long it used to take Americans residing elsewhere to learn what everybody in Washington knew about what the President, his staff, and members of Congress were really up to. Of necessity, politically minded Americans who would nowadays be described as living beyond the Beltway were preoccupied with what was happening in their own local political worlds. But their preoccupation was also practical. It wasn't until Franklin D. Roosevelt's second term that the clause in the Constitution which enumerates the power of Congress to raise taxes "to provide for the . . . general welfare" was first construed by the United States Supreme Court, in a decision upholding the Social Security Act, as meaning what it said. Note was taken of the enormous efficiency of the federal income tax for the collecting of money that could then be dispensed according to Congress's view of local needs. Up to that time, city governments had relied for the most part on locally based revenues, and all that counted was the level of competence or corruption of the city officials—such as, in New York, the mayor, the bor-

ough presidents, and the members of the Board of Aldermen—who handled the money. When Richard Croker, the boss of Tammany Hall in the eighteen-nineties, was asked by a clubhouse crony to name a young friend as county clerk of Manhattan, his answer was said to have been, "He's a good boy, but that job requires brains and experience. He'll have to be satisfied with going to Congress." Nowadays, many New Yorkers who know exactly what House Speaker James Wright said to Presidential Chief of Staff Howard Baker one morning outside the Oval Office can't name their representative on the City Council—the successor to the Board of Aldermen—and if anyone tries to tell them will move rapidly in the opposite direction.

What with the kosher cake in the shape of a key; the Bible sent to Iranian officials with a special scriptural message from Galatians handwritten by Ronald Reagan; the Presidentially designated national hero Oliver North's taking the Fifth Amendment and referring reporters, after the release of the Tower Commission report, to Matthew 5:10 ("Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven"); Nancy Reagan's having laid on her the kind of savage criticism for unseemly pushiness

which many of her husband's admirers used to reserve for Eleanor Roosevelt—and what with Fawn Hall and her shredding machine—everyone, everywhere, could easily understand that the Washington reporters who are scheduled to put on the annual Gridiron Club political satire later this month may be virtually immobilized by an abundance of irresistible material.

A similar musical lampoon of local political developments, with reporters playing the parts of offending politicians, has been put on since the early nineteen-twenties by members of the Inner Circle, the association of present and former City Hall reporters. They did it again on the night of March 7th. The period since last year's Inner Circle show, which was called "Triple Clown," in honor of the start of Mayor Koch's third term, has hardly been uneventful. Dozens of former city officials and City Hall regulars during Koch's time as mayor have been indicted or are now on trial, and several have already been found guilty of engaging in racketeering enterprises with city funds. Scores of members of the Mafia have been convicted of various violent crimes committed to protect their domination of the local trucking, moving, and cement businesses, as well as the drug trade. And since last November, when Ivan Boesky agreed to pay a hundred-million-dollar fine and to plead guilty to federal criminal charges, and numerous young men who shared his avarice and

ethics were indicted, it has been the time of the great insider scandals on Wall Street, a local address.

The title of this year's Inner Circle production was, appropriately, "Greedlock." The front cover of the program showed City Hall crashing in ruins as the drivers of cars bearing the initials of various city agencies all seemed about to end up in a building called "Federal Prison." Meanwhile, the caricatured figure of the Mayor, trying to appear above it all, perched on the clock tower of the center of local government, which was labelled "City Haul." On the back cover, city con-



KOREN

"Oh—pardon the expletive—damn!"

tracts were shown being auctioned off to the highest bidder on City Haul's steps. Despite the rich supply of homegrown scandal, the sense that what really signifies these days is what happens in Washington is apparently so strong, even among New York City Hall reporters, that about a third of the show was occupied with the latest on Ronnie, Nancy, and Ollie, along with McFarlane, Poindexter, Regan, and Baker, and, of course, Fawn. Inevitably, there were lines about the President's forgetfulness. ("Nancy, where are we and when will I know it?") There was the judgment that more than forgetfulness was involved: a reporter playing George Washington reminded the President, "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie." ("First you throw out the Constitution/Now you want full absolution.") A song to the tune of "Mr. Boozie," with a chorus of "Don't mess with Ollie North," was followed by one that put new words to the Marine Hymn: "You know we'd like to tell the truth/just to keep our honor clean/Not until they grant immunity/We're United States Marines." A reporter playing Fawn Hall asked, "Think the networks would put me on if I looked like Rosemary Wood?" And Nancy Reagan was shown stabbing Donald Regan in the back and saying to Howard Baker "Get rid of that stiff!" as the President commented plaintively, "I wonder what that was all about."

Americans living elsewhere are often irritated by claims of residents here that New York is the capital of everything. Mayor Koch likes to mention its prime position in communications, the arts, international finance, law. In many minds—though not the Mayor's—the city also established itself in the last year as the capital of municipal corruption, but it seems unlikely that Washington reporters, in their annual political burlesque show, will be poking fun at people with names such as Friedman, Manes, Lindenauer, and Turoff, who have made headlines in the big New York scandals story.

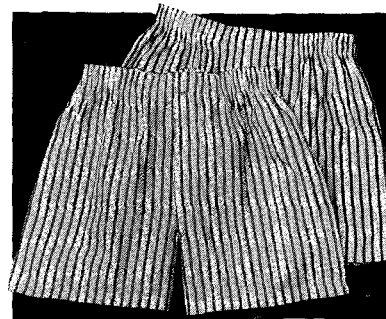
THE theory that New York was the place to look to for political ideas prevailed especially during the several generations when residents of this state were often major-party candidates for the Presidency. It is true that not all six of the New Yorkers who have served as President are prominent in the history books. Last November, when the Native New Yorkers' Historical Association placed

a bouquet on the doorstep of 123 Lexington Avenue, the town house where Chester A. Arthur was sworn in as the twenty-first occupant of the White House, and where he died, in November, 1886, the common question from passersby was "President Who?" Purported admirers of the thirteenth President, who was born in the town of Locke, in upstate New York, have established the Society for the Preservation of the Recognition of Millard Fillmore, "the most forgotten President." Each year, the society hands out an award in his memory, called a Medal of Mediocrity. (Mayor Koch awarded it unilaterally to his fellow-Democrat Jimmy Carter a few years back, calling him "the Millard Fillmore of his time.") The medal the society gave this January for the big dud of 1986 went to Halley's comet. Still, it seems notable that in the first twenty-one national elections after the Civil War fifteen Democratic and Republican Presidential nominees were from New York. The total is even higher if one counts Theodore Roosevelt, who took twenty-seven per cent of the Presidential vote as the Bull Moose candidate in 1912, or John W. Davis, the 1924 Democratic candidate, and Wendell Willkie, the Republican choice in 1940. The latter two were Wall Street lawyers who, as nomination time loomed, suddenly turned out to be favorite sons of their birthplace states of West Virginia and Indiana, respectively. (For that matter, Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon were living in this city when they were elected for the first time, but no one would describe them as New York political figures.)

Most of the long line of Presidential nominees from New York in the first eight decades after the Civil War had been governors of the state; in 1944, both parties' nominees—Franklin D. Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey—had served in the Albany statehouse. The last New Yorker to win the Presidency was F.D.R., in 1944. Until a few weeks ago, there seemed to be a possibility that, forty-four years later, after a massive shift of political strength to the Sun Belt, New York might again have a Presidential nominee, in Governor Mario Cuomo—someone who, during the campaign, would encourage the rest of the country to take a respectful, even affectionate, view of this state. Then, on February 19th, Cuomo announced that he would not be a candidate.

On January 1st, in his second inau-

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gural address as governor and what some of his admirers thought of, hopefully, as the opening speech of his drive for the Presidency, Cuomo—who was reelected last November with sixty-five per cent of the vote, the largest winning gubernatorial margin in state history—spoke with his celebrated eloquence of what he called “the New York idea.” Referring to his first term, he told the thousands of well-wishers assembled in Albany, “We proved—together—that the New York idea works, that government can have both a heart and a head.” As he customarily does, he invoked both the metaphor of government as family and the yearnings of immigrants, including his own parents, and their children. He recalled how, as a boy in South Jamaica, Queens, he and his friends and his father would climb the stairs of the tenements and stand on “the tar roofs . . . leaning against the low walls, and look west toward the horizon and the faraway towers of Manhattan” and, beyond them, the Statue of Liberty. (“I can feel the aching to belong.”) He told his audience, “We have shown that we are at our very best as a people when we recognize one single basic truth, and it is not always easy to live with . . . that we are all of us connected, one to another . . . That no man is an island and no woman, no neighborhood, no village, no state, no nation, either. . . . That’s the essence of the New York idea.”

Long before this country had a professional actor in the White House, the number of elements that politics and show business have in common had not escaped attention, but it would take Americans with very long memories to recall that “The New York Idea” was the title of a 1906 play by Langdon Mitchell—“one of the outstanding high comedies of the American theater,” according to a critic quoted in “The Oxford Companion to American Theatre.” At Cap Ferrat, in his later years, Somerset Maugham, playing the game of naming the great American play, told a visitor that his choice would be “The New York Idea.” Described as “a satire on divorce,” the play deals with relationships, on the surface lighthearted (“Marry for whim! That’s the New York idea of marriage”) but with undertones of Ibsen’s “tragic realism,” among society types in this city—a long way, of course, from the tar roofs of Queens.

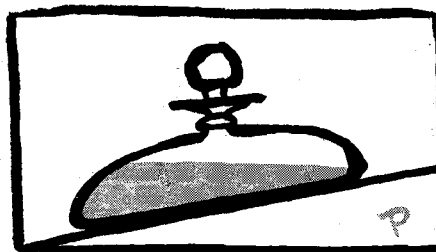
The term “the New York idea”

was once used during a Reagan campaign for reasons that had nothing to do with head and heart. On November 13, 1979, the former California governor announced his candidacy for the 1980 Presidential nomination at the New York Hilton. The launching of his drive for the White House in this city surprised most political experts, who knew that he had little political strength in the Northeast, and, particularly, in New York. A top strategist of Reagan’s campaign, then under the direction of John Sears, told reporters, “We’re calling the announcement ‘the New York idea’ because this has been a desolate area for Reagan until now.” It was intended to signal the end of New York’s liberal Republican tradition under Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who had died the previous January, after two decades of treating the state’s Republican Party as his wholly owned subsidiary. Rockefeller had expected to be the G.O.P. Presidential nominee in 1964, rather than Senator Barry Goldwater, whom Reagan ardently endorsed that year, in his first major political speech. During the Republican Convention, at the San Francisco Cow Palace, Rockefeller was so heavily heckled by Goldwater supporters that he couldn’t be heard at the rostrum. He was booed not only as the representative of New York, the capital of the Eastern establishment, but as a flouter of moral values. In the words of Prescott Bush, the father of George Bush, he was a destroyer of American homes, and Clare Boothe Luce denounced him as someone who would “cause a rise in the U.S. divorce rate,” because he had divorced one wife and—“Marry for whim!”—taken a younger one. (In 1984, when the Republicans met in Dallas, the Reagan forces, who were running the show, also played convention games, and scheduled Howard Baker, then senator from Tennessee, to speak at a time when there would be no national television coverage. After protests, he was rescheduled for a less obscure time, but well-known White House figures talked loudly to each other throughout, declining to keep the

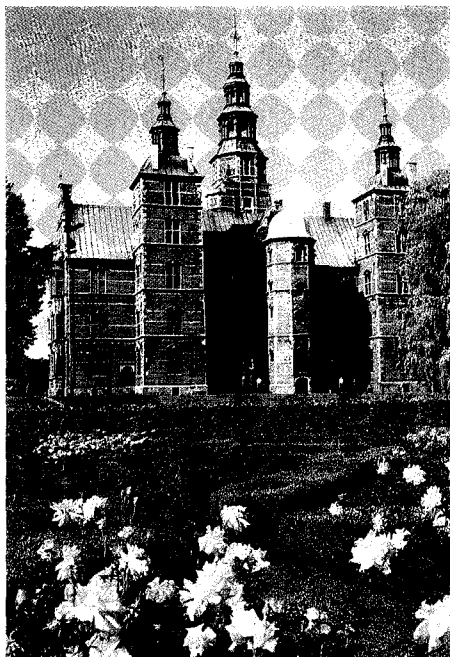
crowd quiet, to indicate their contempt for Baker, a man they regarded as unduly moderate. They don’t do that anymore.)

At the 1976 Republican Convention, in Kansas City, Rockefeller got his own back, to a degree. By then Vice-President, he delivered this state’s large bloc of delegates to Gerald Ford, giving him the nomination over Reagan by a handful of votes, and, in the bitter opinion of many Reaganites, single-handedly delaying the arrival of the Reagan Revolution in Washington by four years. Moving in on New York—the New York idea—thus had an especially strong appeal to the men in charge of Reagan’s 1980 campaign. After Reagan announced his candidacy, the band played not “California, Here I Come,” as expected, but “The Sidewalks of New York”—the theme song of the 1928 Presidential campaign of Alfred E. Smith, then governor of this state. However, the former New York governor whom Reagan quoted four times in his announcement—and whom he has mentioned admiringly in almost every major speech he has made as President—was not Smith but Franklin Roosevelt, who actually made it to the White House. Cuomo also seldom delivers a speech without some reference to his seeing F.D.R. as his inspiration. “How could I not?” he asked on one occasion. “I, who sit at his very desk . . . scarred by a thousand contacts with a wheel chair which failed to keep Roosevelt from moving a whole world.” In his inaugural address this January, Cuomo, referring to the Depression, said that Roosevelt had “lifted himself from his wheelchair to lift this nation from its knees.” “FRANKLIN DELANO CUOMO” was the headline over a *Times* editorial on his speech.

THE “New York idea” phase of Reagan’s 1980 campaign had only a brief run. In February of that year, Sears was dismissed and replaced by the Reagans’ old friend William Casey. Although Reagan carried this state in 1980 (and again in 1984), as President he has returned very rarely to the territory where he launched his campaign, and then, more often than not, only for some obligatory ceremonial event, such as an appearance at the United Nations. Mayor Koch would naturally prefer that the leader of the Western world paid more frequent visits to the capital of everything. Since many Presidential visits



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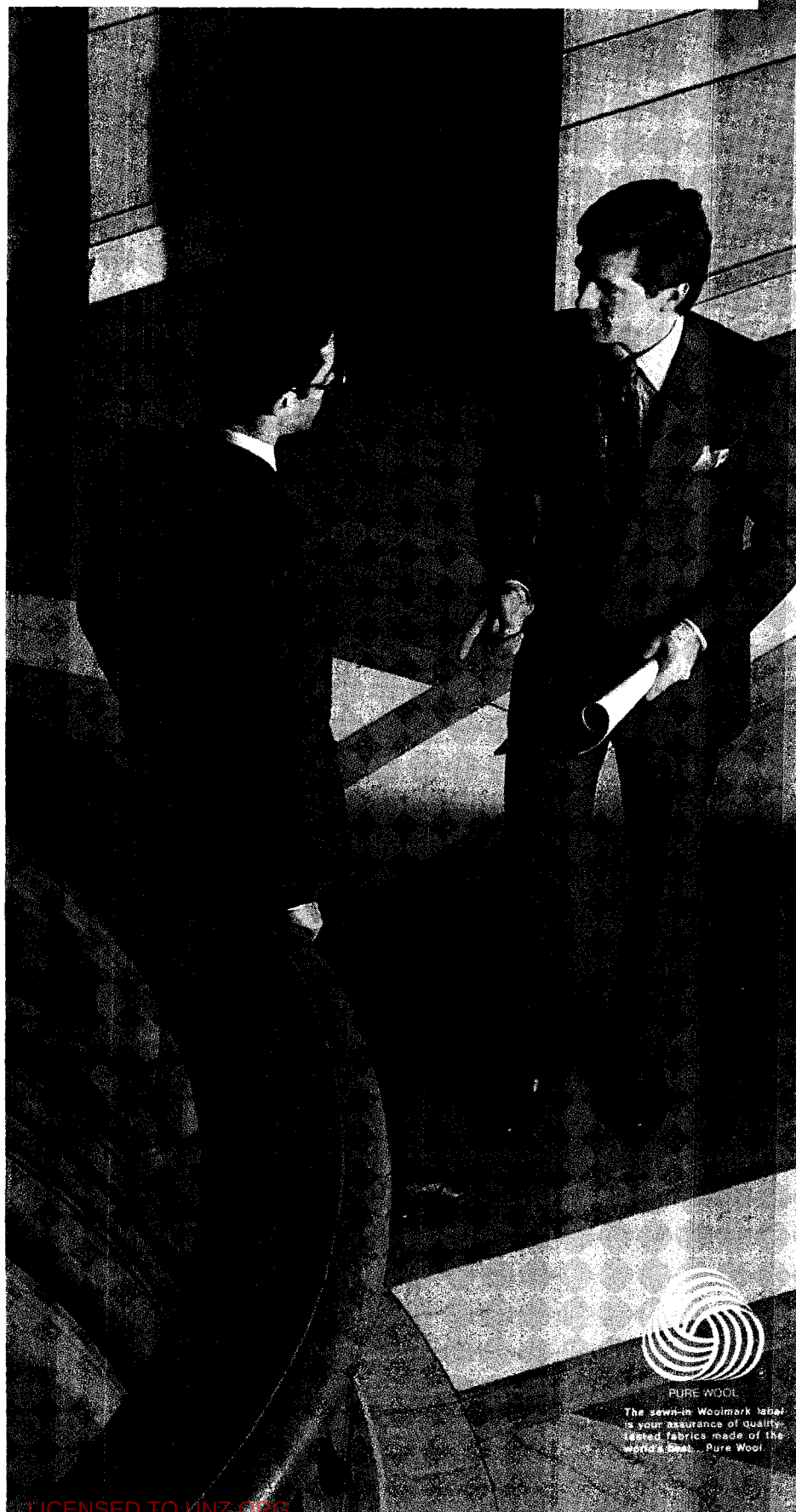
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here involve the United Nations, it is fortunate that another Koch project—to encourage the U.N. to get out of town—didn't work out. Five years ago, enraged by a General Assembly vote that was critical of Israel, the Mayor suggested that what he called the "gangsters, cutthroats, and piranhas" of the United Nations move elsewhere, adding, "If the U.N. would leave New York, nobody would ever hear of it again." An assistant to Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar said, "If he wants us out, I think we will have to leave." Cooler heads prevailed, however. In fact, local officials hadn't really made any vigorous efforts to have the United Nations settle here forty-one years ago, when the leaders of the world body were deciding where to have their headquarters. As A. J. Liebling wrote in this magazine at the time, Philadelphia seemed to have it all sewed up, having "its cap set for the U.N., with the singlemindedness of a homely woman who sees a chance of making a creditable marriage at last." Then John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at the suggestion of his son Nelson, offered eight and a half million dollars to be used to buy seventeen acres of land along the East River. The *Daily News* was furious. "The voters of New York City have not been asked whether they want the U.N. to be located here forever or until the next war," it said in one editorial, and, in another, "The world capital is being crammed down their throats." More than twelve hundred suburban acres had been offered by Philadelphia, which a tabloid there described as "the logical site for the capital of the world." After the terrible news of the Rockefeller offer ("SKULDUGGERY AT U.N. CROSSROADS," "THE CASE OF NEW YORK AGAINST THE COUNTRY"), the *Philadelphia Inquirer* demanded that its readers compare "the cultural background, the historic traditions, the true American spirit, the quiet friendliness that Philadelphia has to offer" with the "blatant commercialism" and the "rudeness, crudeness," and "insolence" of New York.

In 1976, some Philadelphians complained that with its Tall Ships, and the fireworks around the Statue of Liberty, New York had "stolen our Bicentennial." Their aggrieved tone was understandable, since New York was the very last colony to give its approval to the Declaration of Independence, not getting around to it until a week after the Declaration was

signed in Philadelphia. However, that city—making it to the altar at last—seems to have firmly in hand the rights to the celebration of the bicentennial of the Constitution, which some readers of the Tower Commission report are bound to feel comes at an awkward point in contemporary history. (Toward the finale of the Inner Circle show, a band of reporters dressed like the Founding Fathers lectured the White House crowd, and the reporter dressed as George Washington said, "That's why we're here. To make sure you guys don't try to screw up the Constitution anymore.") It may not be on account of New York's presumptuousness or alleged lack of couth, but Reagan spends a minimal amount of time in this city even when a visit can't be avoided. On his last New York trip, for appearances on two successive days at the Statue of Liberty centennial celebration, he stayed at the Rockefeller compound in Westchester County, at the invitation of Nelson Rockefeller's widow, Happy.

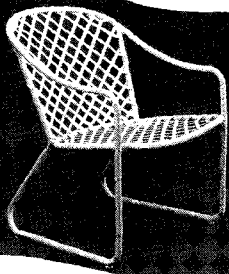
UNLIKE the President and the Governor, the Mayor has not publicly espoused a "New York idea." At his first inaugural, in 1978, Koch simply called the city "a stroke of genius;" four years later, it was "a miracle;" at his third inauguration, in January of last year, he said it was "God's miracle." Although it is no news that the lives of politicians are unpredictable, it is hard not to be startled by the thought of how much the lives of some political leaders—at various levels of government—have changed since January, 1986, when Koch, at his inauguration, chose the word "serenity" to describe his frame of mind as he approached his third term. He was subjected to some teasing that day, because of a remark he had made from a local pulpit the previous spring: "I believe that everything that happens on this earth is preordained by God, and I believe that, while it was the people who elected me, it was God that selected me." At Koch's inaugu-

ration, the Governor asked a reporter, "Has Koch denied that he is going to run for the Presidency? . . . If God endorses him . . . he's going to be tough to beat." Cuomo has been known to concede that his political deportment is not always saintly, despite his fondness for quoting such saints as Thomas More. In this year's Inner Circle show, Cuomo, who is not a favorite with most reporters, was portrayed singing "I Believe in Me" to the tune of "I Believe in You." ("I have the wild bright eyes/Of a lust for power and style/Yet, there's that slam-bang tang/Of pomposity, venom, and guile.") On the day Koch was sworn in, the Governor was engaged in some double-edged slicing at the Mayor—reminding Koch not only of his rash remark from the pulpit but of the fact that before 1982, when Cuomo beat him for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, in what is often described as the biggest political upset in state history, Koch had seriously believed that *he* had a chance to be the man who would restore the tradition that New York governors ascend to the Presidency. The cover of the *Boston Globe* Sunday magazine four days before the 1982 primary featured the large headline "ED KOCH ON THE MOVE: WILL NEW YORK'S MAYOR END UP IN THE WHITE HOUSE?"

Although that prospect had faded, the day Koch was sworn in for a third term, in January, 1986, was—despite Cuomo's gibes—rosy with the euphoria of his landslide victory (he had won seventy-eight per cent of the vote) the previous November. In the White House, similarly, to any complaints that in many serious respects the Administration was not working well for Americans, there came the quick answer that the President had carried forty-nine states. Some of the President's friends predicted that in his second and last term Reagan's view of his role would be less narrowly partisan and more thoughtful as he grew mindful of his place in history. Although Koch insisted that he planned to run for mayor several more times, he said that he would treat his third term as if it were his last, shoring up his accomplishments to make matters simple for the historians. It would have been almost impossible to imagine then that polls taken a little over a year later by *Newsday* and the *Times* would show that only forty-five per cent of New Yorkers approved of the way he was running the city, and that fifty-five per cent believed it was



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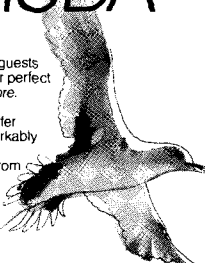
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time for another mayor, while the President's approval rating in a *Newsweek* poll last month was forty per cent, and nearly a third of Americans said that he should consider resigning.

The Governor has not suffered a slump in popularity, and, far from any suggestion that he be replaced, the Republicans had to engage in an unseemly scramble last year to find some Republican who was willing to run against him. (A member of the campaign staff of Westchester County Executive Andrew O'Rourke—who said after the election that he never again wanted to hear the term "sacrificial lamb"—was Nelson Rockefeller, Jr., whose birth, three days before the critical California Presidential primary in 1964, caused Rockefeller's poll rating, which had been nine points ahead of Goldwater's, to slump so far that he lost the state to the Arizona Senator. Young Rockefeller said that he found politics quite interesting.) The reports that Cuomo was running second in national polls without making a move toward the Presidency were bound to be exhilarating to Cuomo's staff and to the Governor himself. This year and next seemed to stretch ahead of him—speeches, rallies, primaries, Super Tuesday, and perhaps in the end the grand prize. Of Cuomo's February 19th decision not to run, E. J. Dionne, Jr., writing in the *Times*, said, "There will linger at least a curiosity over how it was that a politician with such a large national following could simply back away from history."

Standing in the crowd at this month's Inner Circle show, Cuomo, looking relaxed, told a reporter who wondered if his idea might be to run the next time around, "No. This was the year if I was going to do it. This was my chance." He agreed that the prospect of perhaps making it to the White House was "alluring"—"I can feel the twinge this moment." However, given the present primary system, he said, it was impossible to be a candidate in the Presidential primaries. ("They tell me you need to spend fifty days in New Hampshire, fifty days in Iowa. You can't do that and also govern this state.") Roosevelt was the last sitting governor of any state to become President, he pointed out—and even though a United States senator can miss a few roll calls, the last incumbent senator to be elected was John Kennedy in 1960, before the elaborate primary system was in effect. Reagan and Jimmy Carter were out of office when they ran. The challenges of

governing a state bear a strong resemblance to those of running a country, but times have changed since all those New York governors moved on to the White House. The present system, the columnist David Broder noted this month, "forces us to accept . . . people who are less than the best-qualified individuals for the jobs they seek, but who have the leisure and the ambition to go after what they want."

ALTHOUGH the Governor got some attention in the Inner Circle show and the White House a great deal, there was still time to spend on the unsavory events in this city during the last year. The show began with a crowd labelled "Politicians and Gangsters" reciting, to the rousing music of "Guys and Dolls," "What's goin' down at City Hall? I'll tell you what's goin' down at City Hall! They're all shakin' and quakin' and prayin' that no D.A. or grand jury learns they're alive and in the meantime down at City Hall ain't nothin' goin' down at all." At one point, Bronx Borough President Stanley Simon, probably the Mayor's most reliable ally on the Board of Estimate, who sat at Koch's table on Inner Circle night, was shown being led around on a leash by former Bronx Democratic boss Stanley Friedman, his political mentor, and formerly one of the Mayor's closest allies, who was convicted in November of turning a city agency into a racketeering operation. The reporter playing Stanley Friedman promised to see that after Stanley Simon (who hadn't been indicted) was convicted his pension would be sent to him at Danbury.

Four days later, on March 11th, the front-page *Daily News* headlines were "STAN #1 TO JAIL" and "STAN #2 QUILTS." Simon had resigned, explaining that he was about to be indicted on charges of having accepted bribes to arrange favorable leases of city property. Forty-five minutes earlier, Stanley Friedman had been sentenced to twelve years in prison. Standing before the bench, Friedman said, "The fall from the top has been a very quick one. There is no ladder to climb down. It's one easy fall."

In the Inner Circle show, the Mayor was described as "doing the Ed Koch strut," by a chorus that then sang, to the tune of the "Lambeth Walk," "Hear no evil, see none, too / Ain't no crime, no graft that's new," echoing his frequent statements that there was no way he could have known what was going on and that, as

there had been corruption since the beginning of time, grafters at City Hall were only part of a long tradition. A reference to him as "the innocent victim" was followed by a "Hah!" After a chorus recited the names of the numerous City Hall regulars who have been indicted, the reporter playing Koch asked, "You want to know why I still crow? I'm not indicted. And I'm so delighted!" The chorus then sang, "But who knows, who knows... he might be!"

It's customary for the Mayor to do a song-and-dance rebuttal of the reporters' lampoon with help from the cast of a Broadway show. This year, his choice was "Sweet Charity," which was playing to dwindling audiences at the Minskoff Theatre. (If the idea was for the Broadway performers and the Mayor to shore up each other's falling fortunes, it did not work in the case of "Sweet Charity," which put up its closing notice three nights later.) The lines for the rebuttal were written by the Mayor's own people. When the show's star, Ann Reinking, was asked whether the Mayor had ever been indicted, and he shook his head vigorously, she said, "Not yet." This line got a big laugh, although surely there are some jurisdictions where a mayor's appearance in a skit that referred, even jocularly, to his possible indictment would evoke a different reaction. The mayor of New York who had seemed to be most at home in show business before Koch came along was James J. Walker, a onetime Broadway songwriter ("Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?"). In 1932, in the midst of an investigation into corruption in his administration, he suddenly resigned, not because he had been indicted but because of the probability of his imminent removal from office by Governor Roosevelt. The song-and-dance turns and the jolly times—and, toward the end, some defiant strutting—at City Hall in Jimmy Walker's day are legendary. Sometimes one has the impression that things haven't changed there much. Still, as Harold Nicholson once wrote, "We can learn little from history unless we first realize that she does not, in fact, repeat herself."

—ANDY LOGAN

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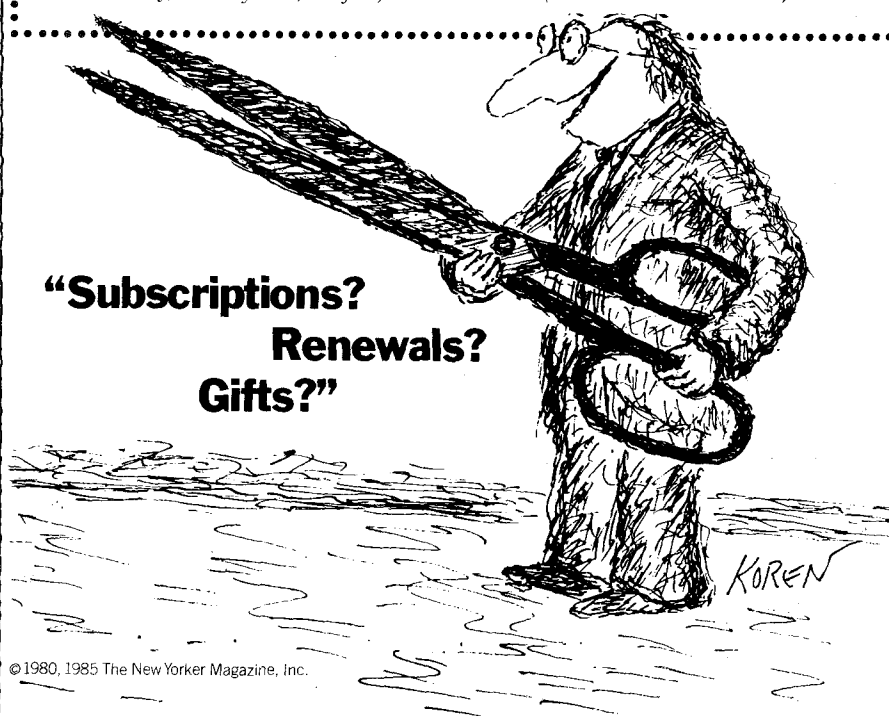
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BOOKS

A Birth in Death

FOR the longest part of its short history, Australia preferred to forget that it began as a penal colony. Australian historians born under the British Empire would accentuate the positive. When, in recent years, a new stamp of historians, usually harboring no great love for Australia's constitutional ties with Britain, began to tell the real story of what the formative years of the white man's Australia had been like, it became apparent why forgetfulness had been so nearly complete. The story was horrible. Luckily, few of them were able to tell it with more than a modicum of evocative power, or the result would have been hard to bear. Now, in *"The Fatal Shore"* (Knopf; \$24.95), Robert Hughes, an Australian-born critical writer of pronounced literary gifts, has summed up all previous efforts, exceeded them in force of expression, and brought the whole deadly business back to life. The result is hard to bear—or would be, if it were not so clearly one of those rare achievements in the writing of history by which the unimaginably inhumane is brought to book without making us give up on humanity. Such redemptive work can't be done without artistry: there are degrees of anguish which only style can make us contemplate, since merely

to recount them would leave us cold.

Hughes might have attempted this book in his youth, and got the story out of proportion, even if he had not skimmed it. Fortunately, he has made *"The Fatal Shore"* the magnum opus of his maturity. By now his sense of historical scale is sound, as for this task it needed to be. It would have been easy to call the Australian system of penal settlements a Gulag Archipelago before the fact. The term "concentration camp," in its full modern sense, would not have been out of place: at least one of the system's satellites, Norfolk Island, was, if not an out-and-out extermination camp, certainly designed to make its victims long for death, like Dachau in those awful years before the war when the idea was not so much to kill people as to see how much they could suffer and still want to stay alive. And, indeed, Hughes draws these parallels. The analogies are inescapable. But he doesn't let them do his thinking for him. He is able to bring out the full dimensions of the tragedy while keeping it in perspective. The penal colony surely prefigured the modern totalitarian catastrophe. But equally surely it did not. It was a unique event, with unique consequences: the chief consequence being Australia itself,

which has come a long way in two hundred years—a point sufficiently proved by its ability to produce a book like this. The literature of the totalitarian dystopias emerged in spite of them, and could reach only one conclusion. Australia is a more difficult subject, however damning the raw evidence.

To the penal colony, the cat-o'-nine-tails was a tool more basic than the hoe. On Norfolk Island, where the camp was commanded by a succession of sadists, there were other forms of torture as well, some of them as vile as could be conceived before the age of electricity. But flogging provided the steady rhythm of torment. What made the whipping on Norfolk Island unique was that it so often got out of hand. At Port Arthur, in Van Diemen's Land—now called Tasmania—there was less chance of the flagellator's ecstasy releasing his victim to a premature death. The idea was to impress the subject with the mechanical inexorability of his fate, even when he was being punished for nothing except the dementia or paralysis induced by previous punishment. Norfolk Island was the personal expression of whichever maniac was running the place. Port Arthur was impersonal, a research establishment

where the machine that ruined you was run by technicians whose only concern was for its perfection: Kafka's penal colony, so often thought of as a harbinger, now turns out to have harked back.

But there are echoes of these things throughout history, in which the only reliable constant is the form taken by extreme cruelty when it is given absolute license. Hughes, while aware of the general considerations, declines to lose himself among them. He keeps it specific. Enough to say that Norfolk Island and Port Arthur were there to inspire terror even in those convicts who were so recalcitrant that they were not terrified already by everyday life in the penal colony proper. The outlying camps were dumps for those who



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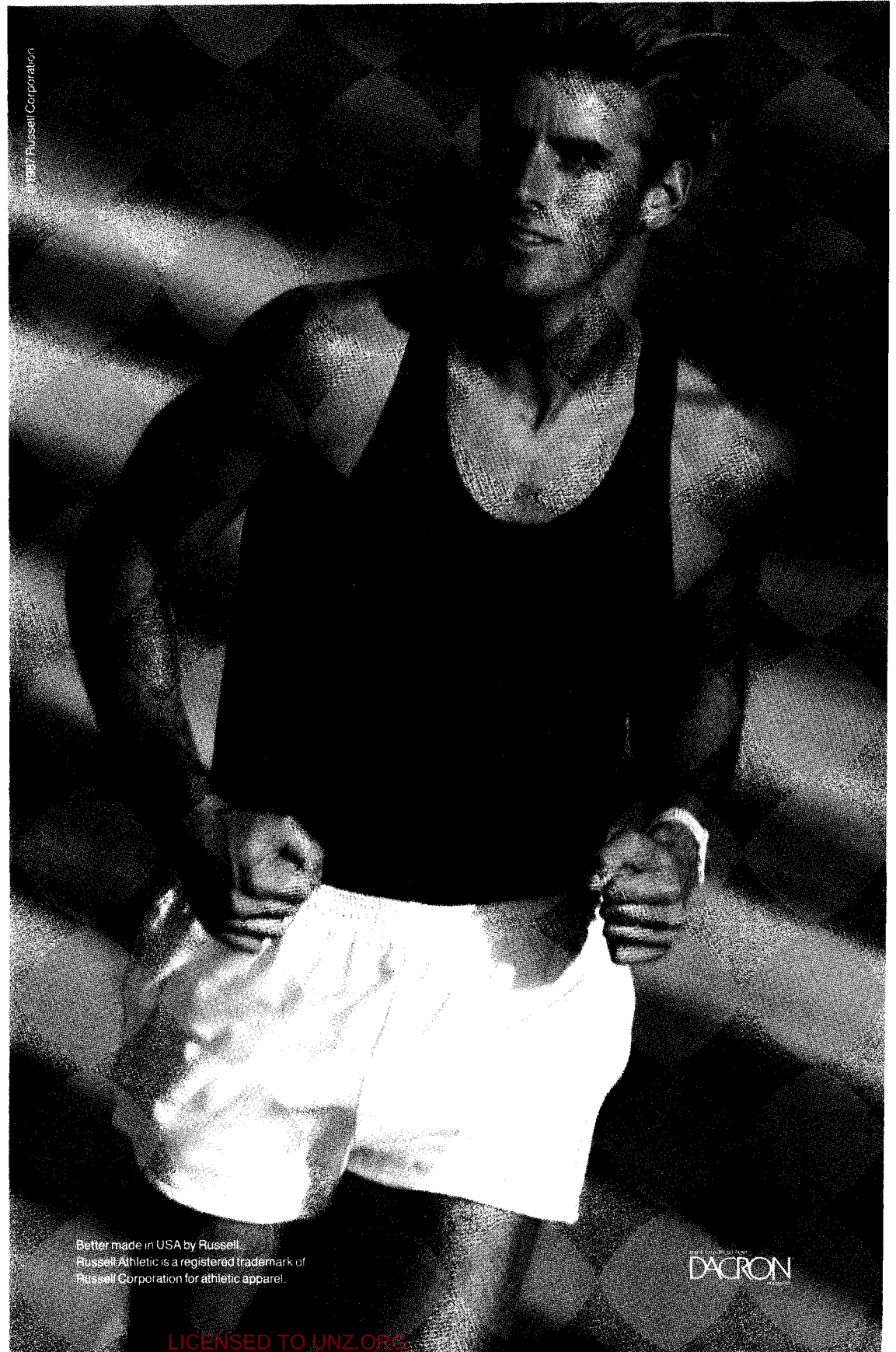
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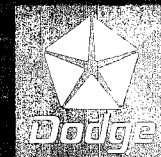
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were held to be unassimilable elements in the main camp, where the city of Sydney now stands. But the main camp was itself a dump. Every convict sent there was held to be unassimilable in England. Whether he had stolen a thimble or forged a thousand pounds was immaterial. There was no notion that poverty might have created thieves: only that thieves might create revolution. They had to go. The colony was a way of getting rid of them without hanging them. It is a nice question whether transportation was intended as an alternative more humane than hanging or less. Everyone knew what hanging looked like. But Australia was an unknown terror. So far away that no solid news ever came out of it, it was a black hole for facts. Dreadful stories percolated back to England of what went on out there, and there was always pressure from home to insure that what went on remained so unattractive that any potential miscreant in the British Isles would fear it more than the rope and the hulks, and think twice before breaking the law, lest the law be obliged to break him, or her. There was thus a constant dispute between the liberal persuasion, which wanted Australia to rehabilitate criminals, and the illiberal persuasion, which wanted it to scare them. The first persuasion eventually won out, but not before the second had done its worst.

There was no need to give the place a bad name. It did that well enough by itself. Female convicts were forced into concubinage on the voyage out. Their sluttishness having been thus established, on arrival they were sorted like cattle, with officers taking the first pick. There were never enough women, so sodomy was rife among the men. Boys were initiated by rape, but to become an adult convict's punk at least insured some protection against the others. Nothing except unquestioning docility could protect anyone against the lash. Male convicts on the chain gangs, flogged perpetually as they did a tenth of the work they might have done willingly for a pittance, could have been excused for wondering if Norfolk Island could be worse. It was, because there the work was entirely pointless. Around Port Jackson and the country opening up westward toward the Blue Mountains, the road-cutting and stump-grubbing had some purpose, no matter how inefficiently it was done. Despite itself, the slave-labor camp grew into something better than that. Most of the convicts

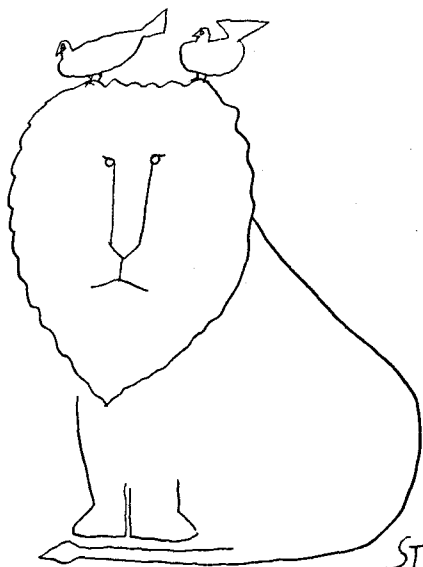
were put out to assigned labor, with the prospect of working their way to rehabilitation; the chance of freedom proved to be a carrot more powerful than the stick. One of Hughes' best gifts is his ability to analyze the way a social order arose out of a disciplinary regime. It wasn't much of a social order to start with, because even the free settlers were not the most imaginative of people, and the convicts, far from being instinctive exemplars of the democratic spirit, were mostly so ignorant of where Australia was that they thought China was next door; escapees would set out to walk there, and eat each other on the way. Students of the American Revolution, accustomed to the mental capacities of the nascent superpower's founding citizens, will search Australia's early history in vain for a comparable group of visionaries. The Rum Corps, a cabal within the garrison, deposed the governor only because they wanted the free exercise of their monopoly in booze; it was scarcely the Boston Tea Party. Hughes is well aware that the resemblance ends almost as soon as it starts. Nevertheless, a nation emerged, and did so partly because men like Governor Macquarie—no Thomas Jefferson but no fool, either—were determined that it should.

Hughes is careful not to romanticize the convicts. The thief who stole a loaf of bread didn't always steal it from someone who had a hundred loaves. He might have stolen it from someone who had one loaf. To have grown up in the prisons and the hulks was no education for anything except crime. The few literate convicts—counterfeiters, and, later on, Chartists and Irish separatists—were cut off from home by their sentence and cut

off from each other by the system. Isolated, they lost heart. Yet, on the whole, the convicts represented a lot of energy going to waste, and it was necessary only to release that energy in order for them to turn their new country, which none of them had ever wanted to come to, into a place from which most of them did not want to go home. The gold rush in the middle of the nineteenth century brought the transportation system to an end, because no incipient felon could be made to fear a place that so many free men were booking their own passage to reach, often selling all they had. The bad dream was already over—for the white man, at least.

For the black man, the disaster was unmitigated. Here again there is a parallel, but it is more with South Africa than with the United States, unless we try to keep Wounded Knee in mind and forget Harpers Ferry. The Australian aborigines were never a *casus belli* between white men, not even as a pretext. Instead, the white men united against them. The revisionist who would like to pin another mass atrocity on the occupying power, however, will get no quick help from Hughes. In Van Diemen's Land, the soldiers might have driven the aborigines like game, but on the mainland it was the convicts who posed the greater threat to the native population. The brutalized convicts had to feel superior to someone, and the aborigines were ideal casting. They toiled not, and were hated for it. When the aborigines helped the troopers track escapees, the convicts hated them even more. The troopers could offer their black collaborators no reward that did not corrode their tribal ways and make them less fit to survive. What the aborigines needed was their land, untouched. They would have had to fight for it, and for that they would have needed solidarity. But on the day in 1788 when the First Fleet arrived in Sydney Harbor the tribe on the north shore spoke a language that the tribe on the south could not understand. The aborigines were not one people. It is racism to suppose they were. There was not, and could not have been, an aboriginal general. They would have needed an Eisenhower, and couldn't produce even a Crazy Horse. There had never been any need to, until we got there.

BY "we" I mean Australians. All of us now feel the force of the plural personal pronoun. Some of us



feel it so strongly that we move national self-consciousness to the forefront of the political agenda, often with tiresome results. Touchiness, however, is inevitable. Australian writers, painters, singers, actors, film directors, scientists, sportsmen, and tycoons make a disproportionate bang in the world. The outsider could be forgiven for thinking that everything must be for export. But in all these fields there is quite a lot going on at home as well. The Australian can get a bit impatient when he hears his country judged according to what its expatriates are up to, even when the judgment is praise; and when the expatriates do the judging, especially if it is dispraise, he is likely to become inflamed.

But, with due notice that the case is being put broadly, what has happened is this. Up until the late nineteen-sixties, Australia undervalued itself as a country, or anyway its intelligentsia thought it did, giving this alleged Cinderella complex the unlovely journalistic title "the cultural cringe." But the vogue for self-discovery, felt in those years throughout the Western world, was a passion by the time it reached Australia, rather as the Depression in the thirties struck harder and stayed longer there than it did anywhere else. With the advent of Gough Whitlam's government, in the seventies, Australia had begun to esteem itself at what its social commentators—an increasingly numerous and vociferous class—thought was a just valuation. Diffidence had turned to self-assertion. The change was welcome, but there was an obvious danger of hyped-up expectations, to which some of the country's more stentorian promoters duly succumbed. The cringe became a snarl. Tub-thumping was heard in areas where a reasoned tone might have been more suitable. Hughes' excellent book on Australian painting "The Art of Australia" (1966) adumbrated this new confidence but proved to be atypical in its tact. While analyzing, appraising, and ordering the Australian painters with an authority that no indigenous critic had achieved before, Hughes was careful not to tear his country's heritage loose from its world context, and made it clear that it was only because he *had* a world view, gained during his travels, that he was able to come home and see clearly what the Australian painters had achieved.

Australian defensiveness about the success of its expatriates was not to be

allayed, and probably won't be by "The Fatal Shore," either. Here again, political zeal inevitably distorts the picture. Ardent republicans would like Australia to be self-sufficient in the arts the way that it is in minerals. The idea that any one country can be culturally self-sufficient is inherently fallacious, but in the forward rush of Australian confidence during Gough Whitlam's period of government, when grants were handed out to anybody with enough creative imagination to ask for one, reason was thrown into the back seat. For the last fifteen years, Australian artists in all fields, supposedly free at last from the imposition of being judged by alien—i.e., British—standards, have been judged by their own standards, and almost invariably found to be the authors of significant works. The glut of self-approval has been most evident in literature, which in normal circumstances customarily produces a strong critical movement to accompany any period of sustained creativity but in Australia's case has largely failed to do so. The undoubted fact that some very good things have been written can't stave off the consideration that many less good things have been given the same welcome.

A consideration is all it is. Creativity can get along without criticism. When Pushkin—who was in the position of having to think what form a national culture might take—called for a dispassionate criticism, he wasn't calling for help in writing poems, which he could do by himself. He was merely stating his wish to write them in a civilized atmosphere, whose absence was reducing him to isolation,

and thereby damaging his individuality. The individual needs a community. In Australia, while literature is rapidly becoming a cash crop, a literary community has been slower to emerge. Criticism is too often, in the strict sense, tendentious. Scale is duly hailed, ambition lauded, but the direction of the book—Does it point the way? Does it give us purpose?—is usually the basis of assessment. There are not many critics detached enough to quibble over detail, and ask why so many great writers have produced so little good writing.

This is where Hughes' book will come in handy. It will be thoroughly read in the schools, whereas many of the new masterpieces are skimmed dreamily at the beach. When workaday books are well written, a culture starts to pick up: the best of the spoken language is fed back into itself, by way of writers whose ear for speech informs the content of their prose, and whose mastery of composition makes them selective. In this respect, Hughes is hard to fault. The Australian landscape has been captured like this by few painters and by no other writers at all, because anyone as vivid also gushed, and anyone as elegant was dull. Here is the entrance to Port Arthur:

Both capes are of towering basalt pipes, flutes and rods, bound like fasces into the living rock. Their crests are spired and crenellated. Seabirds wheel, thinly crying, across the black walls and the blacker shadows. The breaking swells throw up their veils.

In the late nineteen-fifties, as an architecture student at Sydney University, Hughes was the artiest young man on the scene. His blond hair growing naturally in a thick layer cut, his lanky form Englishly decked out in lamb's wool, suède, and corduroy, he sloped forward on long-toed desert boots while aiming at you a cigarette whose startling length suggested that he was about to launch a poisoned dart. Instead, he drew you. He drew anything that caught his eye, which was almost everything; and he drew it with uncanny speed and accuracy. Eventually, he decided that his graphic work was derivative, and gave it up. Although it is true that he absorbed other people's styles one after the other, he might have arrived at this renunciation too early. When there was no one else left to absorb, the real Hughes might have emerged, as happened in his prose. In those years, you could always tell what he had been



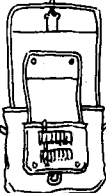
reading the day before. Even today, he is a magpie for vocables: no shimmering word he spots in any of the languages he understands, and in several more that he doesn't, is safe from being plucked loose and flown back to his nest. Omnivorous rather than eclectic, that type of curiosity is the slowest to find coherence. But his fluency was always his own, and by persistence he has arrived at a solidity to match it: a disciplined style that controls without crippling all that early virtuosity, and blessedly also contains his keen glance, getting the whole picture into a phrase the way he once got his fellow-students' faces into a single racing line. It is exactly right, as well as funny, to call a merino sheep "a pompous ambling peruke." Scores of such felicities could be picked out, but only on the understanding that they are not the book's decoration. They are its architecture.

THERE are several benefits that accrue to the Australian writer who turns himself into an expatriate. The first advantage of going away is obvious: it is the wider view he brings with him if he comes home. Hughes, a member of one of the grandest Australian Catholic families, was not very provincial even before he left, but in London in the early sixties he was in no danger of shivering rejected in an Earl's Court bed-sit. While some of his contemporaries were doing exactly that, he had rooms in Albany, the exclusive address for gentlefolk just off Piccadilly. Hughes found his true fame later on, in America, but he would not be able to say plausibly that Britain turned down what he had to offer. Before the immigration laws toughened up in the nineteen-seventies, Australian overachievers found Britain hospitable, sometimes absurdly so. The British class system, hide-bound within itself, was easily penetrated by the colonial whose accent it could not place accurately in the social scale. In London, the Australian expatriates breathed dirtier air than at home but found life more interesting. The experience did not stop some of the short-stay visitors going home as convinced republicans. But for a long voyager like Hughes it became that much harder to cast Britain as the villain, either currently or in retrospect. One of the hard issues he is prepared to face in "The Fatal Shore" is that the growth of the penal colony into a living society can't be interpreted as merely a liberal refutation of

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the mother country at her most repressive. England was also present at the spontaneous creation that grew out of the planned destruction. The ties with "home" were real. The past is not to be argued away for the sake of a political program.

The second advantage enjoyed by the expatriate Australian literary practitioner is just as obvious. Travel not only broadens the view; it sharpens the gaze. Hughes might have remained comparatively blind to the uniqueness of his native topography if he had never left it. Coming back to it, he sees it without any intervening veil of familiarity. Laudably intent on looking at what happened where it happened, he has travelled widely within his own country, to places most of his compatriots have never seen but will see now through his eyes:

As you approach it [Macquarie Harbor, in Tasmania], sea and land curve away to port in a dazzle of white light, diffused through the haze of the incessantly beating ocean. All is sandbank and shallow; the beach that stretches to the northern horizon is dotted with wreckage, the impartial boneyard of ships and whales.

A third advantage is less talked about but ought to become more evident, now that "The Fatal Shore" has given us such a conspicuous example. The Australian expatriate, the stayaway writer, loots the world for cultural references. If he can write like Hughes, he may combine these into a macaronic, coruscating prose that would be as precious as a cento or an Anacreontic odelette if it were not so robust, vivid, and clearly concerned with defining the subject, rather than just displaying his erudition:

The Norfolk Island birds had forgotten man had ever been there; one could pick them out of the bushes, like fruit. Even today, a walk along the cliffs—where the green meadow runs to the very brink of the drop and the bushes are distorted by the eternal Pacific wind into humps and clawings that resemble Hokusai's *Great Wave* copied by a topiarist—is a fine cure for human adhesiveness. One sees nothing but elements: air, water, rock and the patterns wrought by their immense friction. The mornings are by Turner; the evenings, by Caspar David Friedrich, calm and beneficent, the light sifting angelically down toward the solemn horizon.

Nothing homegrown in Australia sounds quite like that, yet it is essentially Australian writing—the product of an innocent abroad who has consciously enjoyed every stage of his growing sophistication without allowing his original barbaric gusto to be diminished. Here the vexed question

of what place the expatriate has in Australia's cultural history is answered in terms of intensity, as critical questions always must be. The best comparison is with that period of American prose when literary journalists were enjoying both the American idiom and the privilege of loading it with a cosmopolitan culture. The comparison should not be forced: American writers mostly had their Europe all around them at home, whereas Australians had to sail in search of it, or thought they did. (Even as early as the nineteen-fifties, the postwar immigration of European refugees had changed Australian culture profoundly, from the kitchen upward, but those native Australians who sailed in the opposite direction were following a surer instinct than has subsequently been made out: they might have eaten baklava in Melbourne, but the Parthenon was still in Athens.) Yet the similarity is striking. That feeling transmitted by the sheer scope of James Gibbons Huneker, which rises to a fever in the style of George Jean Nathan, is the feeling you get from the Australian expatriate writers at their most exuberant: that the world is theirs, and that they are trying to pack it all in, possessing it through the naming of its names. Barry Humphries, Australia's unchallenged genius of cabaret and intimate revue, not only wields a vast culture himself but incongruously lends it to his characters, so that his most famous creation, the housewife superstar and arch-philistine Dame Edna Everage—who by now has taken on such an independent life that she hosts talk shows in both Australia and Britain—turns out to know more than seems plausible about, say, German Expressionism. The poetry of the London-based expatriate Peter Porter, often thought of by even the most favorable British critics as being a showcase for his learning, sins less through calculation in that regard than through the lack of it. Porter just loves the adventure of creativity—anybody's creativity. The message of his work, far from being "Look how much I've read," is "Look how much there is to read." There are lines by Porter that might be sentences by Hughes, and vice versa. Not that one suggests anything so organized as a school. (The present reviewer was at the table in the Groucho Club in London, last December, when Hughes and Porter met for the first time, Hughes having wandered the world for twenty-five

years, and Porter for ten years longer than that.) But the very fact that this is not a school might be what makes it a movement: an expatriate movement in Australian writing which complements the achievement at home—without, of course, presuming to replace it.

In fact, some of the more spectacular of the Australian cultural stay-aways don't seem very concerned about what happens where they come from. Germaine Greer (whose polemics are at their most effective when uttered with the kind of zest I am talking about, and at their weakest when she affects to be weary of the world) turns up in Australia mainly to stun the local talk-show hosts and harangue the feminists for so slavishly clinging to ideas she gave them in the first place. Then she takes off again. The almost dementedly clever Oxford academic Peter Conrad is nowadays ready to turn aside and sum up Australian literature—having already, in his "Everyman History of English Literature," dealt with the old country's written heritage—but there is no doubt that his chief concern is with the world entire: his prose, like Greer's, pops and fizzes with the strain of fitting in a self-assured opinion about absolutely everything. Australia's itinerant literati, like its media entrepreneurs, are world-eaters. Perhaps it is revenge for isolation: the Empire (among Australian expatriates the joke is old by now) strikes back.

IN many respects the most damaging counterblow yet, "The Fatal Shore" is nevertheless open to criticism from several points of view. The book is dedicated to Hughes' godson, the son of a barrister who recently had the pleasure of making one of Britain's leading civil servants look ridiculous in an Australian court. The poor man had been sent out there in a misguided attempt to secure the Australian government's cooperation in repressing a book about MI5; the Australian judiciary, only lately set free from the constitutional tie by which its highest court of appeal sat in Britain, made its independence felt. But republicans pleased by the dedication might not find the book that follows wholly to their liking. If they use it to condemn the past, they will have to condemn themselves along with it, Hughes having shown how serious Sartre was when he made his apparently frivolous remark about not being able to quarrel with history, because it led up to him.

Still, if the trend toward republicanism proves inexorable, Hughes will at least have helped to make the transition more intelligent, by raising the level of debate.

Professional historians will no doubt cavil about the unacademic eclecticism of Hughes' research techniques, although if they do so they will be paying him the tacit compliment of accepting him among their number, and anyway it is hard to see how his use of correspondence, in particular, could be more fastidious. If letters by convicts have been quoted from before, the job has never been done with such sympathy, so keen an ear for the telling phrase.

A more serious criticism could be made through the area in which the book most obviously excels. As a literary work, it rather tails off, as if its author had got tired of it. If Hughes plans another volume, telling the story up to Federation, at the turn of the century, it will be very welcome, though the period has already been well covered by historians. But, on the evidence of his text, his interest flags after Australia has ceased to be a paradox—a birth in death—and he interprets the approach of relative normality as a signal to pack up.

Even so, a more roundly conclusive final chapter would have been gratifying. Earlier chapters amply prove that Hughes would have been capable of it. He has that rarest ability among pictorially talented writers, of making a plain prose statement that covers the case. His television series "The Shock of the New" was good to look at but even better to hear. Giving us his view of the stack of bricks that London's Tate Gallery had purchased and displayed as a work of art, Hughes made his point so simply that it didn't sound like an epigram: "Anyone except a child can make such things." (Cocoteau's famous remark about the poetic prodigy Minou Drouet—"Every child is a genius except Minou Drouet"—is funnier, but not so true.) As the art critic of *Time*, since 1970, Hughes has had the obligation of covering the world art beat in readily accessible prose most weeks of the year. Bigger stories, such as the Rothko-legacy scam, he has been able to treat at length in *The New York Review of Books*. While the typical homebound Australian literary genius veers between undisciplined newspaper articles and fictional masterpieces that grow extra chapters of self-justification if challenged, Hughes has had to perfect

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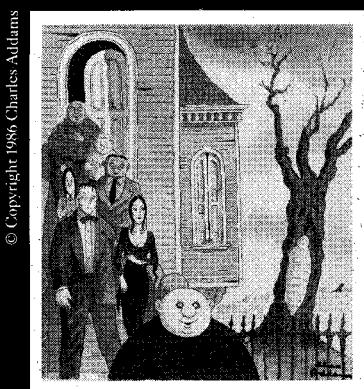
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himself in the good journalistic practice of seeing the point and keeping to it.

For his discovery of the diligent man inside his own bohemianism ("Live like a bourgeois," said Flaubert, "think like a demigod") New York has rewarded Hughes well, not least with much free time. This book is what he did with it. He went home and rediscovered his country, with an eidetic intensity that recalls Sidney Nolan doing the same thing, and in a prose that adds something to Patrick White's vision of the Australian landscape—clarity, straightforwardness, a sparkling simplicity without distortion. Finally, the best thing about "The Fatal Shore" is just that: going about other business, it doesn't *try* to be a work of art. Even on a subject like this, and at such length, Hughes has managed to speak with the arresting verve that Australians of today, fancying themselves, not without reason, as natural democrats, would like to think of as their peculiar tone of voice—the breath of sanity. —CLIVE JAMES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ITALIAN LESSON, by Janice Eliott (Beaufort; \$14.95). A fine, wry novel, set, one September, in a Tuscan resort. The central characters are an English husband and wife, he a chronic worrier and she the grieving mother of a stillborn son; they are travelling with two good friends, he a fat and fragile *cinéaste* and she his disgustingly healthy factotum. The plot involves an English waif and her half-Italian baby, who teach the wife—who teaches, in a way, the other three—that accidents and miracles are nothing but coincidences. Janice Eliott, a seasoned English novelist, elaborates the plot with a variety of other teachers and learners, from a pair of sturdy, elderly English mushroom-hunters to a busload of Japanese Dante scholars. Near the novel's midpoint, the wife, who likes to look for connections, watches a soccer game on a television in a Fiesole café: "The grass is green, the players weave and kick and kiss in the small sun-baked arena under a hard blue sky."

THE RIVER IN WINTER, by David Small (Norton; \$16.95). A novel, the author seems to want us to believe, about a family curse—a curse laid down in France during

the First World War when Henry Weatherfield, a member of an ancient Maine family, shoots and kills a young German soldier. When we pick up the story—as narrated by Henry's grandson, Joe—Henry is a retired physician living in alcoholic squalor in the old family mansion in Dunnocks Head, and Joe is seventeen, a high-school dropout, a runaway from a horrible stepfather and a silly, boy-crazy mother, a youth grown up to trust nobody, incorrigible but also incorruptible, bright but also painfully naïve. Henry takes Joe in. Joe learns about the curse and how Henry's son fulfilled his role, and he sets out to do the same. Mr. Small is a writer of considerable talent, and it is sad to see him waste it on this empty melodrama.

NOTE: "The Enigma of Arrival," a novel by V. S. Naipaul, has been published by Knopf (\$17.95). Much of the text originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

ARMED TRUCE: THE BEGINNINGS OF THE COLD WAR, 1945-1946, by Hugh Thomas (Atheneum; \$27.50). This substantial volume opens with an account of Soviet government and leadership at the end of the Second World War, to explain why Stalin chose to confront rather than conciliate his former allies. It closes with a discussion of what the Allies' leaders, Attlee and Truman, might have done either to mitigate Soviet hostility or to confine Soviet expansion. Mr. Thomas finds that the English and American governments were unprepared for Stalin's intransigence. He thinks that Stalin cared nothing for Western good will once the war was over and military assistance was no longer needed; but he rejects the contention that the West might have saved Eastern Europe by hard bargaining during the war—such a policy, he believes, would have imperilled victory or made it more costly. He concludes, in short, that the Cold War was inevitable.

THE ENCHANTED CANOPY, by Andrew W. Mitchell, with a foreword by Gerald Durrell (Macmillan; \$29.95). In the last few years, naturalists like Andrew Mitchell have begun to study the upper canopy of the now rapidly disappearing tropical rain forests. Trees in these forests can be a hundred and forty feet tall, and to get to their tops

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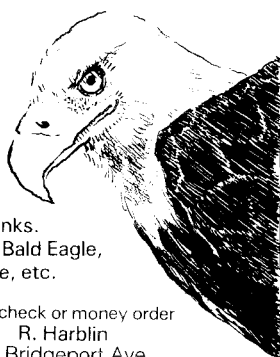
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scientists use climbing techniques suited to the Alps or Yosemite. Mr. Mitchell participated in an expedition to Panama, one of the objects of which was to erect slim walkways in the tops of a few trees from which to study the flora and fauna of the rain forest. His beautiful and instructive book is about that work and about these forests in general. The pictures are marvellous, and the text is clear and eloquent. Each year, he tells us, an area of rain forest equal to the state of California is destroyed, and with it a priceless cargo of birds and animals.

SECRECY AND POWER: THE LIFE OF J. EDGAR HOOVER, by Richard Gid Powers (Free Press; \$27.95). A magisterial biography of the former director—one could almost say the inventor—of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Hoover's conventional middle-class boyhood, the author believes, accounts for his reverence for "traditional" American values and his deep-seated suspicion of dissent. (Crime, to him, existed because of "a lack of discipline.") It was moralistic fervor, Mr. Powers claims, that drove Hoover throughout his career—from the years after the First World War when he rounded up Socialists and Communists for deportation, through the gang-busting of the early Depression, the harassment of radicals after the Second World War, and the campaigns against student protesters during the Vietnam War and against Martin Luther King, Jr., whom Hoover considered a "notorious liar" and a "tom cat," and sought to ruin. Mr. Powers throws new light on Hoover's often Byzantine relationships with the succession of Presidents he served; on his part in the Rosenberg spy case; and on his agency's investigations of Lee Harvey Oswald. Hoover in his last years appears lonely and embittered. He died in 1972, at seventy-seven. Photographs.

TRAVELS IN THE LAND OF THE GODS (1898-1907): THE JAPAN DIARIES OF RICHARD GORDON SMITH, edited by Victoria Manthorpe (Prentice Hall; \$25). This book has been excerpted from a huge eight-volume journal kept by an English gentleman and world traveller over forty years, and only recently come to light in the house of one of his descendants. It is a discursive, informally written (and spelled) account



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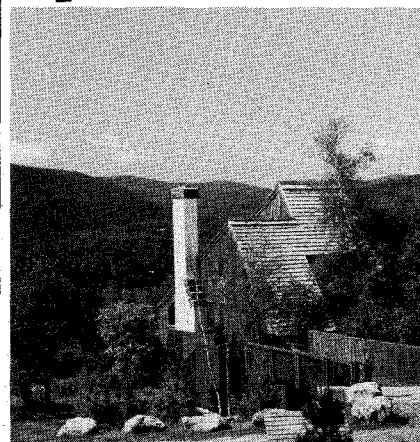
of its author's days, illustrated with a profusion of photographs, drawings, and watercolors. Gordon Smith (1858-1918) was, to outward appearance, typical of his class. He was an avid big-game hunter, a game fisherman, and a collector of art and objets d'art; starting as an amateur naturalist, he became a serious collector of zoological specimens for the British Museum. All his interests are reflected in these diaries, along with an abiding curiosity about the people of Japan, their customs, their folk literature and art. Although he had many of the prejudices of the Victorian-Edwardian gentleman, he was no snob. He lived in a Japanese quarter of Kobe, stayed away from stuffy foreigners' clubs, and hobnobbed with the people. By the time of his visit, Japan was well along in its transition to a modern state, but the old Japan lingered, and Gordon Smith proves an admirable historian of its final years.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

POISON, by Ed McBain (Arbor House; \$16.95). This is the thirty-eighth police procedural that Mr. McBain has set within the boundaries of his mythical Eighty-seventh Precinct, and the cop's world he has created is by now so real that it seems as familiar as the reader's own neighborhood. Such an accepted background lulls us into swallowing—gulping down—a wildly implausible story. The beautiful, mysteriously wealthy Marilyn Hollis is having boyfriend trouble: someone is killing them off. She may, in fact, be murdering them herself, but Detective Hal Willis cannot appraise matters clearly, because he has fallen in love with her. The more of her sordid past he uncovers the more compromised his position becomes, and the less able he is to choose between the roles of lover and police officer. The mechanics of the solution are ingenious but somehow perfunctory, perhaps because the author is more entranced by his femme fatale's history than by the plot. It says a good deal for Mr. McBain's skill that the reader may be, too.

Braves shortstop Rafael Ramirez has not been in touch with the club and is not certain of his whereabouts.—*Chattanooga Times*.

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